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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS
NME

Meat Loaf, Selector, Cheap Trick verbals

Buzzcocks, Numan wax

Ari Up A Tree. Pic: Pennie Smith.

Happiness Is A Muddy Slit

Frolic with NME's Page One girls inside

NME CHARTS

UK SINGLES

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist (Label)	Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	**We Don't Talk Anymore**	Cliff Richard (EMI)	7	1
2	(4)	**Bang Bang**	B.A. Robertson (Asylum)	4	2
3	(2)	**I Don't Like Mondays**	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	7	1
4	(7)	**Angel Eyes**	Roxy Music (Polydor)	4	4
5	(5)	**After The Love Has Gone**	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	6	4
6	(13)	**Money**	Flying Lizards (Virgin)	3	6
7	(8)	**Gangsters**	Specials (2 Tone)	4	7
8	(9)	**Ooh What A Life**	Gibson Bros (Island)	4	8
9	(6)	**Duke Of Earl**	Darts (Magnet)	7	6
10	(27)	**Just When I Needed You Most**	Randy Vanwarmer (Island)	5	10
11	(3)	**Reasons To Be Cheerful**	Ian Dury & The Blockheads (Stiff)	5	3
12	(15)	**Street Life**	Crusaders (MCA)	3	12
13	(10)	**Is She Really Going Out With Him**	Joe Jackson (A&M)	4	10
14	(—)	**Cars**	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	1	14
15	(21)	**Gotta Go Home**	Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	4	14
16	(24)	**Lost In Music**	Sister Sledge (Atlantic)	3	16
17	(16)	**When You Are Young**	Jam (Polydor)	2	16
18	(30)	**If I Said You Had A Beautiful . . .**	Bellamy Brothers (Warner Bros)	2	18
19	(28)	**Reggae For It Now**	Bill Lovelady (Charisma)	2	19
20	(12)	**Hersham Boys**	Sham 69 (Polydor)	5	5
21	(19)	**Angel Eyes/Voulez Vous**	Abba (Epic)	8	5
22	(22)	**Duchess**	Stranglers (United Artists)	3	22
23	(17)	**Morning Dance**	Spyro Gyra (Infinity)	6	12
24	(18)	**Gone Gone Gone**	Johnny Mathis (CBS)	2	18
25	(—)	**Don't Bring Me Down**	Electric Light Orchestra	1	25
26	(25)	**Strut Your Funky Stuff**	Frantique (Philadelphia)	2	25
27	(—)	**Love's Gotta Hold On Me**	Dollar (Carrere)	1	27
28	(11)	**The Diary Of Horace Wimp**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	6	5
29	(20)	**Stay With Me Till Dawn**	Judy Tzuke (Rocket)	6	13
30	(14)	**Sweet Little Rock n Roller**	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	5	14

UP AND COMING:
In The Brownies — Billy Connolly (Polydor);
Cruel To Be Kind — (Nick Lowe);
Sail On — Commodores (Motown);
Lines — Planets (Rialto);
Time For Action — Secret Affair (I-Spy);
Spiral Scratch — Buzzcocks (New Hormones).

5 YEARS AGO

Week ending September 3, 1974

	Title	Artist (Label)
1	Love Me For A Reason	The Osmonds (MGM)
2	I'm Leaving It All Up To You	Donny & Marie Osmond (MGM)
3	When Will I See You Again	Three Degrees (Philadelphia)
4	Y Viva Espana	Sylvia (Sonet)
5	Kung Fu Fighting	Carl Douglas (Pye)
6	You Make Me Feel Brand New	Stylistics (Avco)
7	Summerlove Sensation	Bay City Rollers (Bell)
8	What Becomes Of The Broken Hearted	Jimmy Ruffin (Tamla Mowtown)
9	Mr. Soft	Cockney Rebel (EMI)
10	Honey Honey	Sweet Dreams (Bradley)

10 YEARS AGO

Week ending September 3, 1969

	Title	Artist (Label)
1	In The Year 2525	Zager & Evans (RCA)
2	Saved By The Bell	Robin Gibb (Polydor)
3	Honky Tonk Women	Rolling Stones (Decca)
3	Too Busy Thinking about My Baby	Marvin Gaye (Tamla Motown)
5	My Cherie Amour	Stevie Wonder (Tamla Motown)
6	Don't Forget To Remember	Bee Gees (Polydor)
7	Viva Bobby Joe	Equals (President)
8	Bad Moon Rising	Creedence Clearwater Revival (Liberty)
9	Make Me An Island	Joe Dolan (Pye)
10	Natural Born Bugie	Humble Pie (Immediate)

15 YEARS AGO

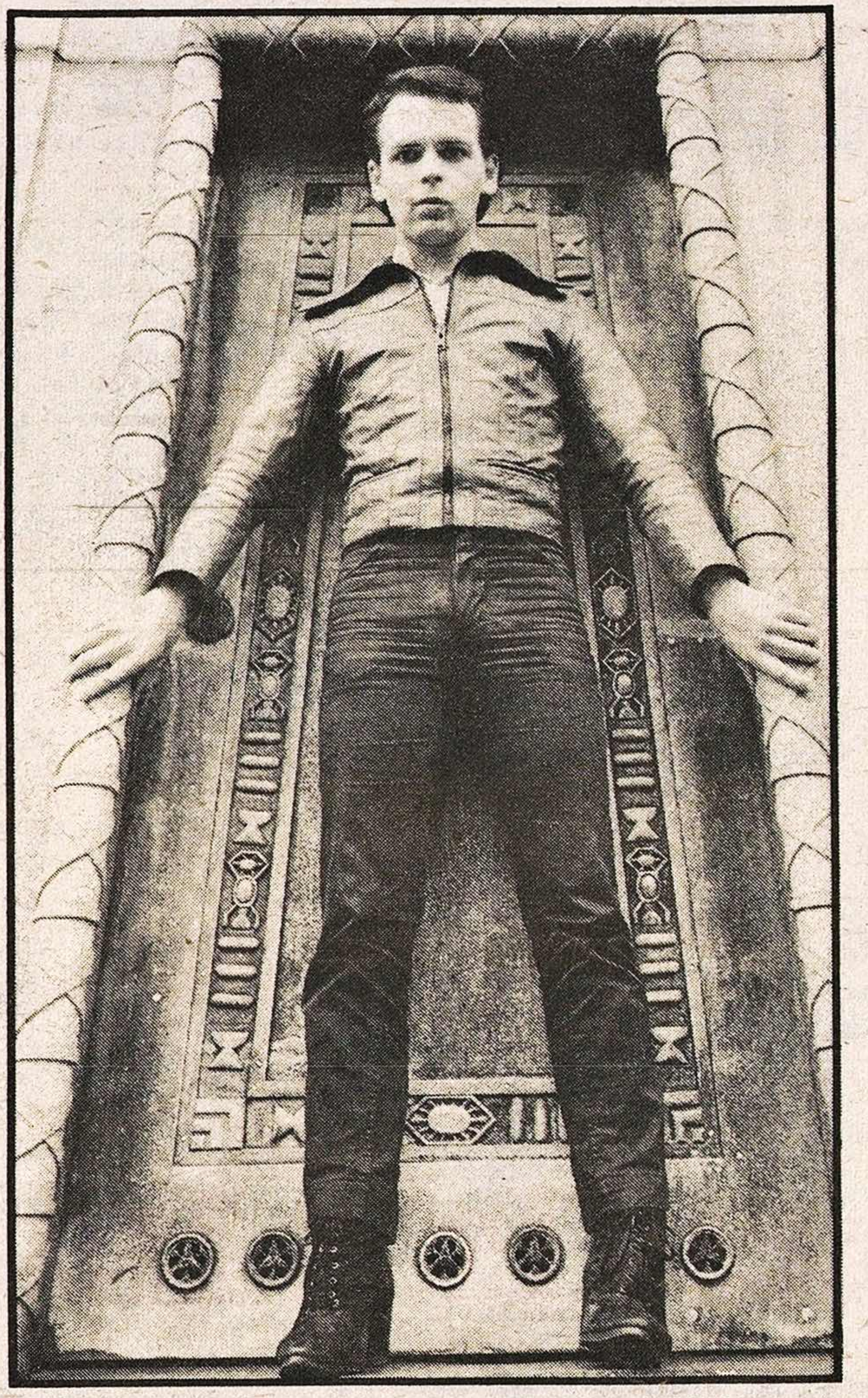
Week ending September 4, 1964

	Title	Artist (Label)
1	Have I The Right	Honeycombs (Pye)
2	You Really Got Me	Kinks (Pye)
3	Do Wah Diddy Diddy	Manfred Mann (HMV)
4	I Won't Forget You	Jim Reeves (RCA)
5	I Wouldn't Trade You For The World	Bachelors (Decca)
6	The Crying Game	Dave Berry (Decca)
7	Five By Five (EP)	Rolling Stones (Decca)
8	A Hard Day's Night	Beatles (Parlophone)
9	I'm Into Something	Herman's Hermits (Columbia)
10	Rag Doll	Four Seasons (Philips)

UK ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist (Label)	Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(2)	**Discovery**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	14	1
2	(4)	**I Am**	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	13	2
3	(5)	**Breakfast In America**	Supertramp (A & M)	24	2
4	(1)	**Best Disco Album In The World**	Various (WEA)	9	1
5	(6)	**Street Life**	Crusaders (MCA)	7	5
6	(13)	**Parallel Lines**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	47	1
7	(9)	**Morning Dance**	Spyro Gyra (Infinity)	8	7
8	(11)	**Voulez Vous**	Abba (Epic)	18	1
9	(8)	**Some Product**	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	6	7
10	(10)	**Highway To Hell**	AC/DC (Atlantic)	3	10
11	(19)	**Live Killers**	Queen (EMI)	9	6
12	(3)	**Replicas**	Tubeway Army (Beggars Banquet)	12	1
12	(14)	**Outlandos D'Amour**	Police (A & M)	17	7
14	(7)	**Down To Earth**	Rainbow (Polydor)	3	7
15	(12)	**In Through The Out Door**	Led Zeppelin (Atlantic)	2	12
16	(21)	**Night Owl**	Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	13	10
17	(25)	**Risque**	Chic (Atlantic)	3	17
18	(15)	**Bridges**	John Williams (Lotus)	10	4
19	(26)	**Welcome To The Cruise**	Judy Tzuke (Rocket)	4	19
20	(16)	**The Best Of The Dooleys**	(GTO)	8	8
21	(—)	**Midnight Magic**	Commodores (Motown)	2	21
22	(23)	**Tubeway Army**	(Beggars Banquet)	2	22
23	(18)	**Exposed**	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	4	12
24	(20)	**Communique**	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	13	3
25	(24)	**Do It Yourself**	Ian Dury & The Blockheads (Stiff)	16	2
26	(17)	**Slow Train Coming**	Bob Dylan (CBS)	2	17
27	(28)	**Rust Never Sleeps**	Neil Young (Reprise)	8	14
28	(—)	**Rumours**	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	1	28
29	(29)	**Teenage Warning**	Angelic Upstarts (Warner Bros)	3	25
30	(22)	**Manifesto**	Roxy Music (Polydor)	23	4

UP AND COMING:
Drums and Wires — XTC (Virgin);
20 All Time Greats — Roger Whittaker (Polydor);
Join Hands — Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor);
Semi Detached Suburban — Manfred Mann (EMI);
Into The Music — Van Morrison (Mercury);
Rainbow Connection IV — Rose Royce (Whitfield).



Hello, hello, it's good to be back . . . The crypt-ic Mr Numan returns from cold storage to take up his rightful position over the closing sequences of Top Of The Pops. Can nobody stop this strange being? Tune in next week . . . Pic: Chris Horler.

US SINGLES

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	(1)	My Sharona	The Knack
2	(2)	Good Times	Chic
3	(5)	After The Love Is Gone	Earth Wind & Fire
4	(4)	The Devil Went Down To Georgia	Charlie Daniels Band
5	(6)	Lead Me On	Maxine Nightingale
6	(8)	Sad Eyes	Robert John
7	(3)	The Main Event/Fight	Barbra Streisand
8	(10)	Don't Bring Me Down	Electric Light Orchestra
9	(7)	Bad Girls	Donna Summer
10	(12)	Lonesome Loser	Little River Band
11	(13)	I'll Never Love This Way Again	Dionne Warwick
12	(9)	When You're In Love With A Beautiful Woman	Dr Hook
13	(11)	Mama Can't Buy You Love	Elton John
14	(14)	Let's Go	The Cars
15	(18)	Bad Case Of Loving You	Robert Palmer
16	(17)	Goodbye Stranger	Supertramp
17	(20)	Heaven Must Have Sent You	Bonnie Pointer
18	(23)	Sail On	Commodores
19	(25)	Pop Muzik	M
20	(19)	Suspicions	Eddie Rabbitt
21	(30)	Don't Stop 'Til You Get Enough	Michael Jackson
22	(15)	Ring My Bell	Anita Ward
23	(21)	You Can't Change That	Raydio
24	(27)	Born To Be Alive	Patrick Hernandez
25	(28)	Driver's Seat	Sniff 'n' The Tears
26	(26)	Hot Summer Nights	Night
27	(—)	Rise	Herb Alpert
28	(29)	I Do Love You	GQ
29	(—)	Cruel To Be Kind	Nick Lowe
30	(—)	The Boss	Diana Ross

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

US ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	(—)	In Through The Out Door	Led Zeppelin
2	(1)	Get The Knack	The Knack
3	(3)	Candy O	The Cars
4	(4)	Breakfast In America	Supertramp
5	(2)	Bad Girls	Donna Summer
6	(6)	Discovery	Electric Light Orchestra
7	(8)	Risque	Chic
8	(10)	Midnight Magic	Commodores
9	(5)	I Am	Earth Wind & Fire
10	(11)	First Under The Wire	Little River Band
11	(7)	Million Mile Reflections	Charlie Daniels Band
12	(9)	Rust Never Sleeps	Neil Young & Crazy Horse
13	(13)	Cheap Trick At The Budokan	
14	(14)	Teddy	Teddy Pendergrass
15	(—)	Off The Wall	Michael Jackson
16	(17)	Low Budget	The Kinks
17	(12)	Reality — What A Concept	Robin Williams
18	(15)	Rickie Lee Jones	
19	(19)	The Boss	Diana Ross
20	(23)	Secrets	Robert Palmer
21	(27)	Dionne	Dionne Warwick
22	(18)	Back To The Egg	Wings
23	(—)	Stay Free	Ashford and Simpson
24	(24)	Street Life	Crusaders
25	(25)	What You Gonna Do With My Lovin'	Stephanie Mills
26	(21)	Dynasty	Kiss
27	(28)	The Cars	
28	(16)	The Kids Are Alright	The Who
29	(29)	A Night At Studio 54	Various Artsists
30	(—)	13	Chicago

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

DISCO

All available in 12in.

	Title	Artist (Label)
(1)	Street Life	Crusaders (MCA)
(2)	Bad Girls	Donna Summer (Casablanca)
(3)	Born To Be Alive	Patrick Hernandez (Gem)
(4)	Looking For Love Tonight	FLB (Fantasy)
(5)	You Can Do It	Al Hudson (MCA)
(6)	Space Bass	Slick (Fantasy)
(7)	Strut You Funky Stuff	Frantique (Philadelphia Int)
(8)	You Never Know What You Want	Me & You (Laser)
(9)	Silly Games	Janet Kaye (Arrowack)
(10)	Bring The Family Back	Billy Paul (Philadelphia Int.)

Chart supplied by: HMV Records, Oxford Street, London W1

REGGAE

	Title	Artist (Label)
(1)	Earth Wind And Fire	Augustus /Pablo/Paul Blackman (Daddy Cool)
(2)	General Penitentiary	Black Ahuru (Taxi)
(3)	School Girls	Michael Campbell (Black Art)
(4)	Think Twice	Delroy Williams (Rockers Int.)
(5)	So Many Times	Majistarians (Review)
(6)	Cup Of Tea	Dillenger (Shaolin Temple)
(7)	Cleanliness Is Godliness	Silford Walker/Glen Brown (South East Music)
(8)	I Love Sweet Jah Jah	Barry Brown & Youth Promotion Band (Sufferers Height)
(9)	Hypocrites	Bob Marley (Tuff Gong)
(10)	Really Together	Jackie Paris/Big Youth (Book Of Psalms)

Chart compiled by: Daddy Cool, 91 Dean Street, London W1

NEWS

EDITED BY
DEREK
JOHNSON

CIRCUIT AND SEE
pages 4 and 5

Multi-culture Slits package

THE SLITS headline an intriguing 11-concert package tour during the second half of this month, in support of their debut album 'Cut' — which, as reported a fortnight ago, is released by Island this weekend. The tour bill has been chosen special to emphasise the unity between three musical cultures — the second act is top jazz trumpeter Don Cherry, who'll be playing with Lou Reed's back-up band Happy House; and the third spot features leading Jamaican toaster Prince Hammer, together with Creation Rebel.

The tour climaxes at London Rainbow on September 28, prior to which it plays Leicester De Montfort Hall (17), Oxford New Theatre (18), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (19), Bradford St. George's Hall (20), Coventry Theatre (21), Newcastle City Hall (23), Edinburgh Astoria (24), Manchester Apollo (25), Glasgow City Hall (26) and Liverpool Eric's (27). Ticket prices at all events are £2.50 in advance and £3 on the doors; seats will be allocated on a first come, first served basis — which means that those booking early will be assured of the best seats.

VIBRATORS ARE BACK

THE VIBRATORS have re-formed with a new line-up, and play their first gig for a year at London Kensington Nashville on September 14, prior to going into the studios. Jon Edwards (drums) and Greg Van Cook (guitar) remain from the previous line-up, and they are now joined by Elliot 'Brooklyn' Michaels (guitar), Ian Woodcock (bass) and Kip (vocals).

Michaels is an American who has played with The Electric Chairs, Woodcock was founder member of new-wave outfit Eater, and Kip was found after two months of auditions. The new-look Vibrators have been together for three months, writing and rehearsing, and they plan more live work — including a U.S. visit — later in the autumn.

Soft Boys shake-up

THE SOFT BOYS have undergone a personnel shake-up, with bassist Andy Metcalfe leaving to join Telephone Bill & The Smooth Operators, and percussionist Jim Melton quitting to form his own band. Melton is not being replaced, but ex-Bruce Woolley sideman Matthew Seligman comes in on bass — joining the nucleus of Robyn Hitchcock (guitar, harp and lead vocals) Kimberley Rew (lead guitar) and Morris Windsor (drums). This means the Boys revert to their original four-piece format.

Since the end of their lengthy spring tour, the band have been working on a brand new stage act, as well as recording new material for an upcoming album. They debut their new act and new look at three London venues — Covent Garden Rock Garden (tomorrow, Friday), Clapham 101 Club (September 22) and Islington Hope & Anchor (30) — and at Harrow College of Higher Education on September 21. A series of provincial college dates is being lined up for the autumn, and will be announced shortly.

More by Subs, Members

UK SUBS have added another seven dates to their British tour, reported two weeks ago — at Gt Yarmouth Garribaldi (October 3), Retford Porthouse (26), Cheltenham Whitcombe Lodge (27), Leeds Fan Club (30), York Pop Club (31), Hull Wellington Club (November 1) and Newcastle Mayfair (2). And their gig at Sheffield Penthouse is switched from October 15 to 29. Release date of their new Gem Records album 'Another Kind Of Blues' is now confirmed as September 14.

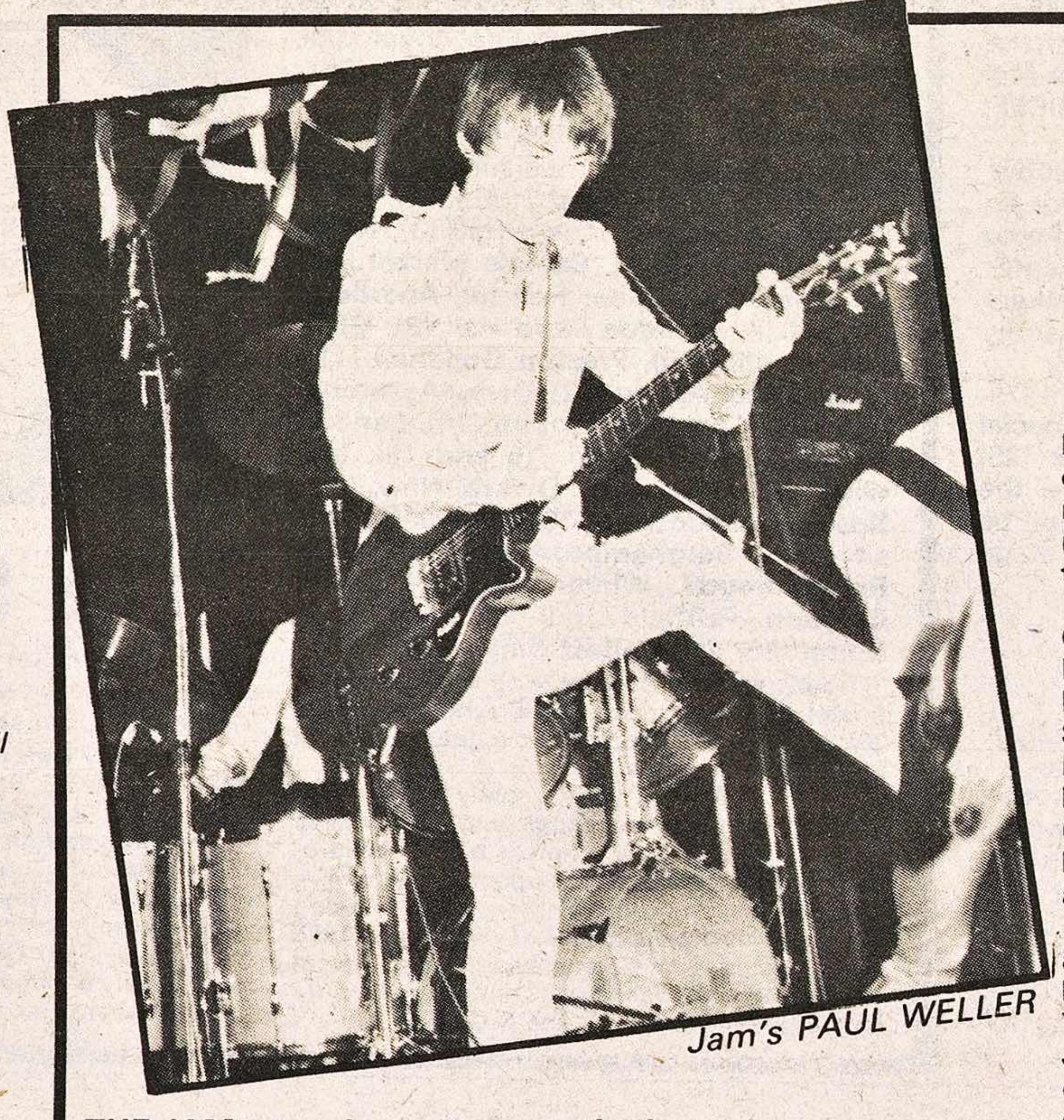
● THE MEMBERS, whose new single 'Killing Time' is issued by Virgin this weekend, play four gigs before leaving for an American tour — Norwich Cromwells (September 18), London Marquee (20 and 21) and Jacksdale Grey Topper (22).

● PENETRATION have added Manchester Russells (October 2), Glasgow Strathclyde University (13), Portsmouth Locarno (18), Canterbury Odeon (21) and Peterborough Wirrana Stadium (November 3) to their upcoming tour. Carlisle Market Hall moves from October 3 to 1, and Bristol Locarno from 7 to 28. Chelmsford Chancellor Hall (October 21) is now cancelled.

● GLORIA MUNDI play their first UK date for some months tomorrow (Friday), when they appear at London Marquee. It's the prelude to a British tour in October, to coincide with the release of their second RCA album 'The Word Is Out'.

● THE INMATES, who have just finished recording their debut album for Radar, play London Islington Hope & Anchor this Thursday and Friday (6-7) and Market Harborough Greyhound on Saturday (8)

● DEVO have called off their five UK concerts planned for early October. Their visit is being re-scheduled for the spring. Ticket-holders should apply for cash refunds. More details next week.



Jam's PAUL WELLER

JAMBOREE ROUND UK

THE JAM are going out on a major late autumn concert tour, playing 23 dates over a month-long period. Their schedule includes three nights at London Rainbow (with a fourth likely to be added later), plus two nights in each of Manchester, Newcastle and Leicester — and they are also visiting such impressive venues as Brighton Centre and Cardiff Sophia Gardens.

The band, currently enjoying a smash hit with their new Polydor single 'When You Are Young', have just finished work on their fourth album — it's still untitled, but is scheduled for mid-October release. They are incorporating much of the material from the upcoming LP into their new stage act for the tour, for which dates are:

Manchester Apollo (November 20 and 21), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (22), Southampton Gaumont (24), Birmingham Bingley Hall (25), Stoke Trentham Gardens (26), Bridlington Spa Royal Hall (27), Liverpool Deeside Leisure Centre (29), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (December 1), London Rainbow (2, 3 and 4), Newcastle City Hall (6 and 7), Glasgow Apollo (8), Dundee Caird Hall (9), Edinburgh Odeon (10), Leeds Queen's Exhibition Hall (11), Blackburn King George's Hall (12), Brighton Centre (15), Portsmouth Guildhall (16) and Leicester De Montfort Hall (18 and 19).

Tickets for all venues go on sale from today (Thursday). Prices at Manchester, Southampton, London, Newcastle, Glasgow, Dundee and Edinburgh are all priced at £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2. The remaining dates are at stand-up venues, included at The Jam's special request, and here admission is all at the one price of £3. Bookings may be made at the theatre box-offices — except at Birmingham (Cyclops Records and Virgin Records), Stoke (Mike Lloyd Music) and Leeds (Barkers Headrow and Virgin Records).

● THE CLASH will also be touring Britain in the autumn, and details of their dates are at present being finalised. Their outing will coincide with the release of their third studio album, currently nearing completion. They'll also be visiting the States, where their first album has just been issued.

GETTIN' THEIR SKIDS ON

THE SKIDS, who headline the last night of the Edinburgh Rock Festival at the city's Odeon tomorrow (Friday), begin a 21-date UK tour in mid-October — supported by their Virgin label-mates Fingerprintz. The itinerary, which includes a headlining appearance at London Rainbow, comprises:

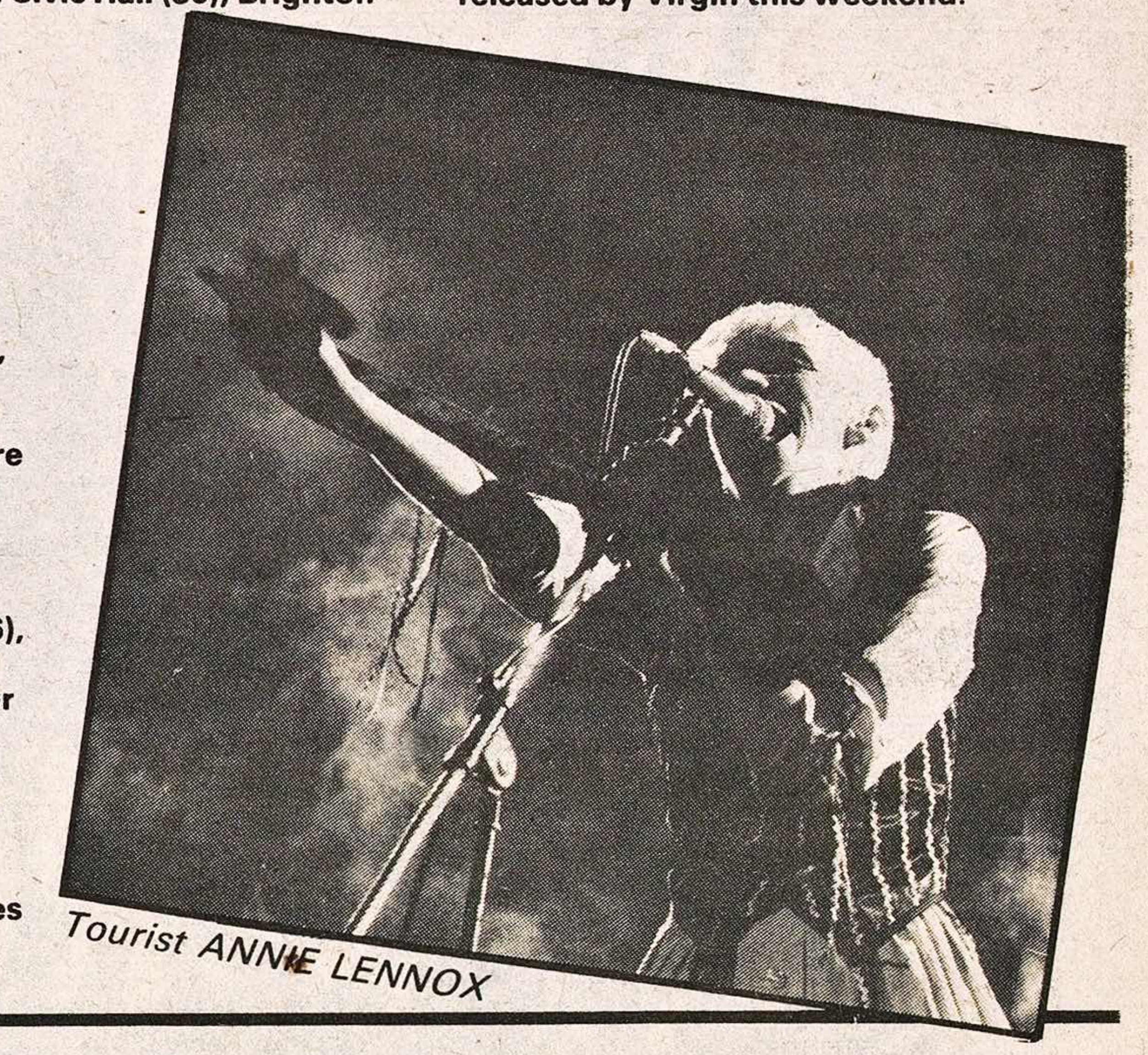
Cleethorpes Winter Gardens (October 18), Liverpool Mountford Hall (19), St Austell New Cornish Riviera (20), Great Yarmouth Tiffany's (22), Manchester Apollo (23), Sheffield Top Rank (24), Birmingham Odeon (25), Cambridge Corn Exchange (26), Northampton County Ground (27), Blackburn King George's Hall (28), Newcastle City Hall (29), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (30), Brighton Top Rank (31), London Rainbow, (November 2), Cardiff Top Rank (4), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (5), Bristol Locarno (6), Hanley Victoria Hall (7), Perth City Hall (8), Glasgow Apollo (9) and Aberdeen Capitol (10).

The band's new single 'Charade'/'Grey Parade', produced by Bill Nelson, is released by Virgin this weekend.

TOURISTS HIT THE TRAIL

THE TOURISTS set out early next month on an extensive tour, confined mainly to the college circuit, but also taking in a few club gigs. So far two dozen dates have been confirmed, but a major London appearance has still to be finalised. The band are currently putting the finishing touches to their new album, as yet untitled, which Logo Records plan to release in mid-October.

Dates set are Norwich East Anglia University (October 4), London Queen Mary College (5), Cambridge Corn Exchange (6), Middlesbrough Polytechnic (9), Lancaster University (12), Leicester University (13), Bradford University (17), Manchester UMIST (18), Newcastle Polytechnic (19), Nottingham Peebles College (20), Bournemouth College (23), Keele University (24), Coventry Warwick University (25), Bristol University (26), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (27), Stirling University (30), Glasgow Strathclyde University (31), Oxford Polytechnic (November 2), Northampton County Ground (3), Exeter Routes (5), Plymouth Woods (6), Newton Abbot Seale Hayne College (7), Port Talbot Troubadour (8) and Sheffield Polytechnic (9).



Tourist ANNIE LENNOX

Blondie make their excuses

BLONDIE have now confirmed officially that they will not be playing any live shows in Britain or Europe this year, although they are likely to come over later this month for a promotional visit, as their now-completed fourth album 'Eat The Beat' has been scheduled for early October release — and a new single is also in the pipeline. The band are currently planning a brand new stage show for their 1980 world tour, in which Britain will take priority early in the New Year.

ROD STEWART's plans to play a series of concerts in Scotland this autumn, as part of a European tour, now appear to have been shelved until the New Year. He's due to arrive in Britain at the end of this month, and will be based in London until mid-December, rehearsing a new studio album — but a spokesman said that, having recently become a father, he's no longer keen to go on the road for the next few months. Meanwhile, Riva are to release a Rod Stewart 'Greatest Hits' album in October — which, coupled with massive TV advertising, could become one of the top Christmas hits.

STUDENTS!

SEE PAGE 51
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Wembley charity rock bill for TV

A MASSIVE charity rock concert is to be staged at London's Wembley Arena on Thursday, November 22, in connection with the Year Of The Child campaign. It's being organised by Promoter Mel Bush in association with Radio 1 and BBC-2, on behalf of UNICEF, Oxfam and the 'Together For Children' organisation.

Radio 1 producer Johnny Beerling expects to air the entire show, while 'Whistle Test' producer Michael Appleton will prepare an edited version for screening on the Eurovision link the following Sunday (25), with syndication to other parts of the world. No names have yet been finalised for the bill, but a spokesman said they are hoping to make it the British equivalent of the huge UNICEF show in America at the beginning of the year.

● Meanwhile BBC-2's 'Old Grey Whistle Test' returns for the 1979-80 season on Tuesday, September 18, with a Nils Lofgren special filmed at London Dominion Theatre. The following week (25) features Rickie Lee Jones at Birmingham Odeon. Thereafter the show reverts to its studio format — but for this series it will be coming, not from the Television Centre, but from The Who's stage at Shepperton Studios.

'Woodstock' in Europe

THE TENTH anniversary of the near-legendary Woodstock Festival is being celebrated in Europe this month, even though plans to stage a massive Woodstock 2 in America fell through last month. The Joe Cocker Band, the Arlo Guthrie Band, the Richie Havens Band and Country Joe McDonald are taking part in a package show called "Woodstock In Europe 1979" which is playing 14 major stadium dates in Germany, Italy, Holland, Switzerland, Austria and Portugal between September 15 and October 5. It's promoted by an Egyptian-backed company called Pyramid Productions. Asked why no UK dates are involved, a spokesman commented: "Nobody in Britain wanted to know!"

THE GREAT TOURMANIA

Gallagher & Lyle

GALLAGHER & LYLE have been lined up for an extensive 29-date British tour, starting at the end of next month — with the extra attraction of new chart star Judie Tzuke appearing as special guest on all dates.

They visit **Bridlington** Spa Royal Hall (October 27), **Hanley** Victoria Hall (28), **Coventry** Theatre (29), **Birmingham** Odeon (30), **Leicester** De Montfort Hall (31), **Gloucester** Leisure Centre (November 1), **Bradford** St. George's Hall (2), **Middlesbrough** Town Hall (3), **Newcastle** City Hall (4), **Carlisle** Market Hall (5), **Edinburgh** Usher Hall (6), **Aberdeen** Capitol (7), **Dundee** Caird Hall (8), **Glasgow** Apollo (10), **Preston** Guildhall (11), **Manchester** Apollo (12), **Derby** Assembly Hall (13), **Liverpool** Empire (14), **London Hammersmith** Odeon (15 and 16), **Ipswich** Gaumont (17), **Oxford** New (18), **Bristol** Colston Hall (19), **Exeter** University (20), **Southampton** Gaumont (22), **Bournemouth** Winter Gardens (23), **Croydon** Fairfield Hall (25), **Brighton** Dome (26) and **Belfast** Kings Hall (29).

Tickets are on sale now at all venues, except Bristol (September 19) and Brighton (October 26). After these dates, the show goes on to play four concerts in Eire.

Gallagher & Lyle, who recently signed with Phonogram after a long spell with A&M, will be backed on stage by a six-piece band and introducing material from their upcoming album — their first single on the Mercury label 'Missing You' was released a couple of weeks ago. Judie Tzuke, using a five-piece band, will perform unreleased material as well as songs from her hit album 'Welcome To The Cruise'.

JUDIE TZUKE

FISCHER Z

FISCHER Z, just back from Europe, begin a lengthy series of UK dates next week. With further gigs still to be added, their confirmed schedule so far is **Edinburgh** Tiffany's (September 10), **Aberdeen** Ruffles (11), **Dunoon** Queen's Hall (12), **Dundee** Teazers (13), **Newcastle** Mayfair (14), **Retford** Porterhouse (15), **Newport Gwent** Stowaway (19), **Newport Salop** Village (21), **Dudley** J.B.'s (22), **Jacksdale** Grey Topper (23), **Middlesbrough** Teesside Poly (27), **Wolverhampton** Poly (29), **Manchester** University (October 1), **Nottingham** Trent Poly (2), **Port Talbot** Troubadour (4) and **Uxbridge** Brunel University (5).

THE SUTHERLAND BROTHERS

THE SUTHERLANDS are set for their first British tour in two years, and their first since the demise of Quiver.

They play **Treforest** Wales Polytechnic (September 27), **Bath** University (28), **Bradford** University (29), **Blackburn** King George's Hall (30), **Aberystwyth** University (October 1), **Bournemouth** Town Hall (2), **Durham** University (4), **Newcastle** Polytechnic (5), **Aberdeen** University (6), **Dundee** university (7), **Ayr** Pavilion (8), **Glasgow** Strathclyde University (9), **Middlesbrough** Town Hall (11), **Birmingham** Aston University (12), **Manchester** University (13), **Ipswich** Gaumont (14), **Sheffield** Polytechnic (17), **Croydon** Fairfield Hall (19), **Reading** University (20) and **Peterborough** ABC (21). Two more dates have still to be added.

Iain and Gavin Sutherland have assembled a new back-up band for the tour, comprising Steve Simpson (lead guitar), Mick Weaver (keyboards), Chrissie Stewart (bass) and Billy Rankin (drums). Support act for the first three gigs is CBS rock group The Bliss Band — then Live Wire, fresh off the Nils Lofgren tour, take over for the rest of the dates.

MARY WILSON

MARY WILSON, founder member of The Supremes who is now working as a soloist, is set for her first solo British tour. Her itinerary consists mainly of club engagements, and those confirmed so far are **Birmingham** Night Out (September 10-15), **Manchester** Golden Garter (17-22), **Windsor** Blazers (October 14-20). **Sheffield** Fiesta (22-27), **Nottingham** Heart Of The Midlands (29-November 3), **Leicester** Bailey's (12-17), **Caerphilly** Double Diamond (19-24), **Luton** Cesar's Palace (25) and **Dublin** Starlight (29-December 1). Her single 'Red Hot' is issued by Motown on September 14, followed two weeks later by her debut solo album 'Mary Wilson'.

MANHATTAN TRANSFER

MANHATTAN TRANSFER return to the UK in November for another concert series, including a string of seven successive nights at **London** Dominion Theatre (13-19). Other dates are **Brighton** Centre (November 3), **Coventry** Theatre (4), **Manchester** Apollo (5, 6 and 7) and **Birmingham** Odeon (9 and 10). Promoter is Harvey Goldsmith, and ticket prices are £7.50, £6.50 and £5.50 (Brighton and Coventry); £7.50 and £6.50 (Manchester and Birmingham); and £8.50 and £7.50 (London). A new Transfer album will be issued in advance of their visit, with a single taken from the LP released at the same time. All box-offices have already opened.

MARY WILSON

B.Rats, Siouxsie, Pistols, Sham: upcoming releases

● **The Boomtown Rats'** new album is set for early October release on Ensign, to coincide with their upcoming UK tour — titled 'The Fine Art Of Surfacing', it consists of 14 tracks, mainly Bob Geldof compositions. Meanwhile their international smash hit single 'I Don't Like Mondays' is being issued on September 21 in America, following legal advice to CBS (the distributors) that it will not prejudice the trial of Brenda Spencer, on whose case it is based.

● **Siouxsie & The Banshees'** German-language track 'Mittageisen' (meaning 'Metal Postcard') is being released by Polydor in this country on September 14. It was originally recorded strictly for the German market, and has only been available here as a high-priced import, but heavy demand has persuaded Polydor to issue it officially. The B-side is 'Love In A Void'.

● **The Sex Pistols'** next single, provisionally planned for early October release by Virgin, is expected to be the title track from their film soundtrack 'The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle' coupled with 'Rock Around The Clock'. There is still no news of the film being screened, as the receivers are still seeking a distributor.

● **Sham 69** are likely to be heard on record again later in the year. The recent farewell gigs at Glasgow Apollo and London Rainbow were recorded, and there are plans for a live album featuring these and other gigs.

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ROADSHOW: SWEEPS UK

Sayer for Christmas

LEO SAYER will be this year's pre-Christmas attraction at **London Hammersmith** Odeon — he was confirmed this week for a string of five nights there on December 20, 21, 22, 23 and 24. Immediately prior to this season he plays three dates at **Bournemouth** Winter Gardens (December 16, 17 and 18), and right after the holiday he headlines a four-night stint at **Birmingham** Odeon (December 27, 28, 29 and 30).

Details of ticket prices and booking arrangements will be announced next week. These shows are additions to Sayer's extensive autumn tour, already reported by NME. Meanwhile, his new single 'When The Money Runs Out' is issued by Chrysalis this weekend — and the album from which it is taken, titled 'Here' follows on September 21.

RAR BENEFITS

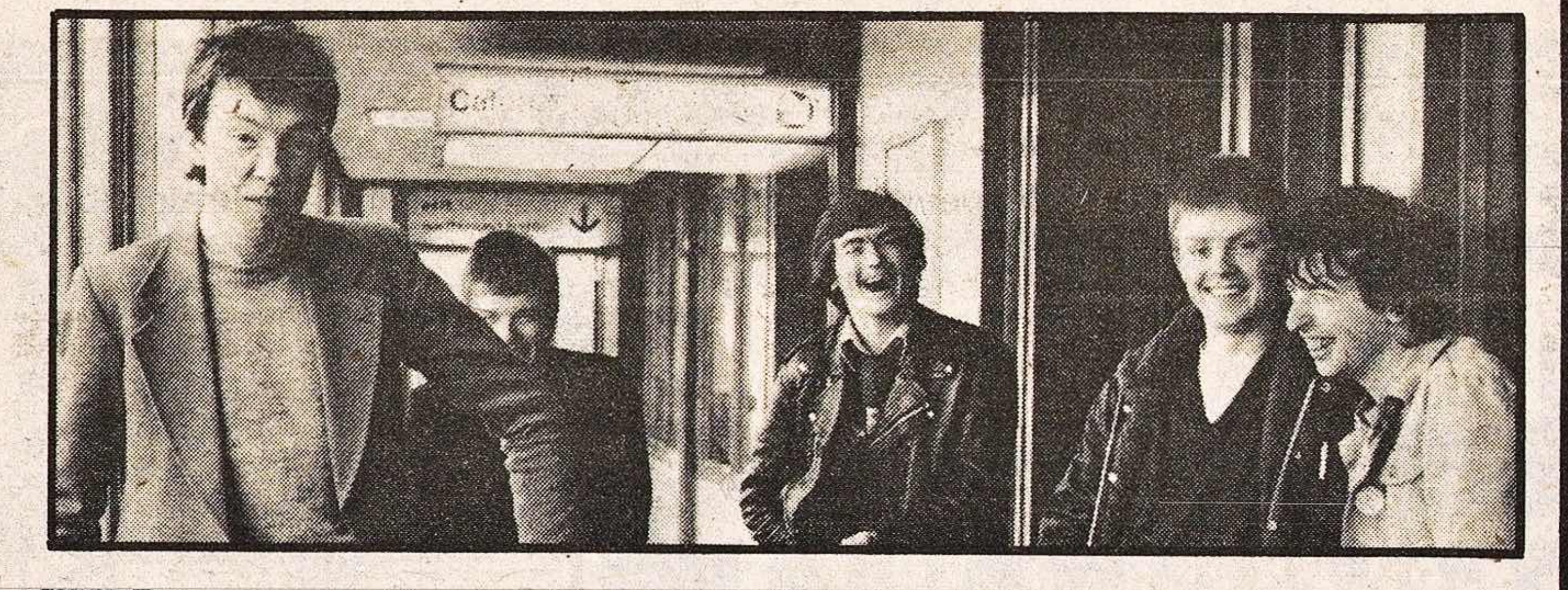
A FURTHER series of Rock Against Racism gigs is being staged over the next two months under the banner of 'Dance And Defend', to help provide aid for the hundreds of people charged after Anti-Nazi demonstrations earlier this year in Southall, Leicester and West Bromwich.

The first batch of gigs includes **Castleford** Civic Centre with The Mekons, Artery and Gravity (September 14); **London Hackney** Chats Palace with Charge and Beggar (also 14); **Harrow** Carnival with The Enchanters, The Chanters and Bozos (15); **Doncaster** Romeo & Juliet with Kick Starts, Jump and Gravity (17); **Rotherham** Clifton Ballroom with Xero, The Prams and I'm So Hollow (21); **Harrow** Co-op Hall with Charge and Chaos (22); **Chesterfield** Conservative Club with Disease and I'm So Hollow (27); **Barnsley** Portcullis Club with Stunt Kites, Ex-Rippers and Deaf Aids (28); and **Sheffield** Polytechnic with The Buzzards, Artery and others (29). October gigs are now being finalised.

- A free RAR concert takes place this Sunday (9) in **Liverpool** Princes Park with Exodus, Sadista Sisters, Keli-Kuri, Panama Steel Band, Equal Temperament and others. It starts at 2 pm after a march from the Cathedral. There will be stalls, refreshments and provision for children.

CAMEL

CAMEL go back on the road next month with concert appearances at **Brighton** Dome (October 8), **Sheffield** City Hall (9), **Bristol** Hippodrome (10), **London Hammersmith** Odeon (11 and 12), **Manchester** Apollo (13), **Liverpool** Empire (14), **Birmingham** Odeon (16), **Southampton** Gaumont (17), **Aylesbury** Friars (18), **Ipswich** Gaumont (19), **Leicester** De Montfort Hall (21), **Glasgow** Apollo (22), **Edinburgh** Odeon (23), **Newcastle** City Hall (24) and **Oxford** New (25). Ticket prices at Hammersmith are £3.75, £3.25, £2.75 and £2.25; at all other venues they are £3.25, £2.75 and £2.25. The tour ties in with the October 9 release of their new album 'I Can See Your House From Here', their first since Peter Bardens quit the band. In fact, they have a distinctly new look, with two new members in the current line-up — ex-Steve Hillage bassist Colin Bass and keyboards man Kit Watkins.

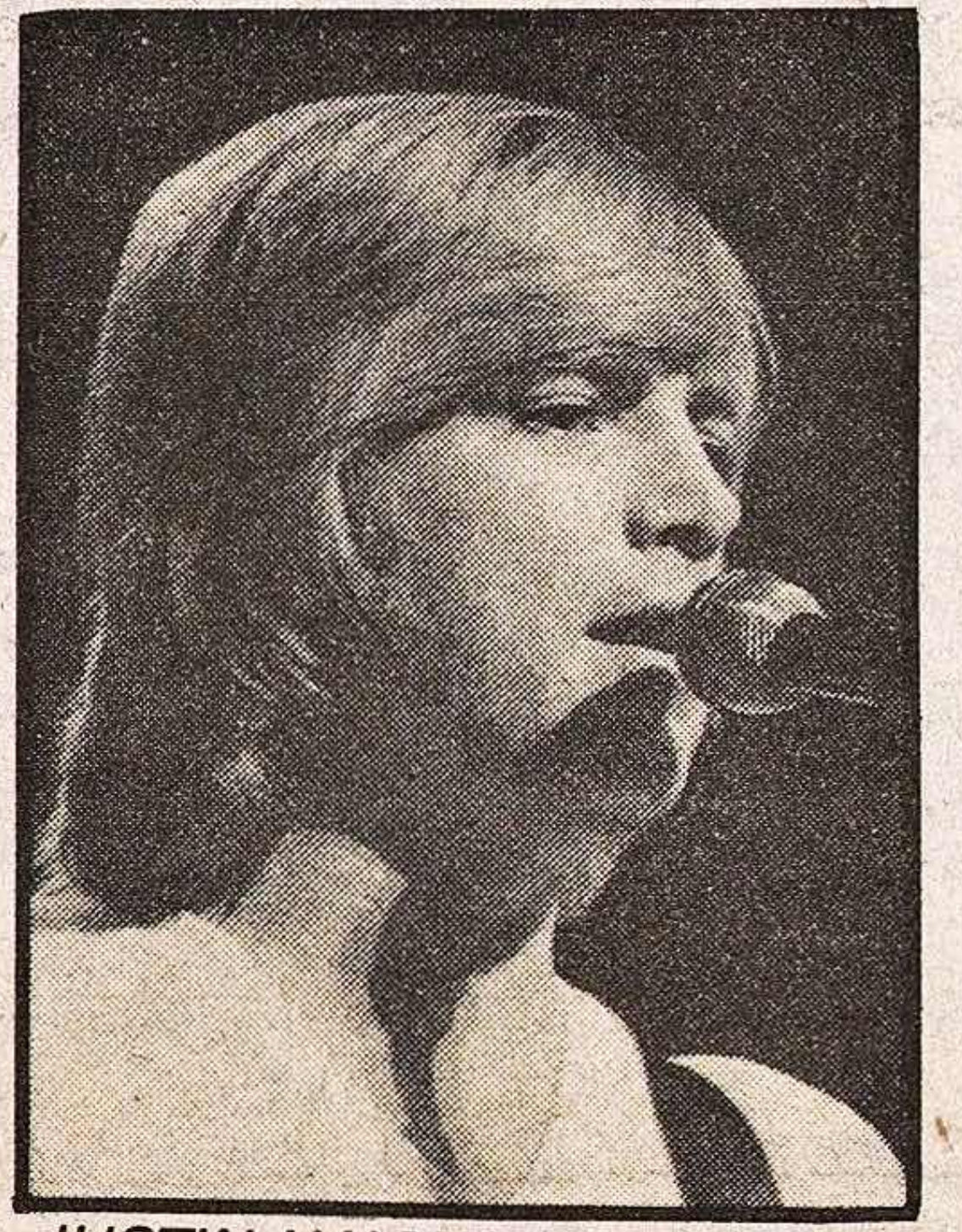


The Undertones

THE UNDERTONES return from their U.S. debut at the end of the month, and launch straight into their biggest-ever British tour, climaxing at London Rainbow. To coincide, Sire Records release their fifth single on September 28 — a band composition titled 'You've Got My Number (Why Don't You Use It?)', coupled with an up-dated version of the Chocolate Watch Band's 'Let's Talk About Girls', both songs having been included in their stage act for some time.

Tour dates are **Bristol** Locarno (September 30), **Norwich** St. Andrew's Hall (October 1), **Oxford** New Theatre (2), **Hemel Hemsptead** Pavilion (3), **Cambridge** Corn Exchange (5), **Manchester** Factory (6), **Leicester** De Montfort Hall (7), **Newcastle** City Hall (8), **Wolverhampton** Civic Hall (15), **Blackburn** King George's Hall (16), **Bradford** St. George's Hall (17), **Derby** Assembly Hall (18), **Aberdeen** University (20), **Cardiff** Top Rank (21), **Liverpool** Mountfort Hall (22), **Birmingham** Odeon (23), **Loughborough** University (24), **Portsmouth** Locarno (25), **Bournemouth** Winter Gardens (26), **Bracknell;** Sports Centre (27) and **London** Rainbow (30).

The band's debut album 'Undertones' will be deleted on October 5, and on the same day a newly-packaged LP will be issued with the same title. It includes the entire previous release, with addition of the original verisons of 'Teenage Kicks' and 'Get Over You', plus the substitution of the single version of 'Here Comes The Summer'.



JUSTIN HAYWARD

MOODY BLUES

THE MOODY BLUES are at last set for their British concert return, some 18 months after their re-formation. They play **Glasgow Apollo** (October 29), **Stafford** Bingley Hall (31) and **London Wembley** Arena (November 3), with the likelihood of a second Wembley gig being added later. These are the Moodies' first UK dates for six years and, of course, their first since Patrick Moraz joined the band. Ticket prices for Wembley are £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50; at the other two venues they are £6, £5 and £4.

There won't be a new album to coincide with these gigs, but K-Tel are to issue a Greatest Hits compilation, and Justin Hayward hopes to have his second solo album available at the time — he is currently completing it with 'War Of The Worlds' producer Jeff Wayne. At the end of this month Decca are putting out a maxi-single comprising 'I'm Just A Singer In A Rock'n'Roll Band', 'Question' and 'Nights In White Satin'.

PUNILUX

PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY, who are one of the acts in this weekend's Sci-Fi Music Festival in Leeds, begin a 30-date UK tour later this month. It ties in with the release by Liberty-United tomorrow (Friday) of their debut album 'Laughing Academy'. Confirmed dates are **Scarborough** Penthouse (September 21), **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (22), **Dumfries** Stagecoach (23), **Newport** Stowaway (26), **London Kensington** Nashville (28 and 29), **Norwich** St. Andrew's Hall (October 3), **Stafford** North Staffs Polytechnic (4), **Retford** Porterhouse (6), **Shrewsbury** Cascade (10), **Chesterfield** Fusion (11), **London** Central Polytechnic (12), **Colchester** Essex University (13), **Nottingham** University (17), **Manchester** Polytechnic (18), **London** Middlesex Polytechnic (19), **Portsmouth** Polytechnic (23), **Plymouth** Clones (24), **Wakefield** Unity Hall (26), **Bath** University (29) and **London** Marquee (30 and 31). More are being finalised.

TOUR BRIEFS

- **FATBACK BAND** fly in to play two club weeks — Watford Bailey's (September 24-30) and Leicester Bailey's (October 1-6). To coincide with the visit, Polydor release their new single 'You're My Candy Sweet' on the Spring label.
- **SKY** have now added a string of London dates to their previously-reported UK tour. They play five nights at the Dominion Theatre from October 16 to 20. Tickets are £6, £5 and £3.
- **BOSTON** play their concert at Edinburgh Royal Highland Exhibition Hall on October 26. Plans for this additional gig were announced last week, but the date was omitted.
- **DANNY ADLER** (ex-Roogalator) launches his new band at London Oxford St 100 Club this Sunday (9). The line-up features three sax players, bass and drums, with Adler on guitar.
- **LINDISFARNE** have added Cardiff University (December 1) and Carlisle Market Hall (4) to their extensive autumn tour, already reported. The Leeds University gig switches from December 7 to 8.
- **THE CRICKETS** headline a special concert for Buddy Holly Week at London Hammersmith Odeon on September 14. The organisers say that several suprise guests will appear.
- **THE THREE DEGREES** are backed by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra in concert at London Royal Albert Hall on Monday, October 8. Provincial dates will be announced shortly.

RECORD NEWS

- The new **Status Quo** single, issued by Phonogram on September 14, is the Rick Parfitt-Andy Bown composition 'Whatever You Want'. It's taken from their long-awaited new album 'Hard Ride', now officially due out on October 5.
- **Brakes,** newly signed by Magnet Records, have their debut album and single both issued on September 14 — titled 'For Why You Kicka My Donkey?' and 'The Way I See It' respectively. They have a string of promotional gigs at London Marquee on September 17 and 24, October 8 and 15.
- **The Kinks'** new album 'Low Budget' and single 'Moving Pictures' are both out tomorrow (Friday) on the Arista label.
- **Adam & The Ants'** first album 'Dirk Wears White Socks' is due out in two weeks' time on Do It Records.

THE CROOKS are the first signing to newly-formed London label Blueprint Records. They are at present in the studios with producer Simon Boswell recording their first album, for release towards the end of the year, preceded by a single at the end of this month. During breaks in recording, they have gigs at London Clapham 101 Club (this Sunday), Basildon Double Six (September 13), Bracknell Bridge House (15), Oxford Corn Dolly (18), London West Hampstead Klooks Kleek (21) and London Fulham Greyhound (27).

- **Adrian Munsey,** whose singles 'The Lost Sheep' and 'C'est Sheep' were issued by Virgin, has started his own My Records label. First release is the single 'The World Is Moving On' sung by **Daphne,** due out on September 20.
- Rockburgh Records have concluded a licensing deal for the UK release of four albums by top Australian band **Jo Jo Zep & The Falcons,** who have worked Down Under with Elvis Costello and Graham Parker. A 'Best Of' album and the single 'So Young' are issued on September 14 . . . Also from Rockburgh on the same date is the new **Ian Matthews** album 'Siamese Friends'.
- **Rory Gallagher's** new album 'Top Priority' is issued by Chrysalis this weekend. And on September 21, his previous six albums on that label are re-released.
- As a prelude to their upcoming UK tour, **Boston** have a special four-track EP issued by Epic on September 21. Titles are 'More Than A Feeling', 'Peace Of Mind', 'Don't Look Back' and 'Long Time'.
- Rhesus Records of Manchester have signed a one-off deal with Decca for the release of 'What I Want', the current single by **The Donkeys** — and Decca are reactivating their dormant Deram label specially for this single.
- For their thirteenth LP issued by CBS this weekend, **Chicago** revert to their original policy of naming their albums in numerical order. It's called 'XIII'.
- Independent Doncaster label Future Earth Records debuts this week with a single by Sheffield band **Helsinki 5 Below,** coupling 'Jennifer Darling' and 'Women In Love'. A single from **The Diks** is due shortly.
- Small Wonder this week reissue the first single by North London outfit **The Cockney Rejects,** after last month's first pressing of 5,000 sold out in two weeks. Titled 'Flares And Slippers', it has 'Police Car' and 'I Wanna Be A Star' on the B-side.
- Chrysalis are introducing a series of budget-price albums by selected new and up-and-coming artists, retailing at £3.99. First of these is the new **Pere Ubu** album 'New Picnic Time', out on September 21.
- **Simple Minds** are recording their second Zoom Records album at Rockfield Studios, titled 'Reel To Reel Cacophony' and scheduled for mid-autumn release . . . Zoom have also signed Edinburgh band **The Cheetahs** and issue their debut singe 'Radioactive' this weekend.
- Following their departure from Island, **Eddie & The Hot Rods** have signed with EMI. They go into the studios next month to start work on their first album for the label. There are no plans for any British gigs until the LP is released in the New Year.
- **The Monochrome Set's** third single, due out later this month on Rough Trade Records, has the intriguing title of 'The Monochrome Set'!
- Oval Records re-launch their own independent label on September 14 with the release of the album 'Honky-Tonk Demos', a collection of 13 tapes from Charlie Gillett's Radio London show — including the first-ever broadcasts by **Dire Straits, Darts** and **Graham Parker**. It sells at £3.99, and distribution is through Spartan. Out the same day is a three-track EP by Coventry six-piece **The Reluctant Stereotypes.**
- Liberty-United launch a new golden olden series called Silver Spotlight on September 21, with **Eddie Cochran's** 'Three Steps To Heaven' and **Fats Domino's** 'Walking To New Orleans', plus others by **Johnny Burnette, Ricky Nelson** and **Bobby Vee.**
- The debut EP from three-piece Sheffield band **Vice Versa,** titled 'Music 4', is out this week on the newly-formed Neutron Records label. Available by post at £1.16 from S. Singleton, c/o Neutron, 44 Bowood Road, Sheffield S11 8YG — or at £1 from Rough Trade outlets.

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THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK	TITLE	R.R.P.	OUR PRICE
1	27	LED ZEPPELIN — IN THROUGH THE OUT DOOR	5.00	3.75
2	31	BOB DYLAN — SLOW TRAIN COMING	5.29	4.04
3	1	SUPERTRAMP — BREAKFAST IN AMERICA	4.78	3.53
4	4	SPYRO-GYRA — MORNING DANCE	4.69	3.44
5	2	EARTH, WIND AND FIRE — I AM	5.29	4.04
6	10	JUDY TZUKE — WELCOME TO THE CRUISE	4.65	3.40
7	5	J.J. CALE — 5	5.00	3.75
8	11	E.L.O. — DISCOVERY	5.49	4.24
9	3	CRUSADERS — STREET LIFE	4.69	3.44
10	9	POLICE — OUTLANDOS D'AMOUR	4.78	3.53
11	33	VAN MORRISON — INTO THE MUSIC	4.65	3.40
12	8	THE BEST DISCO ALBUM IN THE WORLD	5.00	4.20
13	16	TUBEWAY ARMY — REPLICAS	5.00	3.75
14	21	COMMODORES — MIDNIGHT MAGIC	5.69	4.44
15	17	DONNA SUMMER — BAD GIRLS	6.50	4.75
16	6	RAINBOW — DOWN TO EARTH	5.06	3.81
17	7	AC/DC — HIGHWAY TO HELL	5.00	3.75
18	14	BLONDIE — PARALLELL LINES	4.78	3.53
19	18	NEIL YOUNG — RUST NEVER SLEEPS	5.00	3.75
20	22	JOE JACKSON — LOOK SHARP!	4.78	3.53
21	24	RICKI LEE JONES	5.00	3.75
22	15	CHIC — RISQUE	5.00	3.75
23	20	DIRE STRAITS — COMMUNIQUE	5.30	4.05
24	19	ABBA — VOULEZ-VOUS	5.29	4.04
25	28	BOB DYLAN — AT BUDOKAN	7.99	5.99
26	NEW ENTRY	ALAN PARSONS PROJECT — EVE	5.00	3.75
27	26	WHO — THE KIDS ARE ALRIGHT	9.04	6.54
28	12	RY COODER — BOP TILL YOU DROP	5.00	3.75
29	23	B.52's	5.00	3.75
30	NEW ENTRY	TALKING HEADS — FEAR OF MUSIC	5.00	3.75
31	13	B.B. KING — TAKE IT HOME	4.69	3.44
32	29	TUBEWAY ARMY — THE FIRST ALBUM	5.00	3.75
33	30	DAVE EDMUNDS — REPEAT WHEN NECESSARY	5.00	3.75
34	32	ROSE ROYCE — RAINBOW CONNECTION	5.00	3.75
35	35	NILS LOFGREN — NILS	4.78	3.53
36	37	BLUE OYSTER CULT — MIRRORS	5.29	4.04
37	39	SKY	5.25	4.00
38	40	ROXY MUSIC — MANIFESTO	5.31	4.06
39	41	CHARLIE — FIGHT DIRTY	5.06	3.81
40	36	KINKS — LOW BUDGET	5.00	3.75
41	25	HERMAN BROOD	4.80	3.55
42	44	ROBERT PALMER — SECRETS	5.00	3.75
43	47	DIANA ROSS — THE BOSS	5.29	4.04
44	48	JONI MITCHELL — MINGUS	5.00	3.75
45	56	WINGS — BACK TO THE EGG	5.49	4.24
46	NEW ENTRY	JOAN ARMATRADING — STEPPIN' OUT	4.78	3.53
47	38	ANGELIC UPSTARTS — TEENAGE WARNING	5.00	3.75
48	34	ROCKY SHARPE — RAMA LAMA	5.29	4.04
49	42	QUEEN — LIVE KILLERS	8.45	6.45
50	51	NICK LOWE — LABOUR OF LUST	5.00	3.75
51	45	PAT TRAVERS BAND — LIVE!	4.63	3.38
52	50	THE KNACK — GET THE KNACK	5.29	4.04
53	53	THIRD WORLD — THE STORYS BEEN TOLD	5.00	3.75
54	54	STEEL PULSE — TRIBUTE TO THE MARTYRS	5.00	3.75
55	55	SQUEEZE — COOL FOR CATS	4.78	3.53
56	43	GARY BROOKER — NO MORE FEAR OF FLYING	4.46	3.21
57	52	CHAS AND DAVE — DON'T GIVE A MONKEYS	5.29	4.04
58	58	C.C.R. — 20 GREATEST HITS	5.29	4.04
59	59	AMERICA	5.29	4.04
60	49	JOHN HIATT — SLUG LINE	4.69	3.44

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THIS WEEK'S SHEFFIELD: SHEFFIELD

"We might give a lot of inspiration, directions to other people who might carry on where we leave off, therefore what we've done is not completely at a loss. We're only part of a chain . . ."

Mal of Cabaret Voltaire

THAT QUOTE, lifted from 1978's "This Week's Leeds" progress-report on Sheffield, serves as a pretty good introduction to this year's missive from the northern front.

Unlike any other city of comparable size, Sheffield lacks the basic machinery for indigenous musical growth. Manchester, Liverpool, all those other provincial outposts, possess local studios and small clubs prepared to act as a platform for local talent — as well as the myths, legends and general mystique of earlier musical enterprise which help generate hope in current activities.

Of the latter, Sheffield has only the rotting memory of a grotesque gas-fitter made good (*what* a tradition!), and of the former — well, there just *ain't* (with the honourable exception of the university Now Society, any studios, and what clubs there are can't afford to put on local bands because of a strange psychological barrier which prevents local gig-goers from admitting that home-grown talent can be (at least) as good as that from out of town. As Rod Leigh from I'm So Hollow puts it:

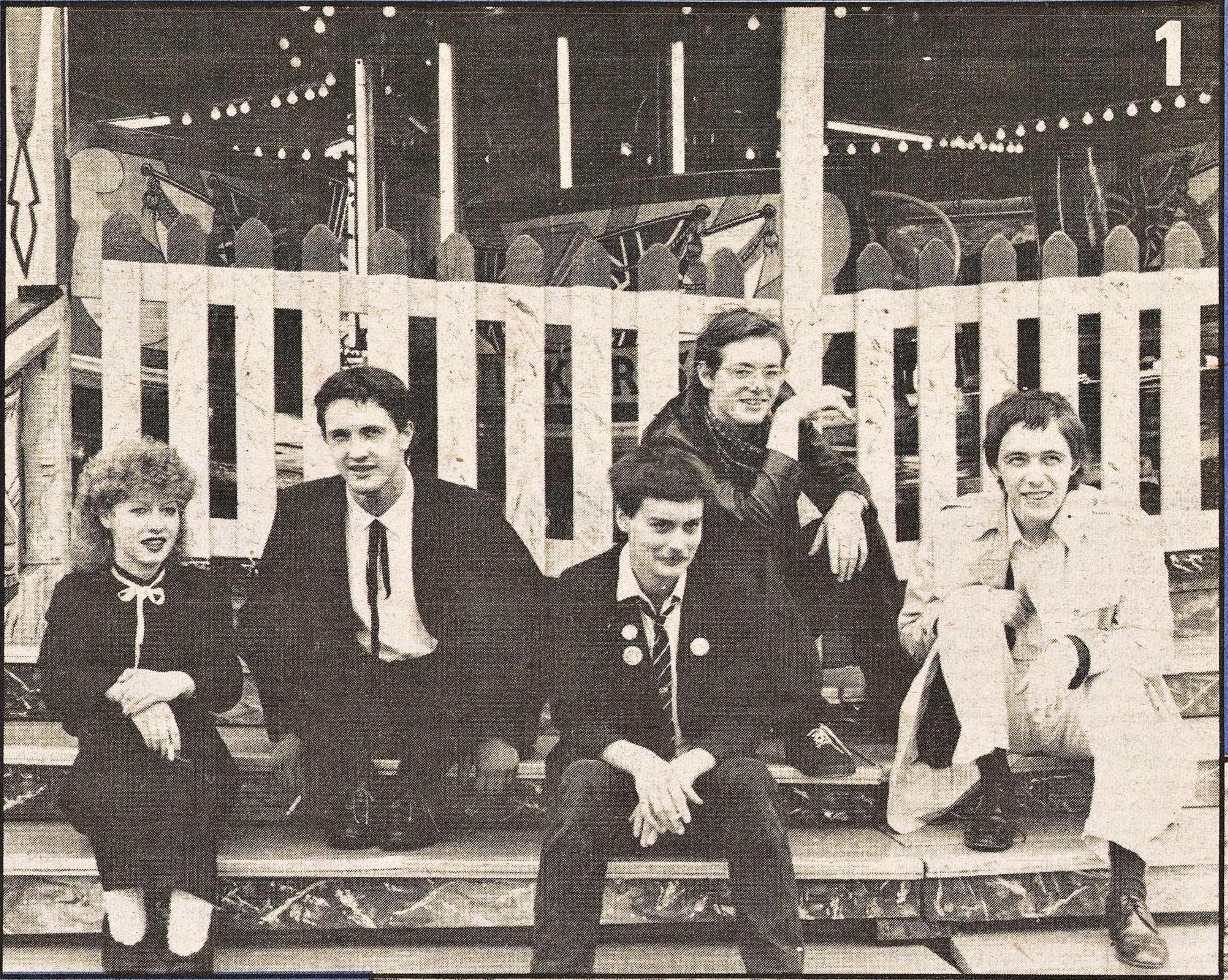
"It's just the way people think. They're very *proud* to come from Sheffield — proud of their cheap bus fares, proud of their Working Men's Clubs, proud of the Crucible Theatre and Sheffield steel — yet they *ignore* any talent from Sheffield.

"They'd rather see, say, The B52's 'from America' — it was packed out for them. We might do that, put 'from America' on the posters, get all these idiots coming down!"

Which is why Cabaret Voltaire are doubly important to the Sheffield music scene. Unlike the get-rich-quick attitude of The Human League (take that as a slap across the wrist, boys), Cabaret Voltaire, having achieved some moderate success on a national scale, have ploughed whatever resources they can manage back into the local scene. And not only have they used their limited studio facilities to record other local bands, they are also in the process (although they probably don't realise it) of constructing a much-needed morale-boosting historical perspective: theirs will be, I think, the "earlier musical enterprise" most looked-back on in years to come, as an example that, yes, cultural decentralisation *can* work! It *can* be done in Sheffield!

So, what state's the chain in now? Well, it's lost a few links — the most regrettable being the odd Molodoy — although for every one lost, a dozen have been forged, some from the remnants of the broken; others have been tempered, hardened, grown stronger; and some have changed shape altogether.

The four bands this article is most concerned with are those who, for one reason or another, you are most likely to encounter over the next year or two. But no account of Sheffield's musics could be complete without at least a passing reference to the earnest **ClockDVA** and lovable They Must Be Russians (the pair most direct in descent from the Cabs), the tick-tock complex transatlantic pop of **Xero,** the defiant throwback punkery of **The Stunt Kites,** the crossover populism of **The Deaf Aids,** electronische *untermenschen* **Vice Versa,** whose secondhand Normal Human League clone EP 'Music 4' is reviewed by Paul Morley this week on page 25, and a whole bunch more whose names I just can't fit in this time round; your day will come, I'm sure. And, of course, a tip of the titfer to Martin XRussian's excellent (though uncritical) fanzine *New Musickal Excess,* a pot-pourri of gossip and info which concentrates almost completely on local talent — in itself something of an indication of the extent to which the Sheffield scene's grown in the past year.



1 Salon Graph

2 Com-Sat Angels

Left to right, top to bottom: Pam Young, Ian Burdon, Rod Siddall, Elliott, Martin Rootes; Andy Peake, Mick Glashier, Steve Fellows, Kevin Bacon. Pictures: Philip Barnes.

IF YOU asked me to name only one Sheffield band you should watch out for, I'd point you at **The Com-Sat Angels** and tell you to listen for yourself.

Which you can easily do by grabbing a copy of their 'Red Planet' EP on their own Junta label and listening to the second side (not, please, the dated unrepresentative 'Red Planet' itself), a couple of songs called 'I Get Excited' and 'Specimen No. 2' which serve as a good example of what can happen when jazz techniques are used with wit and imagination in rock — not ponderous, pedantic riffing and extraneous embellishment thrusting fiercely up its own arse, but sharp, concise textural statements and themes which reappear tantalisingly in the mind days later.

For gourmets rather than gourmands.

'I Get Excited', a bittersweet tale of symbolic obsession, is a peach: a tense, edgy intro gives way to a chord-structure whose homely security belies the anxiety and neurosis of the lyrics, which, with lines like *"Automotives in my mental garage"* and *"My alphabet is archetype-cast"*, are at once light and heavy, humourous and serious — witty, without resorting to the populist verbal slapstick of a Cooper Clarke.

And that's only the visible tip of the iceberg; their demo tape of songs like 'Independence Day', 'Missing In Action', 'Monkey Pilot' and 'Baby' is still the most-played music in the Gill household, after more than a month's hard listening.

A quartet (Kevin Bacon, bass; Andy Peake, keyboards; Mick Glaisher, drums; Steve Fellows, guitar and vocals), The Com-Sat Angels started out in jazz-rock climes before migrating towards the complex-pop regions of XTC where, as Radio Earth, they had a brief flirtation with Radar Records, who ditched them when WEA pulled the purse-strings shut. As Fellows put it, "because we were the last to come, we were the first to go."

Following a period of hibernation, they re-emerged with a new name and a new music, to say nothing of a new attitude.

"Radio Earth music was the music of panic," assesses Fellows bluntly. "We wanted to get something which would impress record companies. After the Radar business fell through we felt, 'Well, we'll do what *we* want to do'."

"We still *liked* it," Bacon points out.

"Oh yes. But we were so anxious to impress we crammed about three songs into each one: the structures were *so* complex. Now we let it breathe a bit, y'know? We don't bruise the ears of the listener, hopefully . . ."

"Some people say it appears 'complex' and 'weird', but really it's much simpler than the Radio Earth stuff," adds Glaisher. "Listen to it a few times, and it's really very melodic."

"It's just more mature really," Fellows sums up. "The important word here is 'construction' . . .

"What we do is simplify rather than complicate things. Everything that we play is written by the particular player: what others might call 'arranging', we call 'writing'."

The Com-Sat Angels are, to a large extent, their own men; they have only slight contact with the Sheffield "scene", which they see as suffering from an over-abundance of gossip, ego-stroking and cliquishness, and a paucity of constructive criticism. The basic difference between them and a lot of other Sheffield bands, as Bacon sees it, is that "we'd be here anyway, no matter whether there were all those other groups or not, and they wouldn't be there if there wasn't that 'scene'."

And he's probably right. What really sets The Com-Sat Angels apart is their intentionality, their volition. Style plays no part in it. Which is as it should be for a band who exist in a space bounded on three sides by Steely Dan, Wire and Pere Ubu, and on the fourth by their own imagination (which is prodigious).

As Steve Fellows says: "I'm really keen on the work-ethic. You've gotta work, and you've gotta work *hard.*"

■ *Continues over*

Last year ANDY GILL wrote his famous dissertation "This Week's Leeds: Sheffield" — the feature which launched The Human League to international superstardom, and 2.3 . . . well, we won't talk about them.

Anyway, here's the 1979 Sheffield Show. It's taken Andy a year to research it, it cost you 1½p to buy it and it'll take you all of 20 minutes to consume it. So whaddaya waiting for?

Sheffield library will be closed until further notice. Some sneak has stolen the book . . .

This article was to have appeared two weeks ago . . . only Andy got there and it was shut.

THIS WEEK'S SHEFFIELD

■ *From previous page*

UNLIKE the Com-Sats, whose businesslike attitude has garnered them both a Dutch tour (with Minny Pops and Ze Popes) and several offers from interested labels of various sizes, the no-compromise anarchist stance of their friends **Salon Graph** has probably worked to the band's detriment.

Salon Graph, until recently, were known simply as Graph, but changed their name because it emphasised only the rigid, mechanical aspects of their music and neglected the more romantic side. As Graph, they contributed a track, 'Drowning', to Bob Fast's 'Earcom', although they now dismiss that as hopelessly outdated. A wry poke at populist politicising in pop music *("Nobody's gonna sink this ship because they've got a fear of drowning")*, it does however still serve as a good introduction to their music, despite the godawful sound-quality.

Originally a trio consisting of Martin Rootes (keyboard, tapes and little boxes), Ian Burdon (bass) and Elliott (guitar and vocals), they were joined until recently by drummer Nik Allday, whose "no cymbals please, we're rhythmic" style (more than a little reminiscent of Can's Jaki Liebezeit) was the perfect complement to Burdon's lumpy, jerky, rolling bass rhythms: disco music for camels . . .

With Allday's departure, they recruited a new name and two new members, drummer Rod Siddall and vocalist/melodica player Pam Young, the former as replacement and the latter as a result of recent exposure to The Beach Boys — quite a revelation, it seems, as their earliest musical influences (mainly German) came from outside the mainstream pop field. As the loquacious Elliott explains:

"What we regarded as 'good' music didn't correspond to others' views, and when we started to *create* music, because we were in a kind of vacuum, we created it based upon the values of those experimentalists. But we didn't have what they'd had in the first place: they'd gone through rejecting pop music to creating 'experimental' music, whereas we accepted 'experimental' music and didn't really know much about pop music, because we didn't listen to the radio.

"So when we *did* hear pop music we recognised things such as beat, hook, rhythm, as important, and just transposed the value-systems of those experimentalists onto those bases for pop music."

"It sounds like a bit of a snobby attitude, just liking something because it's banal," clarifies Burdon, "but in actual fact we didn't get to *hear* pop music — we lived in foreign countries and simply didn't have access to radio or television."

"I refute that!" laughs Elliott. "Because I *was* a snob! Because if you realise that most of the people in this country would like to bring back hanging, you'll realise that most of the people in this country are morons! And most of the people in this country like pop music . . ."

Dodgy logic, of course, this one-to-one relationship between hanging and pop music, but it's a good example of Elliott's penchant for making outrageously antagonistic statements just to get a reaction.'

Which is not to say he doesn't mean what he says. For instance, when I ask whether his two main lyrical concerns — romance and politics — are linked, whether he sees romance in political terms, he answers: "In that I don't approve of human beings being parasites. The boyfriend/girlfriend thing immortalised by pop music makes me *shudder*, because by this 'falling in love' syndrome you simply use somebody else to support your own futile optimism. And *that* makes you weak.

"The family, 'love', and all those teen-romance things *are* political things, in that they're organised towards oppressing you and your thought.

"The traditional view of love is hideous. That's why I won't write happy love songs. I just don't think those things exist: people are just conned into believing they exist because it makes their lives easier to lead. And consequently, they're less of a threat to the authority that keeps them happy . . ."

Elliott and Burdon claim Salon Graph are as much influenced by other 'arts' as by music. Elliott, as lyricist, cites Isadore ("Lautreamont") Ducas' *Maldoror* and French Romantics such as Baudelaire and Verlaine as chief among his literary influences, explaining that he prefers poems to novels because "attempts to characterise don't seem real to me".

Are there any particular visual artists they think are an influence?

"Anything from about 1880 to 1920," says Burdon. "In other words, Impressionism and Expressionism. The latter-day Expressionists, as well. Up until that point, painting was largely a duty to communicate, things like religious paintings — visual narrative. Then it gets to that point, which coincides roughly with the invention of photography, and painters were freed from that duty and could express themselves. How it connects with music, I don't know . . ."

"I'll tell you how it does," Elliott launches in. "There's a lot of stuff about social realism nowadays — the typical social realism TV plays, and so on. They bloody stink! As far as I'm concerned, I'll express what goes on in *my* head; I'm not bothered about social realism.

"The predominant ideology in the music press — at the moment, anyway — is almost as restrictive as the educational system!"

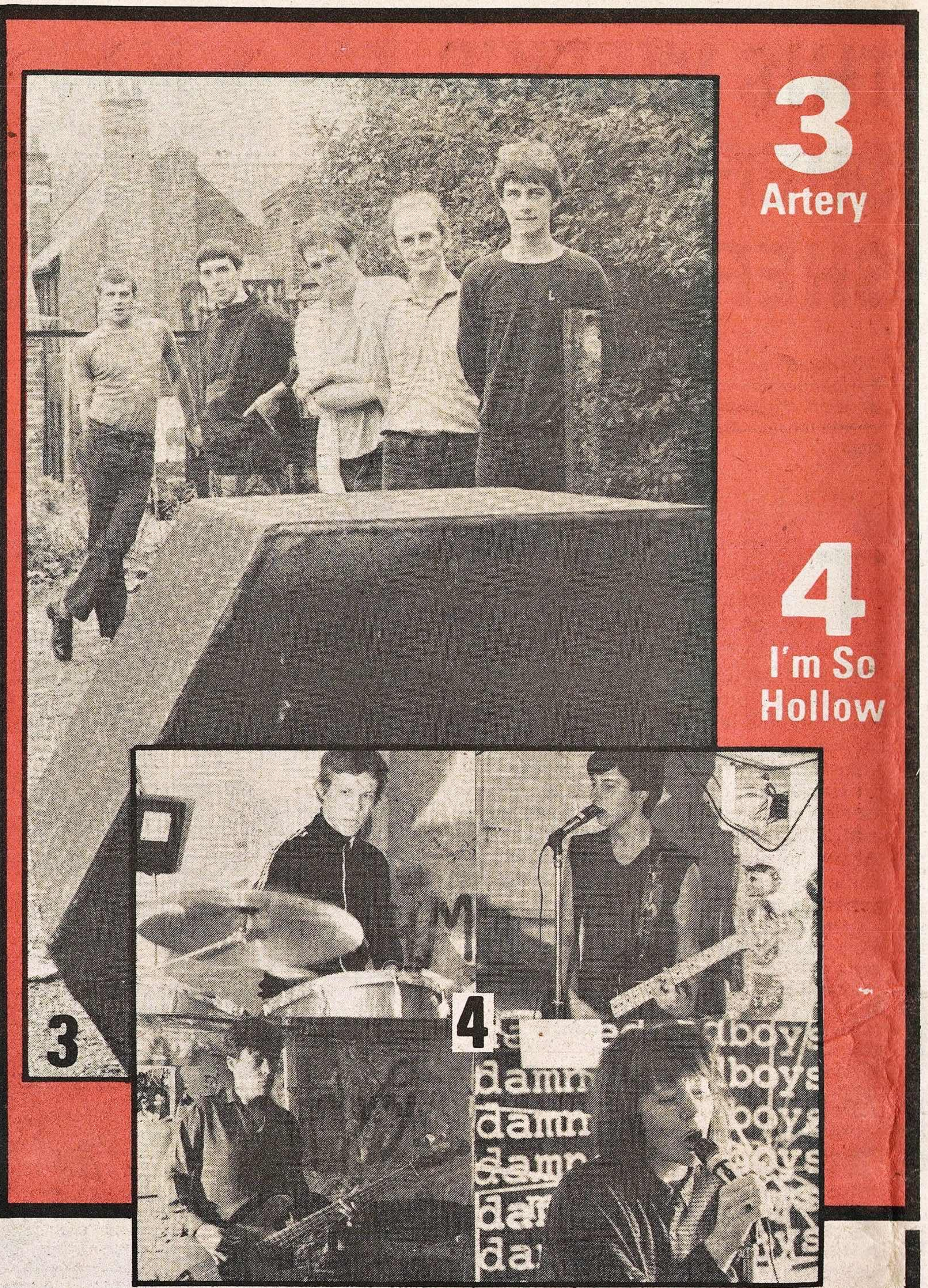
No comment. As the interview draws to a close, Elliott, worried about possible misinterpretation, decides to add a postscript:

"A lot of the things we've said might seem in contradiction to our stand as libertarians. But the thing which enabled the Baader-Meinhof Group to move from being a pacifist anarchist organisation to a military anarchist organisation was their reading of Marcuse, who said that the working-class had been so indoctrinated that their viewpoint was no longer relevant. The capitalists have organised society in such a way that it no longer *matters* what the average person's view is — it's very sad that the average person thinks that hanging should be brought back.

"And we find ourselves in rather the same position. It may be misconstrued as being elitist, but it isn't intended to be."

So what you're saying is that you think Joe Public has sold his birthright, not for a mess of potage, but for a colour TV?

"Absolutely. Or for a record player . . ."



Left to right, top to bottom: Gary Wilson, Mark Gouldthorpe, Neil MacKenzie, Steve McDool, Royce Ashley; Joe Sawicki, Rod Leigh, Gary Marsden, Jane Wilson. Pictures: Philip Barnes.

LIKE SALON Graph, **Artery** are currently in the process of adding to their line-up, expanding the range of sounds at their disposal. Rising out of the ashes of a fairly straightforward tower-block punk band called simply "The", their membership went through a few changes before settling down, with the addition of bassist Neil MacKenzie last September, to Gary Wilson (drums), Mark Gouldthorpe (guitar), Royce Ashley (vocals/2nd guitar) and MacKenzie.

With this line-up they produced their first single, a three-tracker ('Mother Moon'/'Pretends'/'Heinz') which surfaced a few months ago on their manager Marcus Featherby's Limited Edition Records.

As a debut, it's an excellent indication of their strengths and idiosyncracies. Generally speaking, the Artery sound has its basis in the combination of Gouldthorpe's dense washes of fuzz-guitar and the razor-sharp, almost military sprightliness of Wilson and MacKenzie's rhythm section. Over this, Ashley's vocals are a curious kind of nasal whine, quite unlike anything I've heard before, the singer also adding occasional interjections of lunatic slide-guitar.

On their last few gigs, jazz saxist Steve McDool has appeared with the band on a few numbers, a move which signals both openness to change and dissatisfaction with present possibilities:

"There's only so much you can do with two guitars, bass and drums. It tends to sound the same after a while.

"We're thinking more of the future, with the sax, than of what we've already got. We'll be experimenting more."

Artery's next single 'The Slide' is also indicative of their willingness to take chances: few other bands would be prepared to release a single consisting solely of vocals and percussion, no other instruments at all. It's a high-spot of their set, a kind of bridge between the denser textures which open and close their performance.

Like most other local bands, they're both devoted to Sheffield and slightly exasperated by the lack of facilities and support in the city. Nonetheless, they approach the London-based Biz with caution, rightly afraid that the more spiritual values may get overlooked when materialism rears its ugly head: "Just looking at it from the outside, its whole attitude seems to destroy creativity. What happens to bands when they make it . . .?"

It's hardly surprising that they come down, in the Great '70s Label War, wholeheartedly on the side of the minors, the small labels, as more sensitive to the needs of smaller bands, even though the minors mightn't have the resources to fulfil those needs as effectively as the majors.

It's a situation which is in a way analogous to Sheffield: despite its drawbacks, the city's proving to be a fertile breeding-ground for new talent. The major stumbling-block is the attitude of audiences (and hence promoters), an attitude which threatens to stifle such openings as exist:

"TV Product (another new local band) wanted to book the Poly, and they said, 'You can't play unless you get someone like Artery to headline'. We had the same thing about six months ago . . ."

Which is why Marcus, a photographer turned entrepreneur, has taken to promoting regular gigs at local clubs, featuring both "name" bands and local outfits. As he says:

"Talk about retrogressive attitudes! The actual audiences in Sheffield think that unless

■ *Continues page 53*

WHAT'S EDDIE HARDIN, CHARLIE WHITNEY, CHARLIE McCRACKEN AND ROB TOWNSEND DOING

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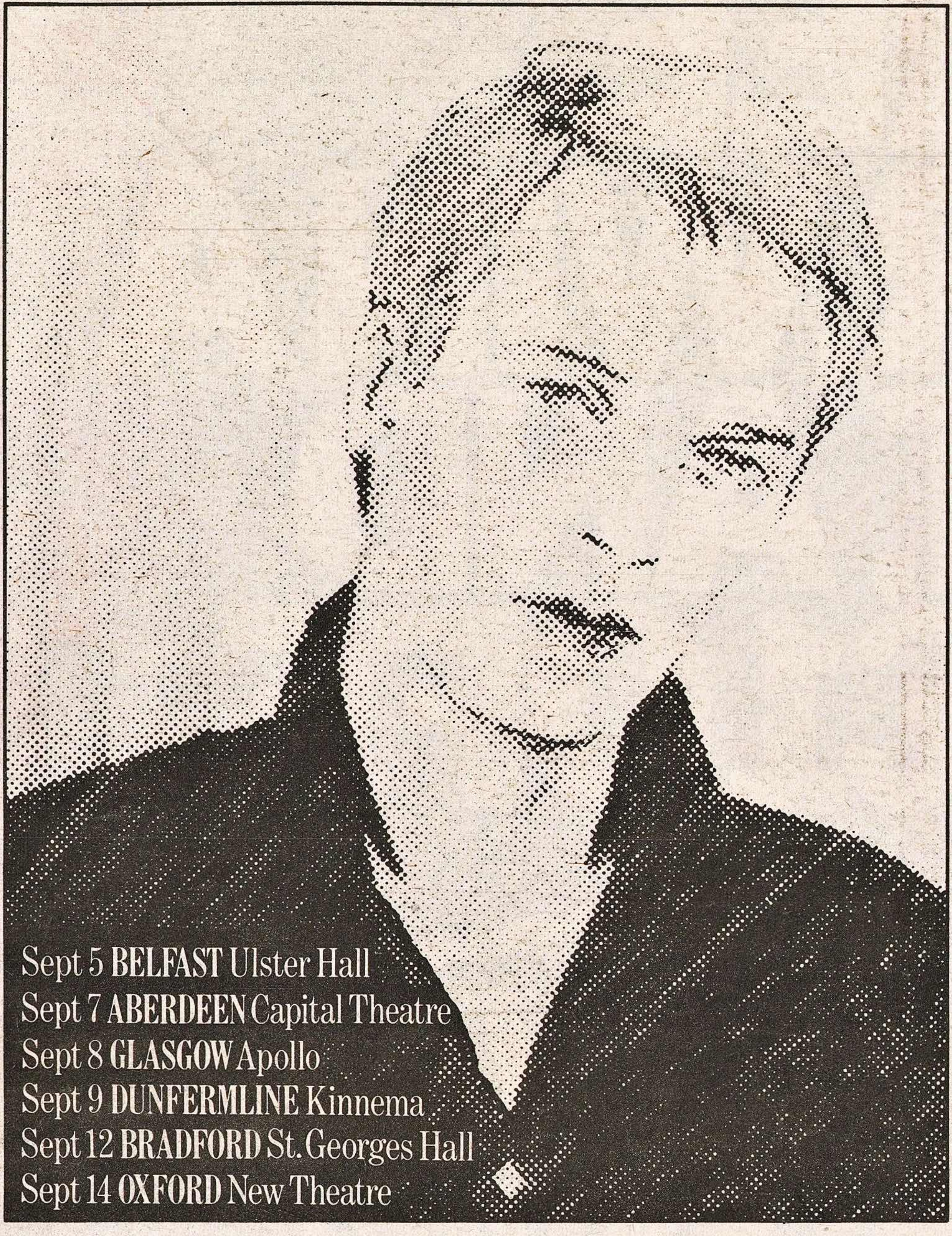
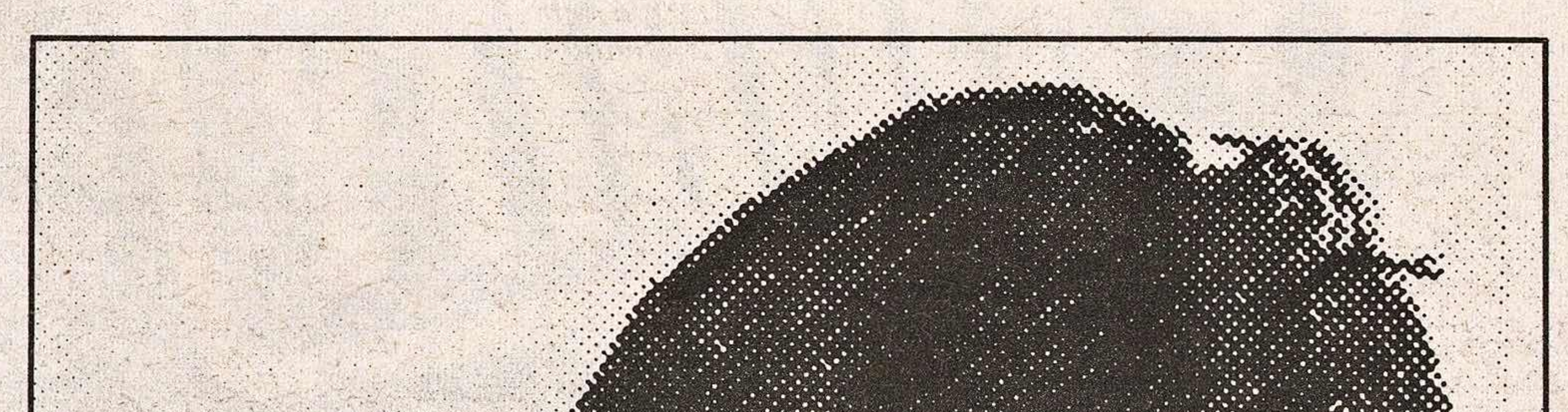
SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES

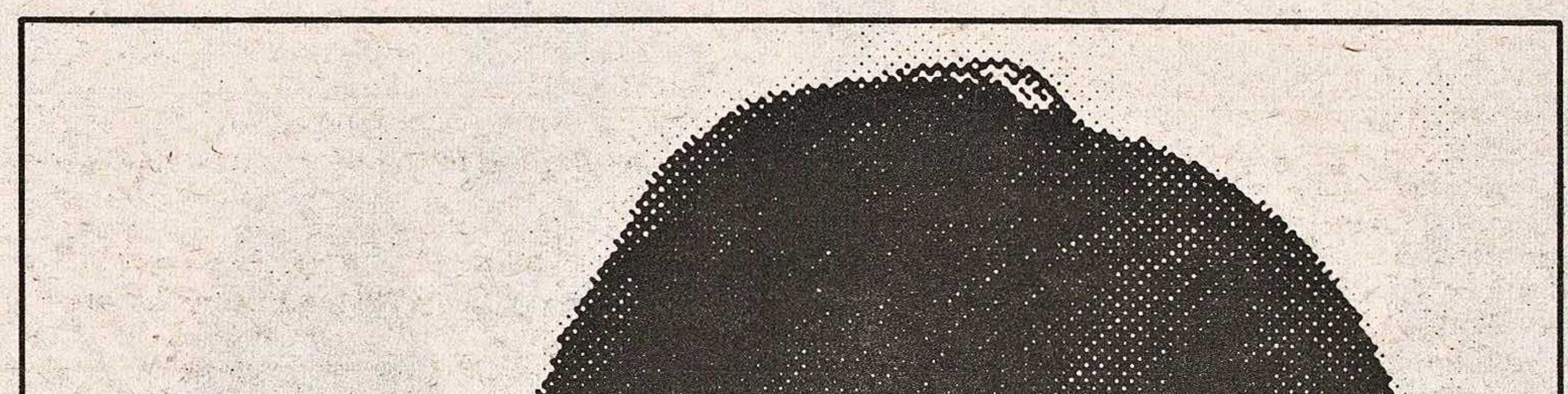


Sept 5 **BELFAST** Ulster Hall
Sept 7 **ABERDEEN** Capital Theatre
Sept 8 **GLASGOW** Apollo
Sept 9 **DUNFERMLINE** Kinnema
Sept 12 **BRADFORD** St. Georges Hall
Sept 14 **OXFORD** New Theatre

Empire **LIVERPOOL** Sept 15
De Montfort Hall **LEICESTER** Sept 18
Odeon **BIRMINGHAM** Sept 19



Sept 21 **MANCHESTER** Apollo
Sept 22 **MALVERN** Winter Garden
Sept 25 **CARDIFF** Sofia Gardens
Sept 27 **TAUNTON** Odeon
Sept 28 **SOUTHAMPTON** Gaumont
Sept 29 **HEMEL HEMPSTEAD** The Pavilion



University **NOTTINGHAM** Oct 1
Polytechnic **NEWCASTLE** Oct 3
City Hall **HULL** Oct 8
Gaumont **IPSWICH** Oct 9
Conference Centre **BRIGHTON** Oct 10
Odeon **CHELMSFORD** Oct 11
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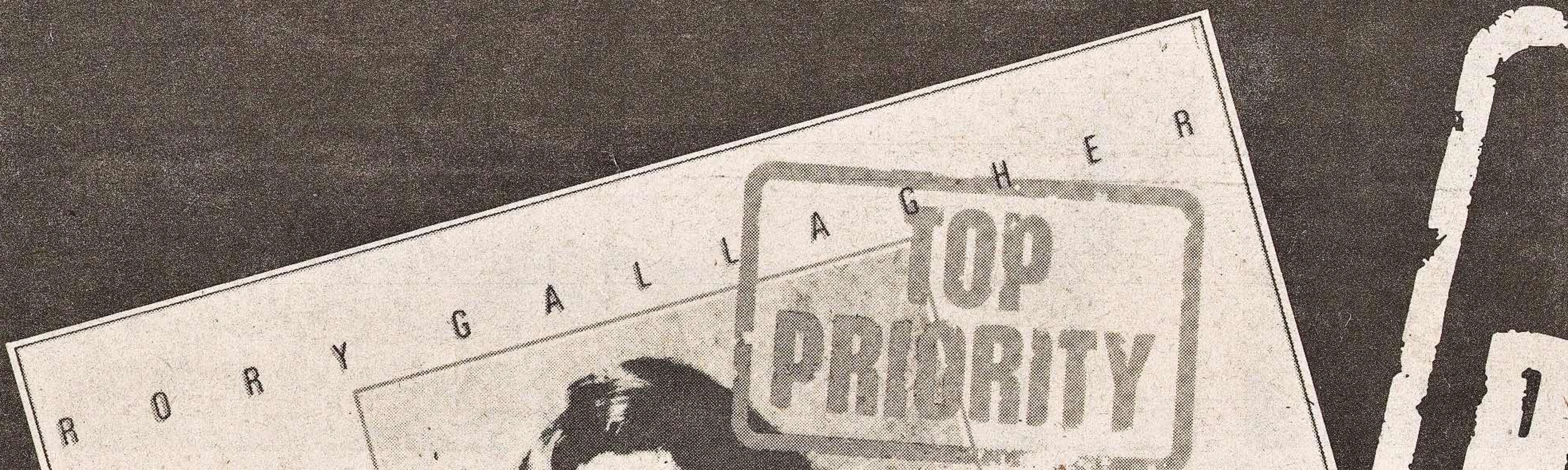

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Sutton
Swansea
Wolverhampton

THRILLS

Big Brother Is Watching You

1. Bootlegs

THE ONLY bootleg album pressed up in Britain this year was at the instigation of the British Phonographic Industry Ltd (BPI) — an organisation pledged to eliminate the manufacture and trade of bootlegs.

The album in question was David Bowie's 'The Wembley Wizard Touches The Dial', and, as a direct result, on Monday Aug. 20 a series of carefully co-ordinated raids — in London, Manchester, Newcastle and St. Helens — smashed Britain's largest bootleg gang.

This four month long operation, involving up to 40 investigators, is estimated to have cost in the region of £50,000.

Earlier this year, a BPI undercover agent successfully infiltrated a Northern-based bootleg organisation. When the Bowie album went out of stock, the bootleggers encountered problems obtaining fresh supplies from abroad. At this juncture, the undercover agent informed his new-found friends that he had access to no-questions-asked record pressing facilities here in Britain. He was then handed the metal stampers and unbeknown to the gang 2,000 copies were manufactured by the BPI. The bootleggers then commenced selling them to certain retail outlets.

Once these secretly marked albums began circulating, 40 BPI investigators, armed with a High Court inspection order, swooped, and recovered the Bowie albums, along with many others.

BPI Press Officer, Richard Robson, refuted stories that the album had in fact been originated by the BPI in collusion with RCA. "All that we did was re-press and mark an album that had already been in circulation."

Though some artists go to extreme lengths to counteract bootleggery there are others who openly encourage it.

One record shop owner who occasionally trades in bootlegs told me: "Two of my best customers are members of world famous rock bands. One of them usually buys half-a-dozen of each title to give to the rest of the guys in the band!"

The late Lowell George once informed this writer that he had been responsible for mixing the tapes of at least two Little Feat bootlegs.

Said George: "If anyone is going to buy a Little Feat bootleg, then at least I want to make certain the quality is good. Anyone who buys a bootleg is going to be the loyal fan who will buy every one of our official records."

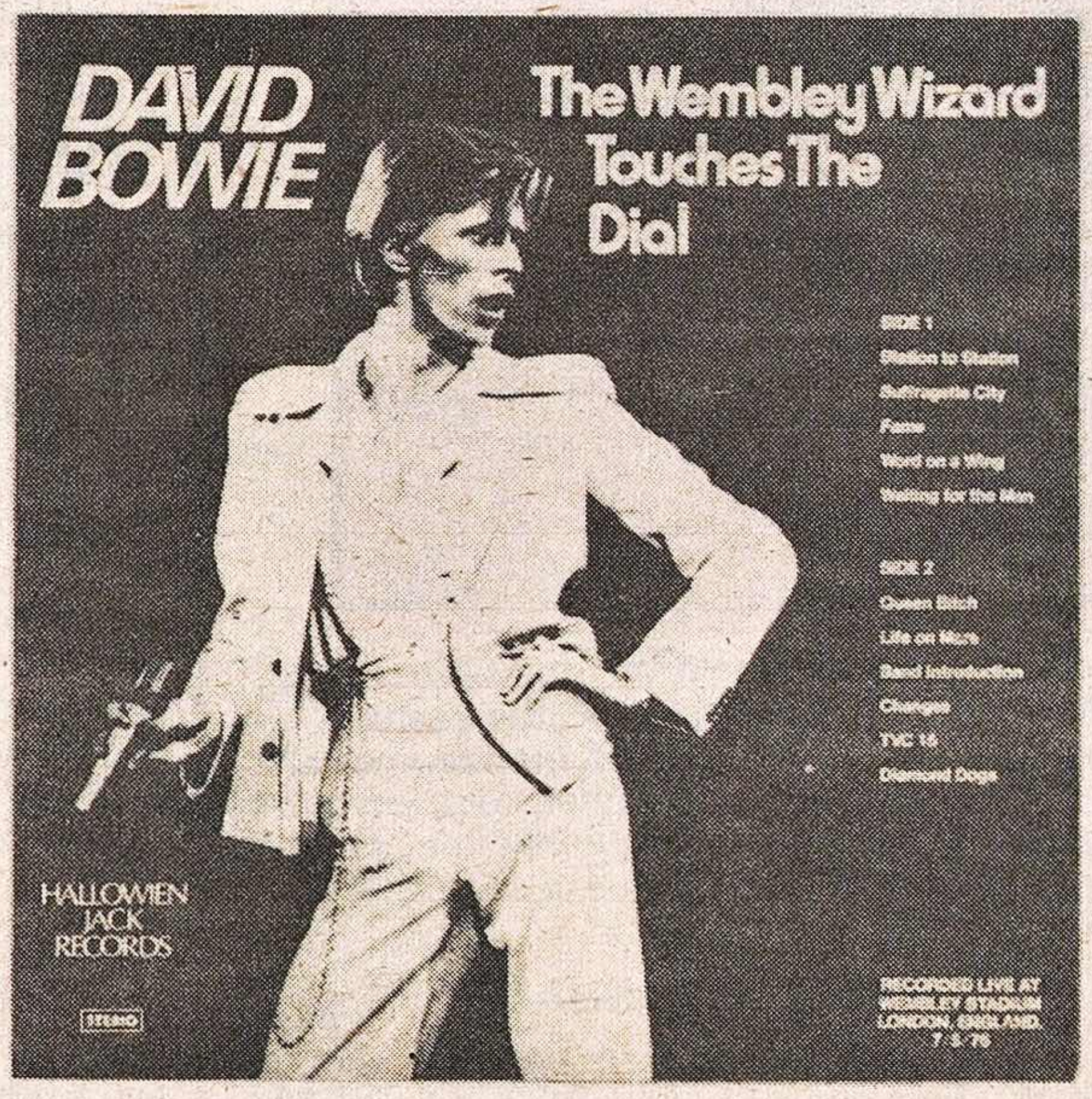
One world famous Brit-Rock band has also had some degree of artistic control over their bootlegs. When embarking on a lengthy US tour the group have recorded a couple of early gigs and handed over mixed tapes to the more professional bootleggers in an effort to eliminate the hand-held cassette cowboy outfits. The logic behind such a move being, it's best to sell, at most 20,000 bootlegs than risk one's reputation by putting out what could prove to be a poor selling official souvenir.

Also, it's more prestigious and collectable and, nobody really loses out! Richard Robson doesn't dispute this, but felt that it was a curious attitude for artists to adopt. "It's one" he claimed, "that I don't understand!"

ROY CARR

THRILLS

Warning: This Album Can Seriously Damage Your Legal Position



2. Tapes

ARE CASSETTE recorder detector vans at the dark end of the street an imminent possibility? Can we soon anticipate dawn raids by teams of *official* investigators to check whether or not that tape you were playing wasn't a prerecorded Smith's 80p-off purchase, but a home tape made from a mate's bargain bin acquisition! And, come Christmas, will all recording equipment owners seriously be required to cough-up anything between a fiver and a tenner for a *Home Recording Licence*?

If the Department of Trade approve suggestions currently being put before it by the BPI (British Phonographic Industry Ltd), the MCPS (Mechanical Copyright Protection Society), the Musicians' Union and representatives from the recording industry, such measure could become a harsh reality.

If you own home-taping equipment, but not one of those thirty bob (plus VAT- BPI home-taping licences (but then, only an estimated 6,000 people do), every time you activate the record button, you're not only breaking the law but, say the major labels, cutting into their projected profits.

Business is business and, with few exceptions, record companies don't exist for the benefit of either artist or audience — though naturally they rely on both parties to stay in business. They exist for the benefit of stockholders and, if a company doesn't publish that all-important ten per cent annual profit growth, the value of its shares plummet.

According to WEA's Managing Director John Fruin, sales have slumped by nearly 30 per cent whereas, over the last quarter, blank cassette sales have dramatically increased by 20 per cent. A state of affairs that has resulted in the British recording industry claiming a potential loss of earnings in the region of £150 million.

When another journalist pressed the BPI's press officer, Richard Hobson, about how they hoped to enforce a Home Recording Licence law, Robsons reply was both smug and forboding.

He replied, "The idea has been kicked around that maybe we should bring a prosecution against a private individual as an example. There are ways of getting access to people's premises provided one has reasonable grounds for suspecting they are breaking the law."

THRILLS

Bad Luck Of The Irish

This week's Brain Of Britain award goes to the gent with the raised arm. He's the one who started — or rather finished — it all. Pic: Mark Rusher.

HEARD THE latest joke about the thick Englishman who gets up on stage, seizes a mike, spouts a few banalities, brings the whole gig to a close and still thinks he's smart?

No, I didn't laugh either, nor did Stiff Little Fingers nor the vast majority of a large crowd at Brixton's Anti-Racist Carnival last Sunday.

The Stiff Little Fingers set got off to a bad start when fighting broke out in the crowd almost immediately. But the trouble really started when a bear of very little brain managed to get on stage and grab a microphone. When an inadequate crash barrier in front of the stage finally gave way our hero was of course joined by many others. The stage was quickly overrun and though the band tried to keep playing this soon proved impossible and they left the stage. Unfortunately, no-one else followed their example.

To be fair, a lot of people on the stage *couldn't* get off, but plenty of others just wouldn't. And while most were just enjoying themselves and showing their appreciation in their own way, shouts of "Smash the IRA" and "Mountbatten died for you"(?!) made it clear others were there for more sinister reasons.

Later, SLF manager Gordon Ogilvie was fairly stoical about the whole affair.

He was nonetheless critical of security arrangements and stewarding by the Lambeth Anti-Racist Movement.

This is the second time recently that an SLF gig has been prematurely halted which must cause speculation that they are to have the dubious honour of following Sham 69 as the band who aren't allowed to play.

Gordon Ogilvie doesn't feel that this is a danger and everyone with more than empty space between their ears will no doubt hope he's right.

As for those who did set out to ruin this gig, one can only echo the word of Jake Burns last time this happened — Bastards!

STUART JOHNSTON

THRILLS

Death At Lyceum

The rock 'n' roll machine must once more pay tribute to, but is not accountable for a tragic accident at the Only Ones Lyceum gig on Sunday.

Fans were more than surprised to find at the end of the performance a police cordon manning the main exit with instructions to collect everyones name and address before leaving.

Amongst the confusion and 1000 Mickey Mouse addresses later, impromptu and hysterical rumours circulated to the effect that someone had been stabbed or poisoned near the front of the stage. Whatever, something pretty grisly had evidently happened despite no aggro between punk/mod/skinhead factions.

A policeman told me later that Tobias Sladek, aged only 15 or 16, had 'died suddenly', and that 'no suspicious circumstances' are being investigated. The poor kid definitely wasn't stabbed, I suppose drugs cannot be but the cause of death will not be established until the post mortem.

Tobias apparently lay on the floor for some time until someone realised he was seriously iii, and he died after being admitted to hospital.

CHARLOTTE WYLIE

THRILLS

Mods—"It's Official" : Mr Levi Strauss.

"Music is the medium of the young and the music press tells us that the boys are back in town. Mod connoisseurs in Spring 1980 will be buying the original 501 shrink-to-fit Levi's."

Oh yeah? You can bet your last fly-button on it, if the renowned trouser-merchants are to be believed. And for why?

"It's the mystique and the imagery that give the appeal to "jeans experts" to whom uniqueness and originality is vital."

Well, it had to happen, didn't it? It was only a matter of time before Levi Strauss Ltd — and presumably their rivals as well — sensed there'd be a buck to be made from the burgeoning Mod movement and brought out their very own range of clothes. Youth-culture, mod style, all packaged and price-tagged and ready to collect.

"No self-respecting 1980 mod would be seen without the true uniform of the 1960 mod. So irridescent jeans are back for the boys, in red/black and blue/yellow colours with shirts to match."

Thrills took a ring-side seat at last week's launch — all flashing lights, disco music and distinctly un-mod models kind of frugging around with a yellow Lambretta — and came out clutching a presentation elpee ('The Levi's Story') and a free Levi's biro.

Happiest man in the operation is Alan Joy, himself an original East End-and-Upminster mod who grew up to be Levi's Product Manager. He it was that noticed the present phenomenon last year, on a sentimental visit to his Sixties scooter-gang hang-out, the Bridge House in Canning Town . . . and sussed that he could push his own nostalgic interest to corporate advantage. Nice story, what?

PAUL DU NOYER

THRILLS

Plonk. Two superior examples of the fanzine genre dropped on the Thrills doormat this week. Both aim themselves firmly at the Mod market but eschew boring tribalism and trendy image mongering in favour of informative articles on a wider spectrum.

***Jamming* (out of South London and costs 25p) is nearing double figures and manages to balance articles on The Chords, Teen Beats and Spizz Energi with a well researched breakdown on How To Get A Gig and DIY recording.**

***Can't Explain* (no address yet, this is issue number one and costs 20p) has excellent visuals, a pop art supplement on togs, a comprehensive new bands file and an especially silly, highly readable piece on buying a scooter.**

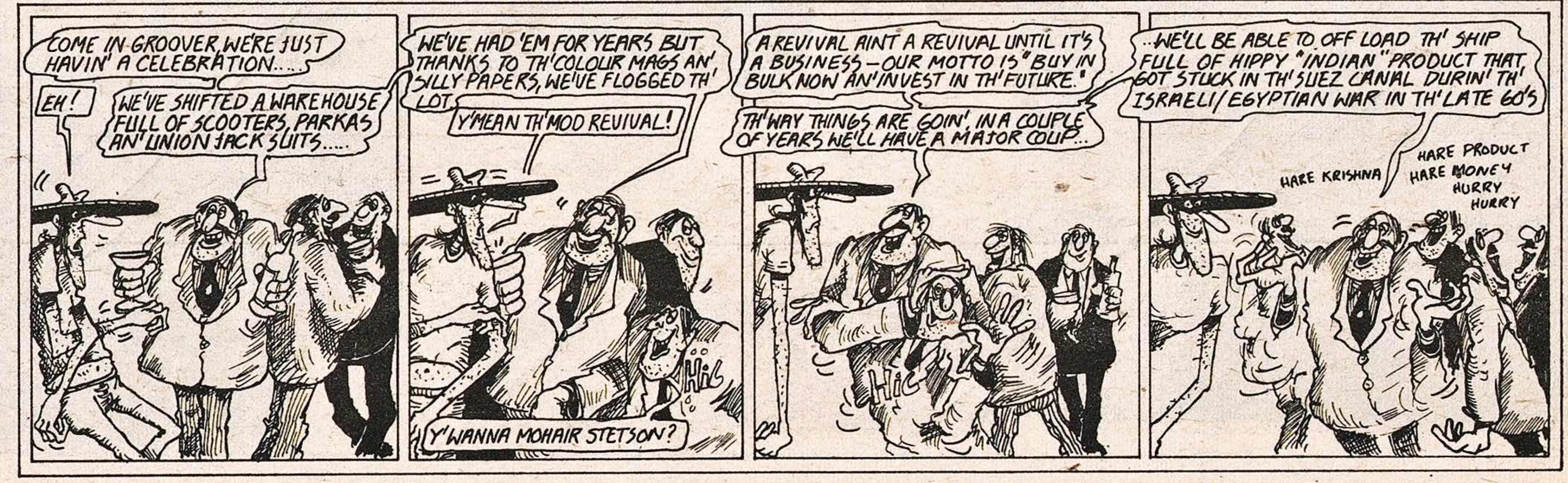
Hours of fun for all the family.

BEN SHERMAN

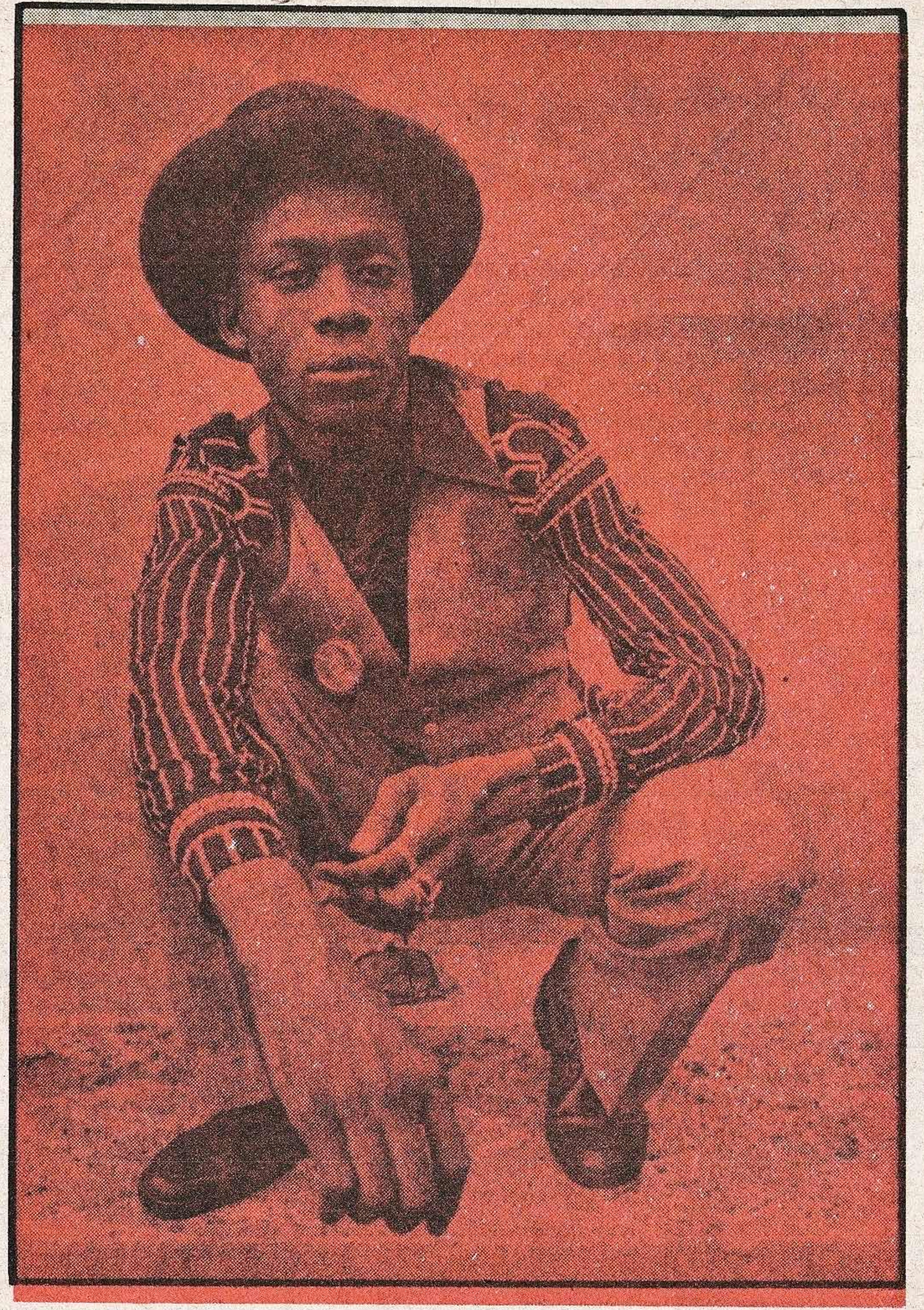
THRILLS

The Lone Groover

Benyon


COME IN GROOVER, WE'RE JUST HAVIN' A CELEBRATION.....
EH!
WE'VE SHIFTED A WAREHOUSE FULL OF SCOOTERS, PARKAS AN' UNION JACK SUITS.....
WE'VE HAD 'EM FOR YEARS BUT THANKS TO TH' COLOUR MAGS AN' SILLY PAPERS, WE'VE FLOGGED TH' LOT.
Y'MEAN TH' MOD REVIVAL!
Hic!
Y'WANNA MOHAIR STETSON?
A REVIVAL AINT A REVIVAL UNTIL IT'S A BUSINESS — OUR MOTTO IS "BUY IN BULK NOW AN' INVEST IN TH' FUTURE."
TH' WAY THINGS ARE GOIN', IN A COUPLE OF YEARS WE'LL HAVE A MAJOR COUP...
Hic
...WE'LL BE ABLE TO OFF LOAD TH' SHIP FULL OF HIPPY "INDIAN" PRODUCT THAT GOT STUCK IN TH' SUEZ CANAL DURIN' TH' ISRAELI/EGYPTIAN WAR IN TH' LATE 60'S
HARE KRISHNA
HARE PRODUCT HARE MONEY HURRY HURRY

The Real Clint Eastwood Skanks Up



"I AM THE real Clint Eastwood 'cause I come from the ghetto . . ." grinned a skippin' and skankin' Eastwood onstage in the sweat soaked atmosphere of Dingwalls. The place was rammed . . . CORKED . . . and with Red Stripe outstripping blues dance prices at 55p a can there's no reason to be there other than to hear him.

Romping through versions of 'Primo Ballerina', 'Drifter', 'Country Boy', 'Down In Jamaica', 'DJ Jamboree / Sex Educational Class', and 'Caroline' amongst others Clint sang and toasted with energy and verve.

Among the Eastwood entourage were Keith Hudson, militant Barry and Clint's big brother and top toaster Trinity. As we'd huddled over the tape recorder in the dressing room earlier Clint had told how Trinity had introduced him into the runnings via a Joe Gibbs rehearsal day. Despite competition from six other DJs said Clint, "I was the one that success out of the crowd". His tune 'Badder Than You' was also a big seller.

Still only 18, Eastwood's prolific output, mostly via Channel One and Bunny 'Striker' Lee, has borne little fruit financially and in future he intends to work on his own or with other young producers with whom he feels he can get somewhere. Of the others he says, "they bring you down all the while . . . come penalsie and rob all the lickle youth of the ghetto. Pure sufferation."

The musical reception here has been good but says Clint, "I couldn't live in Britain. Most of me black bredda, me sorry fe dem 'cause more time the police jus' beat them up . . . see them SUS SUS!! and' all dem tings deh. Is depraved living."

Angrily he described how he personally had bucked up against our infamous SUS law and ended up spending seven hours in jail before being released on bail. The case is still pending.

"Right now," said Clint, "I'm glad I preach music 'cause Babylon too nuff fe I and I. I feel soh I'll plan a revolution an' jus' use words, sound and power to conquer them."

Along with exuberant performances by Prince Hammer on the recent Hitrun tour, Eastwood's gigs constitute another useful example of 'youth man promotion' and we can definitely look forward to the forthcoming joint Clint Eastwood and Trinity shows to see who's badder than who!

PAUL BRADSHAW

THRILLS

Under The Mistletoe

"I tell you, Deirdre, sacrificing young Tracy here will be a great honour for you.

Emily: *"Ken, I don't mean to pry but —"*

Ken *(indignant): "But what, Emily.*

'**Emily** *(cowering): "But Thrills has learned that you are a high ranking druid. What I want to know is . . . well is it true Ken, is it true?*

Ken *(with some shame): "Yeah, it's true Emily, but I'd rather not . . . y'know . . ."*

NME: *Did You Know? (No. 1 Of An Occasional Series) William Roach — the fabulous Ken Barlow of the much-missed Coronation Street — is a leading spokesman in the hierarchy of Britain's whacky Druid cult! Yes, my friends, humble mumble Kenneth is prone to dressing in long skirts and awaving the mistletoe! Well we couldn't quite swallow it when we heard it first but on contacting Granada TV, who make the show, all was proved true.*

"Ah . . . yes . . . well William is in fact a spokesperson for his group but he insists that his Druid activities are part of his private life and no longer wishes to discuss it all . . ."

And thusly doth the deviousness thicken friends. Ken Barlow in Stonehenge Nonsense Shock Horror? Will Annie come out in favour of the Flat Earth? Does Eddie Yates owe his lot to Buddah? Ivy Tilsley in frank Krishna confession? No matter. Wherever perverts lurk, NME shall find it its duty to root them out!

Noele Gordon is priceless.

COLIN WILSON

THRILLS

Wheels Cha! Cha!

Roller Disco
By Dale A Marzano

THIS IS the type of book where it's best not to wait for the movie. A big-print "How-To" cash-in, *'Roller Disco'* lives in hope that this ridiculous craze will hit London like it's hit the Strates. Quite frankly, the sight of large, fit bejeaned hipsters trundling nobly along Tottenham Court Road — for, you see, the fad is not confined to subterranean nightspots — is not the sort of thing that built a nation's empire. In New York it's different. This young city is crazy enough to allow the fad to merge in with its youthful exercise programmes like jogging, health foods and dodgy films. But England doesn't have the same oddball glint in its national eye. Quite frankly the sight of somebody over the age of eleven sliding past on absurd little wheels might provoke a violent reaction. In a nutshell, skate travel is wet.

Inside a nightclub? Well, our ice rinks have been doing much the same thing for donkeys years. Loud, bad acoustic music while you struggle around in pointless circles. Sure, it gives you the speed that no dance can, but it is strictly a Stateside preoccupation, their only stopgap on cruising since the oil ran out. Bronzed wallies!

Fun it might be. Daft definitely (this book costs £2.99!). Essential? No!

DANNY BAKER

THRILLS

TOM VERLAINE

Life After Television.
Tom Verlaine the man who brought you Marquee Moon, has now released his first highly original solo album.

TOM VERLAINE

elektra K52156
Available on Elektra Record and Tapes.

Dylan's conversion: We name the guilty men

Steve Soles, T-Bone Burnett, David Mansfield. Those Beatific gleams can only mean one thing — yep, these boys have seen the light too.

NOTHING GUARANTEES more scorn in rock 'n' roll circles than a man who 'gets religion'. I mean, we pay these guys to visit hell and bring us back colour slides and here they go slipping off to heaven. It's a severe breach of contract.

Bob Dylan's new found faith shouldn't come as too much of a surprise though. In 1965 he claimed 'I just don't have any religion or philosophy' and then went on to plug the *I Ching*. In his 1966 *Playboy* interview he's asked by Nat Hentoff: 'You told an interviewer last year, "I've done everything I ever wanted to." If that's true, what do you have to look forward to?' 'Salvation', replied Dylan, 'Just plain salvation.'

Perhaps the most interesting interview in the light of recent events is one he gave to the *American TV Guide* in 1976. The interviewer asked him about his 1971 visit to Israel and subsequent interest in Judaism. 'I'm interested in what and who a Jew is,' said Dylan. 'I'm interested in the fact that Jews are Semites, like Babylonians, Hittites, Arabs, Syrians, Ethiopians. But a Jew is different because a lot of people hate Jews. There's something going on there that's hard to explain.' He was then asked how he imagined God. 'I can see God in a daisy. I can see God at night in the wind and rain. I see creation just about everywhere. The highest form of song is prayer. King David's, Solomon's, the wailing of a coyote, the rumble of the earth. It must be wonderful to be God. There's so much going on out there that you can't get to it all. It would take longer than forever".

During the 1976 Rolling Thunder Revue Dylan found himself working alongside three musicians who were later to become born-again Christians — T-Bone Burnette on bass, Steven Soles rhythm and David Mansfield violin. Soles and Mansfield accompanied Dylan on the 1978 European tour and Soles in particular had spent a lot of time arguing religion with his boss. In retrospect he and Burnette don't feel that they had much effect on the man although it's hard to believe that their words went wasted. The only thing that Soles can recall registering with him was his constantly saying that: 'You can't place your faith in man. I kept telling him that I was so glad that I didn't have to place my faith in man any longer.'

The turning point for Dylan came when the girl he'd been living with became a commited Christian. She promptly moved out on him as she'd attained a new set of values. The depth of this committment caused him to set about investigating for himself. She is now immortalised as the Precious Angel who was *'the one/to show me I was blinded/to show me I was gone.'*

His first stop was a bible study led by Hal Lindsey, an American Christian author whose book 'The Late Great Planet Earth' came out in 1970 and has remained a best seller. Lindsey's particular concern — the final events in the history of the world as prophesised by the Book of Revelation — obviously captured Dylan's imagination and he would have been intrigued by Lindsey's emphasis on Biblical prophecies concerning the role of Israel and the Jewish people in the days before the return of Christ to earth.

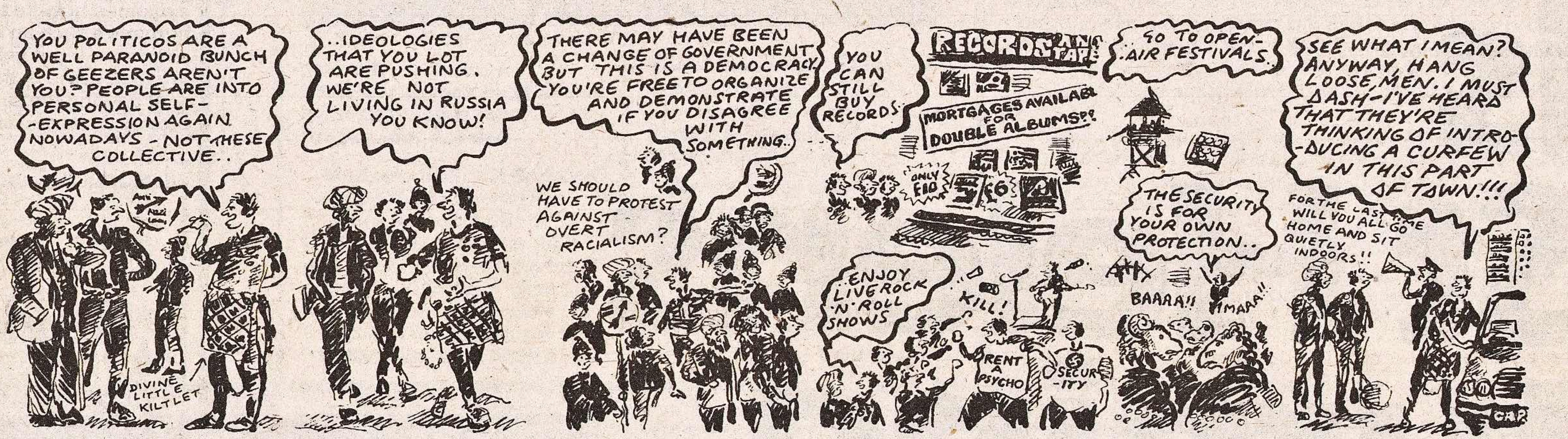
Basically Lindsey, in common with many Christian eschatologists of the past 350 years, sees the restoration of the Land of Israel to the Jewish people as the beginning of the end — an end which sees Jews acknowledging Jesus Christ as the Messiah, a holocaust in the Middle East involving Russia, China, the Arab nations and the Common Market countries and the literal return of Christ.

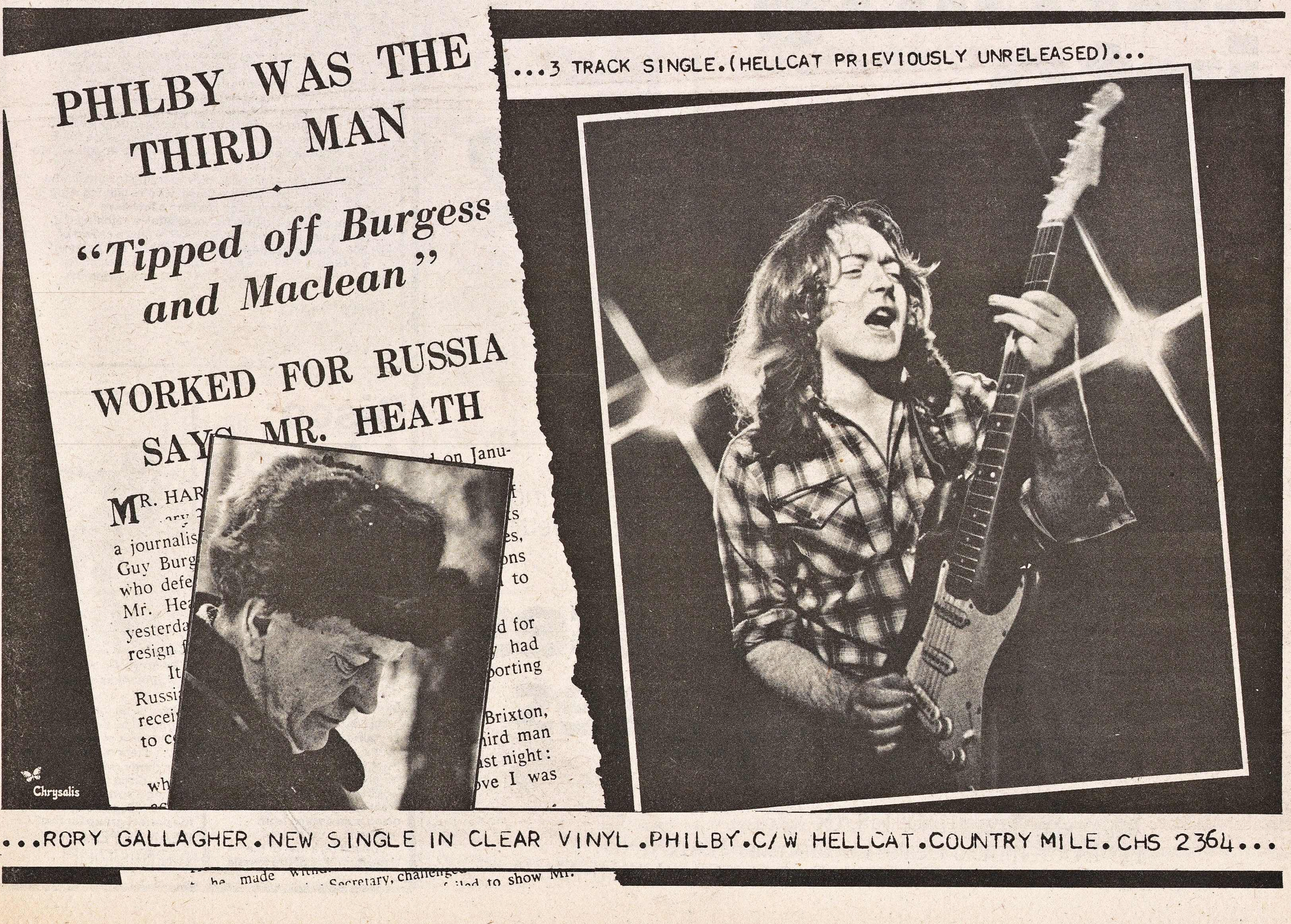
Close friends like Soles and Burnette all remark on the difference in Dylan's attitude since the conversion. 'He's excited by the fact that he feels he's been rescued,' said one. Others commented on the love and warmth that he's now projecting. One of his first worries has been to decide his relationship with his back catalogue. Initially he felt he could no longer sing many of the songs from his past but a musician friend of his, a fellow Jewish Christian who has become something of a spiritual confidant to him, advised him to carry on performing them as they were a valid part of his pilgrimage.

Dylan's conversion is as much as anything an indication of two movements that have been gaining ground in the U.S. The first is amongst musicians with Dan Peek (America), Ritchie Furay (Poco), Roger McGuinn (Byrds), Al Perkins (Mannasass), B. J. Thomas, Barry McGuire and Leon Patillo (Santana) becoming Christians in recent years. The second is the rise of Messianic Judaeism — Jews who believe that acceptance of Jesus Christ as the Messiah prophesied in the Old Testament merely completes their Jewishness rather than negates it.

STEVE TURNER

Lowry


YOU POLITICOS ARE A WELL PARANOID BUNCH OF GEEZERS AREN'T YOU? PEOPLE ARE INTO PERSONAL SELF-EXPRESSION AGAIN NOWADAYS - NOT THESE COLLECTIVE..
DIVINE LITTLE KILTLET
..IDEOLOGIES THAT YOU LOT ARE PUSHING. WE'RE NOT LIVING IN RUSSIA YOU KNOW!
THERE MAY HAVE BEEN A CHANGE OF GOVERNMENT BUT THIS IS A DEMOCRACY. YOU'RE FREE TO ORGANIZE AND DEMONSTRATE IF YOU DISAGREE WITH SOMETHING..
WE SHOULD HAVE TO PROTEST AGAINST OVERT RACIALISM?
YOU CAN STILL BUY RECORDS..
RECORDS AND TAPE
MORTGAGES AVAILABL FOR DOUBLE ALBUMS!!
ONLY £10
ENJOY LIVE ROCK 'N' ROLL SHOWS
KILL!
RENT A PSYCHO
SECUR-ITY
..GO TO OPEN-AIR FESTIVALS.
THE SECURITY IS FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION..
BAAAA!!
MAAA!!
SEE WHAT I MEAN? ANYWAY, HANG LOOSE, MEN. I MUST DASH - I'VE HEARD THAT THEY'RE THINKING OF INTRO-DUCING A CURFEW IN THIS PART OF TOWN!!!
FOR THE LAST TIME WILL YOU ALL GO HOME AND SIT QUIETLY INDOORS!!
CAR


PHILBY WAS THE THIRD MAN

"Tipped off Burgess and Maclean"

WORKED FOR RUSSIA SAYS MR. HEATH

...3 TRACK SINGLE. (HELLCAT PRIEVIOUSLY UNRELEASED)...

Chrysalis

...RORY GALLAGHER. NEW SINGLE IN CLEAR VINYL. PHILBY. C/W HELLCAT. COUNTRY MILE. CHS 2364...

Is There Life Beyond S.F. Conferences?

IF THERE was *any* real point to the 37th World Science Fiction Convention held in Brighton's Metropole Hotel over the bank holiday weekend, guest of honour Brian Aldiss virtually summed it up. "If you meet somebody who says he genuinely cares about the future — it's like the politician who says he really cares about the people — you must start distrusting him from then on."

Though Aldiss tells odd tales of siamese twin rock stars, eternal space voyages and futuristic sex, he isn't prone to off-the-cuff predictions. His response to an interviewer's insistent request for his views on micro processors post-technological effects wasn't really surprising. "If you had told me five years ago that I would have paid £1.20 for petrol to come to Brighton, I would have left the country for Beirut or somewhere. Everything seems awful in the future, but when you get there, it isn't so bad. You live with it. That's the way the future is.

"We'll all get on with micro-processors, just as we got on with income tax and all the rest. These things are unreal to talk about in a future scenario unless it's presented as fiction."

Clearly sf writing isn't prophesy, magic or prediction to the thirty or so writers who spent five days here. They may take some unlikely ideas to logical conclusions, but their goals are mainly to illuminate the present.

A science fair this wasn't. The 3200 plus attendees were equally entertained by lectures on Dragon biology and cost runs and profits (165 million dollars after expenses) on *Star Wars*. With the multi-coloured ladies from the fancy dress parade, myriad space ship posters and flashy book covers in the huckster room, the fantastic art from Dragon Dream books, this was a visual fantasy as well.

Although American writers Greg Benford, Ben Bova and Hal Clement as well as Britishers Chris Evans and world-renowned Arthur C. Clarke are top-knotch scientists, knowledge of science was scant requirement for honouring the writers. Non-scientists like Vonda McIntyre and Paul Anderson won for best novel and novelette respectively the science fiction oscar — the Hugo Award.

When sf doyen Alfred Bester (author of the innovative novel *Tiger. Tiger)* masterminded his talk on failures of sf, he unabashedly admitted, "I don't care about the science except when it enhances the story. The story is what counts."

Making future speculations was still part of the show, though. Clarke, Bova, Joe Haldeman and Norman Spinrad debated man's future in space. Thinking machines, alien consciousness, madness and voyages across the galaxy were all grist for the mill, but so was a stop at the pub.

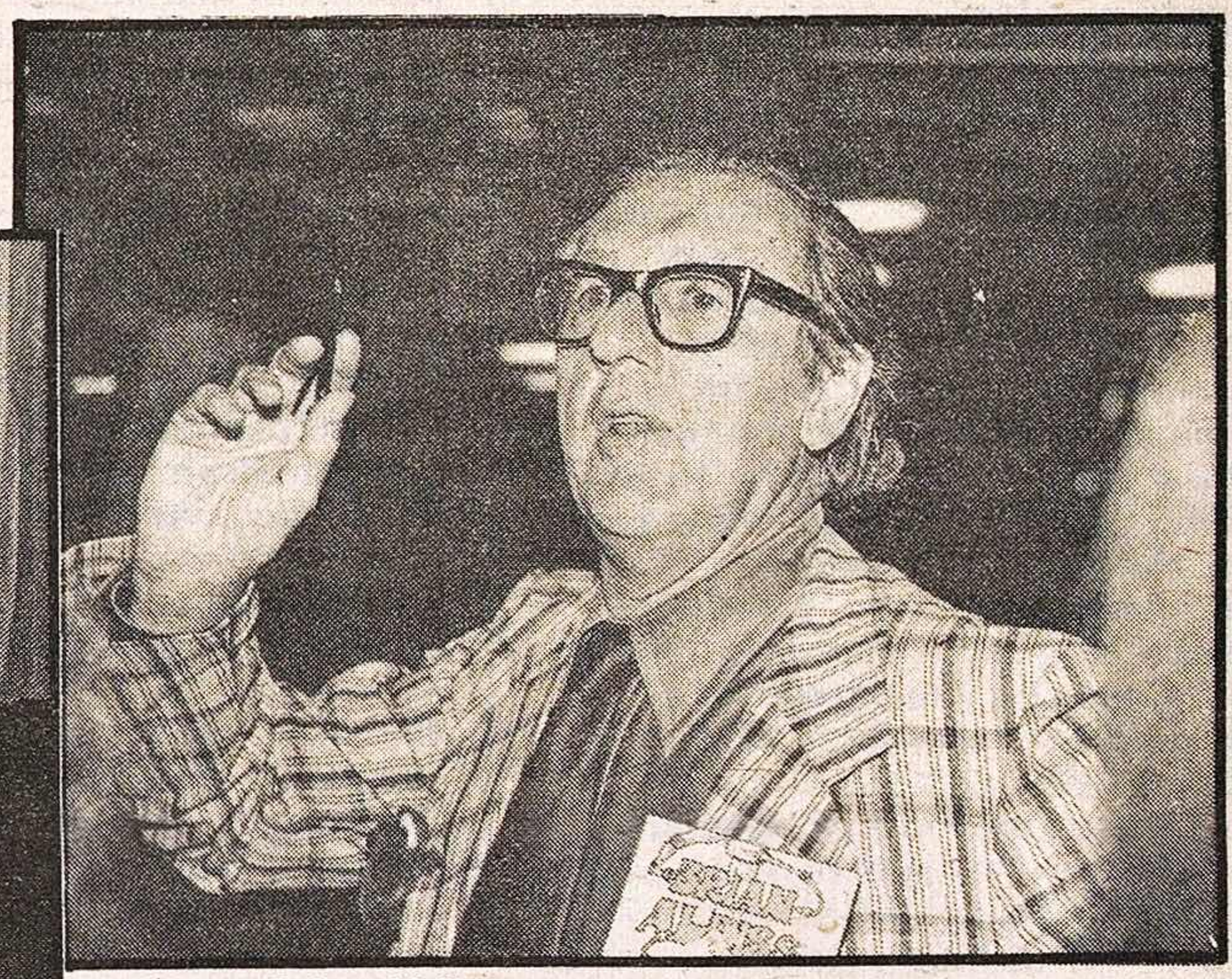
Professional organizers didn't make this convention happen. It grew out of a lonely search for people who shared an interest in sf or "a community of imagination," as one 25-year-old Scottish fan called it. Forty years ago people started meeting through the letter columns of pulp magazines. Now they've created a little sub-culture which spawns its own idols and these conventions. Writers like Haldeman and banquet toastmaster/author Bob Shaw were fans before becoming writers and the first world conference was held 40 years ago.

When actor Christopher Reeve appeared to accept the Hugo for *Superman,* he explained how he tried to humanize such an impossible character. Intuitively, he grasped some of the essence of sf beyond the current big money deals and shop talk that absorbed much of the time at the private authors' parties. Maybe Spinrad — in the same controversial way he created *Bug Jack Barron* — expressed it best when he recognised sf's current popularity as a search for mystical satisfaction when science has so undermined religion.

But as far as consciousness expanding goes, like Spinrad said, it may be the next best thing to drugs.

HUGO A WARD

THRILLS



Above: Brian Aldiss.

Left: a delegate shows off his space-age baseball bat.

Pics: Gabor J. F. Scott.

R.A.R.-U.S.A. (Revisited)

IT WOULD appear that last week's Thrills about USA RAR contained something of an understatement when it said that Washington DC RAR was just starting up. In fact the Chocolate City, so-christened because of its 80% black population, has been Rocking Against Racism for four months now in the shape of the Madam's Organ Art Co-op on 18th St NW in the Adams Morgan district of DC.

Though their first attendance was only 30, the last gig, a six band effort featuring black punk band, the Bad Brains; Californian punks, the Insect Surfers; the Resistors, Young Turds, Trenchmouth and a psychedelic synthesiser freak called Rupert, pulled in over 300.

On October 6th RAR are holding a "pro-abortion, pro-women, pro-gay, pro racial understanding, and pro-marijuana rally" in Lafayette Park (across the road from the White House), to coincide with the Pope's visit to their city, as part of his 12 day US tour.

And to headline this rally, they're trying to contact the doyons of politico-rock, the Clash, who're playing a gig in the University of Maryland stadium a few days beforehand. Should they be successful in catching the Clash, or similar headliner, DC RAR expect a crowd of 30,000 or more to attend their rally, which still pales in comparison to the one million Catholics expected to attend the Pope's mass on DC Mall the following day.

TONY SMART

THRILLS

Disco: A Theory

The lovely Deanne Pearson illustrates a point

JUDGING BY the largely male-dominated interest and involvement in rock music, it would seem that there are an awful lot of frustrated young men around, if we are to accept the theory put forward by Dr. John Parkhal, a social scientist speaking in Atlanta to disco station managers from around America.

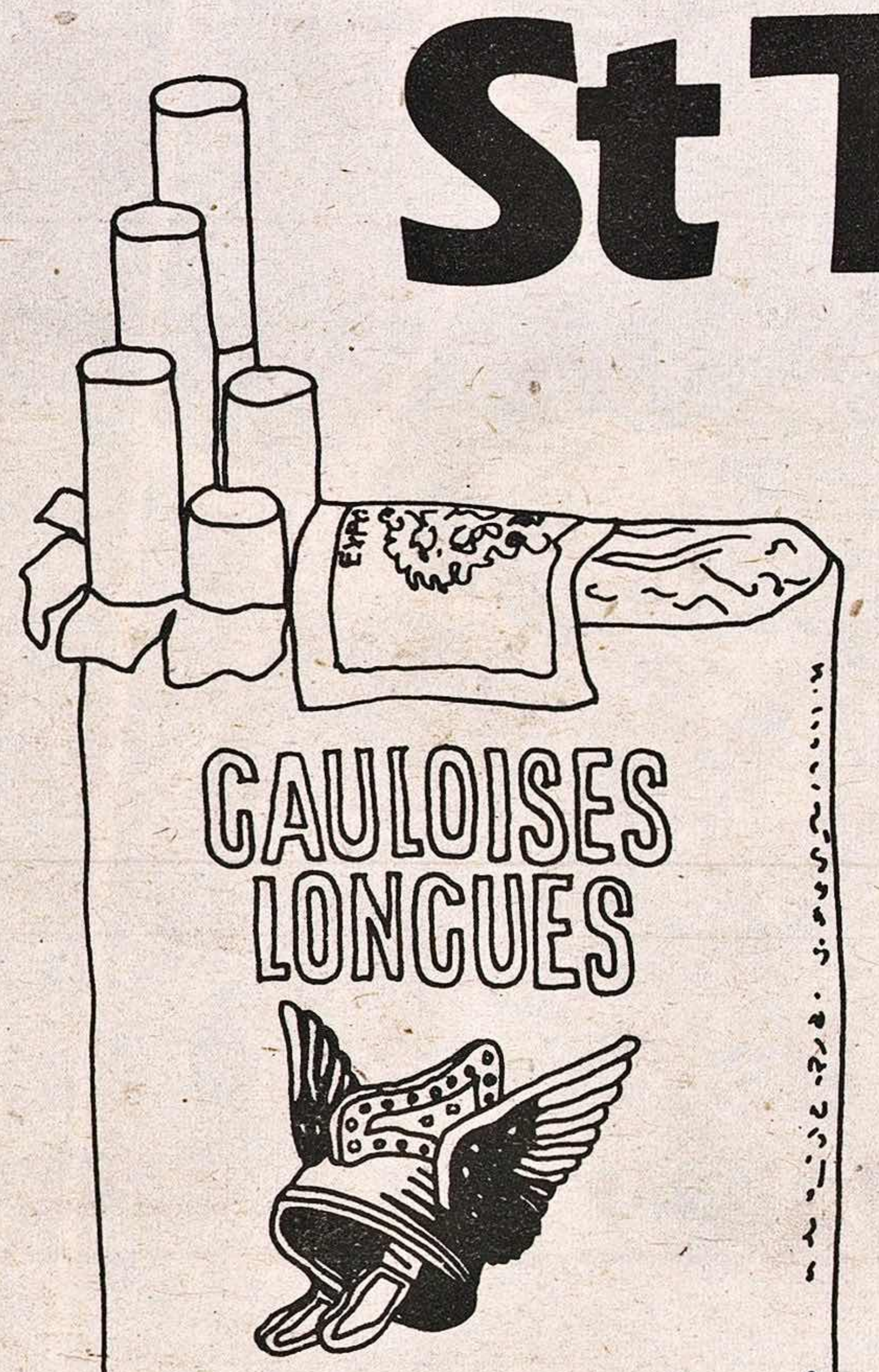
He claims that rock is aimed at young men who are afraid of sex, and "the violent sex rhythm of rock reflects their frustration". So why confront it, when, as Parikhal said, "reality is getting tougher and disco is an escape from reality."?

Could it be a fear of the large numbers of the female species to be found at discos, "attracted by the smoother sex rhythms of disco music", or just a fear of getting close to anybody, which, Parikhal claims, disco copes with by holding a sort of tribal dance — "the Village People being the perfect group for this"?

DEANNE PEARSON

THRILLS

Is St Helens turning into St Tropez?



21 stockists in St. Helens now sell the longer, milder French kings! Gauloises Longues–The cigarette of France. 60p.

Gauloises Longues

LOW TO MIDDLE TAR As defined by H.M. Government
H.M. Government Health Departments' WARNING:
CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

How To Be Famous Without Really Trying

Toyah, Toyah, Toyah!

THE POINT of the matter is that the music is perfectly loathsome. Attack is one thing, but an ice pick between the eyes is only good for an evening of auto-induced migraine.

Toyah Willcox fronts a most professional band — a bit like ELP.

"Toyah" — the generic for the band (as Hoover is to *Electrolux)* — are headlining at the Music Machine. The 'supports' are of the rent-a-mod variety — lots of Union Jack wes'kits and A.C. 30s (and very little else). At the end of the evening the place fills to the requisite 'capacity', the beer goes warm and this band ("Toyah") fill the stage and assault the audience with the kind of professionalism that leaves the bulk gaping.

It's a bit like seeing the Pink Floyd ten years on, except that fewer people are actually asleep.

Toyah (herself) is part-English, part-Spanish. She was born with webbed feet (sic), had a traumatic childhood and figures (as an actor) in *Jubilee* and *Quadrophrenia* . She has also played opposite Katherine Hepburn — but was ordered off the set for complaining that "Hepburn's late".

I have to admit that Toyah is a nice person. And so is her ever-loving fiancee, guitarist Joel Bogen.

Ultimately, she (Toyah) slides into a prone position on the floor in order to appear more casual although I get the strong impression that she can't wait to leave.

Toyah Willcox is of the great showbusiness tradition of trooperism. She knows how to get associated with the right sort of names and seems, in her early twenties, to have perfected the art of The Cameo Appearance.

Take, for example, the requisite press kit: the facts are well-guarded, the releases themselves being straight-to-the-point but skimpy.

In light of the fact that the rest is left to the imagination — Emperor's New Clothes-style — it is entirely understandable that the high-pressure stage act (which used to include staged fights with the audience) would lead to a front cover and three full-page spreads elsewhere at a time when Toyah hadn't played a single gig outside of London or produced a single record.

It's clever; and not a little calculated.

Toyah fulfill the need for Abandon With A Little Polish. Respectabilised punk (New Wave?).

There are no group shots in their press release. This may be because they have only been together for a couple of months in their present form. Instead, one is presented with six quasi-fashion shots of the lady (including two that're dead ringers for Zandra Rhodes) plus two on-set numbers (Toyah with Hepburn, Toyah-as-petulant-sub-Railway-Child).

These, it is claimed, are to show that Toyah progresses with the times. In particular, Toyah says that at least four of them are intended to show fluctuations in her bodily weight because she has a hang-up about being "short and stocky".

I had asked her what the point of it all was.

"They are me *progressing,*" she adds, emphatically, "I want my character to become more interesting."

She had, she said, played the Marquee the previous night, been spat at and had her top torn off. Despite which she is keen to out with the old justifier that her duty, her raison d'etre is to 'please the audience' by denying their wish-fulfillment.

"That's what I'm there for — to please them."

What about the money?

"I'm not there to earn *money* am I?" she snorts, "You don't earn *money* in this business."

Toyah gets thirty pounds a week from Safari, her record company. Subsistence living, she reckons. The gigs just about pay for themselves.

Elsewhere, we have Toyah telling another source that she has made more money in the last year than her mother (an actress) made in an entire lifetime.

Toyah is right in there pitching; on the one hand I reckon it's admirable that at last someone has capitalised on a sense of total cynicism to rock music; on the other, the 'devices' simply don't amount to a culmination in the end product. Thus far we have the sum total of a series of expectant interviews to go on — and one can't help but notice the lady's predilection for tossing out significant facts for subsequent facts for subsequent interviewers to feed on.

Naively, I had asked whether or not people still spit at people on stage and if so how do Toyah deal with it?

"I eat it," she says. "Really. Last night (at the Marquee) someone blew his nose in his hands and threw it at me. I caught it in my mouth.

"Come on, it's only saliva . . . it's only snot."

You ever had oysters?

"The thought of oysters revolts me, but I *can* eat passion fruit — it's a similar sort of texture and everything."

And finally, the precipitate of all this: Toyah have a new record out, their second, which has six tracks and includes the band's masterwork ("Toyah Willcox — verbals") in which we have the lady "standing alone inside the Neon Womb".

"It's about Being In The Neon Womb, it's like taking 'womb consciousness' to the extent that we live in houses to be surrounded by this mothering feeling. Lit by electric light.

"You can take it as very pretentious. *(Ta — Thrills Ed.)* I mean nowadays they like the womb to be up if you're pregnant. All the baby can hear is talk and he can't understand it . . .

"It's like . . . verbal mime."

Actually the introduction's a straight steal from "I Am The Walrus".

PETER ERSKINE

THRILLS

ARCHIVE FUN

ERE 'oldon! It's that geezer wiv the dog innit? I'd know that boat anywhere. Honest somethin' or other if me memory servies me. 'Oo are them tarts though, and that daft lookin' lemon sittin' down? Might be ole waddyamacallit's first popular combo, The Birds. There agin it might not. Bit kinky eh, one bloke and four bits of fluff. Surly sod. Blimey O'Reilly 'ee's still got that poxy jumper on! Wot's 'is game — marchin' into the Kensinton Antique Supermarket wivvout so much as a bye your leave or a kiss me arse. 'Scuse my French. Oi! get that bloody mongrel orf me leg. George! Call a copper quick before 'ee scarpers.

ROY MILES

THRILLS

Just the ticket for Bob Dylan's 'Slow Train Coming'

SLOW TRAIN COMING
BOB DYLAN
Featuring 'PRECIOUS ANGEL'
SLOW TRAIN COMING
BOB DYLAN
Includes the new single 'Precious Angel'

£1·20 *OFF THE ALBUM

£1·00 *OFF THE CASSETTE

Bob Dylan's new album is at W. H. Smith now. And it's going for a price you can't afford to miss. Catch it before 17th Sept. because we've taken £1.20 OFF* the album and there's £1.00 OFF* the cassette.

Album price now: £4.09
Cassette price now: £4.49

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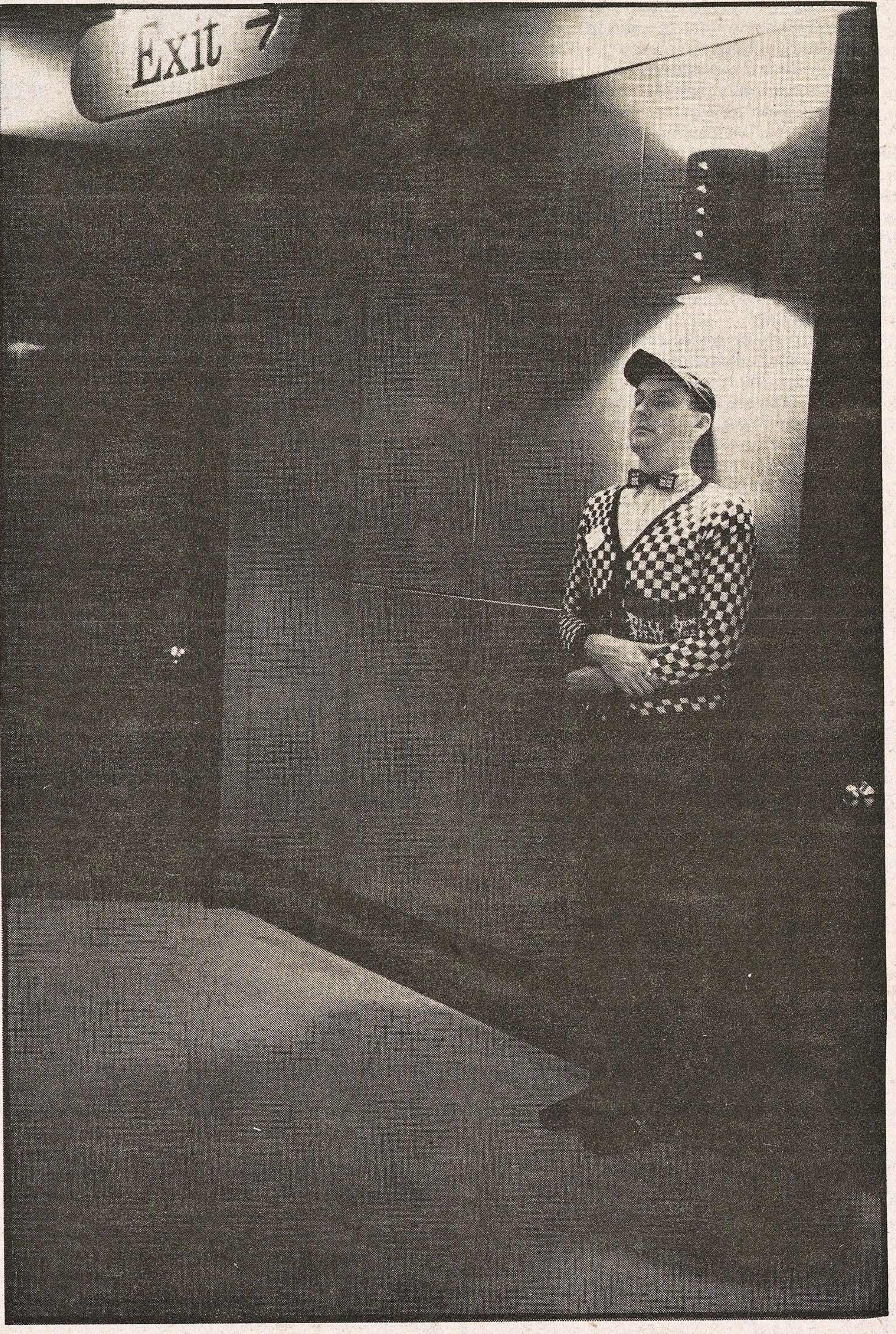
CHEAP TRICK

Wake up, Rick — you're the first superstar of the '80s

Interview by NICK KENT

Pictures by MIKE LAYE



Dream policeman on guard

LET'S NOT mince words. The basic premise here is the why, wherefores and whatevers backing up the simple contention that within the next 12 months Cheap Trick will be the biggest rock band on Planet Earth.

Facts is facts and whether you or I find it to our liking, well that's strictly our tough cheddar. Up in the heavenly market place the dice have been rolled.

So they haven't scored a worthy hit single here yet and their four albums (with a fifth in the final stages) haven't even tickled the underbelly of the UK album charts (the first release, three years old and a real corker as it happens, still remains unreleased in the British Isles; criminal negligence on the part of the powers that be).

Well, there are pertinent reasons behind this Angloid indifference — reasons that the band and their manager are well aware of, which have nothing to do with matters like commercial accessibility, quality or even working in a musical vein somehow alien to current Brit rock tastes. It's the same blight that causes Ted Nugent, another artist allied to Epic/CBS, to sell a measly 8,000 albums per release here and a band as superb as The Only Ones to miss out on the gravy train whilst inferior outfits bop merrily around the upper echelons of the charts.

This considerable shortcoming doesn't however deter Cheap Trick from their quest — even though they've already blitzkrieged infinitely richer pastures around the globe.

"We're going all out for universal domination" maintain guitarist Rick Nielson and manager Ken Adamany when the subject of the UK is broached, and if that means continual touring of our suburban sprawl, well that's what will be delivered, even at a considerable financial loss.

Certainly, the previous occasion Cheap Trick tramped the boards across the UK earlier this year the itinerary was appreciably more expansive than the usual 'hit, git and split' rituals — the three obligatory gigs and away stunt — that most Yank combos dash through. A thorough four-week tour was performed, with all the extras.

Now, just over six months later, Cheap Trick are squeezing in a guest spot at the Reading Festival at no slight expense as a further move to woo the Limeys — a whistle-stop at the outset of an unrelenting eleven-month world tour.

IF YOU tend to ignore such matters, you'll probably be unaware of Cheap Trick's sudden ascendancy to American mega-stradom.

At the beginning of the year, the band had released three potent, high-quality commercially viable albums which, abetted by their gruelling tour schedules, had displayed an encouraging build-up in sales.

The first album simply titled 'Cheap Trick' acted as a dual introduction to the band. Musically it spotlighted an ensemble capable of playing taut, compellingly powerful hard rock but using well-toned melodies, not to mention a host of often ingeniously constructed hook-lines. Also the band's composer guitarist Nielsen, as well as being an audaciously accomplished instrumentalist, was an intriguingly bizarre lyricist, his themes usually dealing with the perverse and couched in the kind of black humour that took John Entwistle's most successful goulish songs a step further into a more subtle zone of disorientation.

Nielsen's subtleties, and the ensemble's impressive fore-power (vocalist Robin Zander, even on this debut, displayed a vocal talent that surpassed even Roger Daltrey), seemed however at first to be by the Cheap Trick image. Cheap Trick comprised visually of two archetyped pretty boys (Zander and bassist Tom Petersson) and two absurd looking geeks (drummer Bun E. Carlos, a somewhat less bombastic-looking Olliver Hardy replete with a dark moustache and glasses plus wardrobe of clothes worthy of a down-at-heel Sidney Greenstreet and Nielsen, himself a wiry, freakish character constantly sporting a dopey grin and clothes designed to transform him into a ludicrous walking advert for his group).

Although ultimately a masterstroke, this image was initially generally considered suspiciously calculating. Critical acceptance was slow but sure. 'In Colour' expanded the image — separating the pretty boys from the dorks on the cover — and, with a new producer in CBS staffer Tom Werman, hit upon a sound that had greater clarity and more verve. As commercial product, 'In Color's' Sateside failure remains perplexing.

Nielsen decided to let his more ghoulish works stay in the immense reservoir of songs — dating back as far as ten years — for future reference and instead went for tunes with naggingly addictive melodies which demonstrated the full extent of his Anglophile bent, constructing an album which bore strong influential cross-refernce to the Beatle ''White' 'Abbey Road' glory days matched with the sound of Pete Townshend's production on 'Who's Next'.

The record caused some commotion in the States, but failed to catch the *Billboard* bullet express. However the Japanese, the world's second biggest rock consumers, possibly none too satisfied by the infrequent visits of the likes of fave raves Kiss and Queen, latched on to the McCartneyesque cuteness of 'I Want You To Want Me', sky-rocketed to No. 1 followed swiftly by the relentless pulsebeat of 'Clock Strikes Ten'. Suddenly Cheap Trick, always bridesmaids in their own country, were the hottest band to hit the Nips in years.

A third album 'Heaven Tonight' again drew more homegrown converts, although the album's natural single 'Surrender', *the* perfect powerpop record conceived and recorded long before the blighted term got its brusque airing, failed. Again with Werman at the controls, Nielsen returned to his hook-ridden melodies around sardonically grim lyrics. One song cheerily crooned about the joys of suicide, the title track was a compellingly eerie description/enticement to the dubious joys of death through drug overdose, whilst 'Surrender', a vintage Nielsen song, had to have its lyrics extensively overhauled for public consumption.

As 'Heaven Tonight' hit the Jap market with 'Surrender' bulleting to No. 1 instantaneously, Cheap Trick toured the country to hysterical reaction. Not unnaturally, all the conceptual subtleties were completely lost on the vast Nipponese audiences. Instead they idolised Petersson and particularly Zander, by taking the pair as a surrogate Hall and Oates (what the 'In Color' and 'Heaven Tonight' covers had attempted to totally undermine).

Photogrpah upon photograph appeared of the band members in their cliched roles. Zander and Petersson smiled politely whilst Nielsen yucked it up with every rock star who came backstage for the obligatory snapshot. Nielsen even managed to get a snap of himself next to the camera-shy Elvis Costello, the two of them clutching a plectrum.

It's a telling little snap. Nielsen has his role down pat — the mouth agape, the bug eyes, his uniform in full regalia. Costello however (who later claimed privately — a touch sourly — that the shot was a complete set-up job with Nielsen moving in so quickly Costello didn't even know what was going on) has his typically jaundiced "are you going through the motions?" look.

The Japanese tour however did far more than just introduce Cheap Trick to the dubious joys of fan mania and backstage bouquets. CBS Sony, the Jap contingent of the world-wide Columbia network, somehow has gained the rights with or without a CBS artist's consent to record and release live albums from tours of the Eastern metropolis. Lavishly packaged, and boasting the best pressings in the world, this contractual loophole has provided a live Santana triple album and a number of live sets by CBS jazz acts, the most important being the Miles Davis packages that have helped fill the unsettling silence that the trumpet player's cancer of the throat has left in contemporary music. In the last 12 months two rock acts from the CBS rostrum have had albums released from recorded performances at the gargantuan Budokan amphitheatre.

On the one hand, Bob Dylan's sets at the concert hall produced a scrappy double set of his rearranged evergreens that made him sound unbearably at times like the gruesome Neil Diamond.

On the other, Cheap Trick cut 'Live At The Budokan': a single album released in Japan only towards the end of last year.

At this point, the band had in fact recorded, mixed and finished their fourth Epic studio album. Entitled 'Dream Police', it was slated for mid-March release in the States. Six months later, the record is still not out in the shops anywhere.

Simply, the 'Budokan' album received such heavy radio play in America, Epic were forced to release it. The album, reminiscent in parts of '60s live albums like 'The Kinks At Kelvin Hall' due to the mass commotion and volume of screams from the audience ("We had to mix them as far back as we could", remarks Neilsen nonchalantly) gave Trick their first taste of platinum.

"The way I see it," says Nielsen, "we'd built up a following slowly but surely by constantly touring. The radio was getting into playing our music, so really it was a matter of time, of waiting for that right moment.

"The emphasis on the live aspect worked perfectly because we'd established ourselves as a strong, very consistent live act more than anything else. So here's this record of us 'live' with all the screaming and craziness — it sounds just like a Cheap Trick concert with a truly wild audience. Now I think about it, it appears obvious."

THE INTERVIEW is set for 12.30 on the Saturday of Cheap Trick's Reading gig. Nielsen appears exactly on time, having sent a roadie ahead to inform myself and the photographer at hand of his imminent arrival.

When he enters the hotel hallway he is impossible to miss. The knitted cardigan, Cheap Trick bow tie pinned to a yellow shirt collar, jogging shoes and brazen checkered skintight slacks . . . the only article of clothing not familiar is a pair of red framed Richard Hell-style round-rimmed shades that don't hide his eyes so much as grant him a certain aloofness.

The uniform remains the same but Neilsen, when not mugging for the camera or gooning it up for a crowd of fans expecting 'the wacky guitarist going through the motions', has a hardness to his face that is instantaneously

■ *Continues over*

CHEAP TRICK

■ *From previous page*

unsettling. His manner is politely brusque but the hardness is not constructed from road fatigue or jet lag but the tough exterior of a businessman.

He immediately asks the two of us to join him for his midday repast. (Later he informs me that he concerns himself with protein and nutritional matters on a ritualistic level, due to the amount of sweat that he loses during a gig. He has steadfastly worked out his eating habits down to the very last calorie in order to sustain the level of energy involved in an hour-plus show).

Once seated and with the inevitable two or three ice-breaker questions out of the way, Nielsen's manner solidifies itself into that of a man who is indeed the very opposite of the twerpish facade maintained for the media. The tenor of his voice is if anything harsh — not unfriendly, just business-like. Questions about the sudden success are fielded neatly — Nielsen is nothing if not a pro with the media — but the humour, goon-like when the shutter switch clicks, is sardonic, deeply cynical.

It's in this area of his psyche that all those ghoulish vignettes manifest themselves, and he seems most amenable when discussing those aspects. When I ask if he considers his songs and by direct association Cheap Trick itself to be primarily an exercise in 'subversive pop/rock', he lunges for the definition as if people's negligence of that aspect causes him genuine grief.

"Yes, that's exactly what we are. A subversive rock group."

I quote several examples in the songs on Dream Police where a perfectly innocent-sounding pop or hard-rock song suddenly appears to contain the core of some mental instability or a mark of the supernatural. One number, 'Voices', is immediately evocative of some placid Beatles-like harmony enterprise until one realises that the song is about the singer becoming a schizophrenic. 'I'll Be With You Tonight' has typical punchy Nielsen rock chords while Zander's full-throttle pitching, at first simply appear to deal with a groupie situation, is rooted in the super-natural.

"Ah, but you missed the main one," Nielsen states half excitedly, half admonishingly. "The Dream Police' itself is the real obvious one, don't you think? It's about this guy who . . . yeah well paranoia has a little to do with it but it's more like these two gremlin type figures and like one's standing for good, the other's the devil."

In order to demonstrate the conflict under discussion, Nielsen indicates the two parties, each manifested by one of his clenched fists. The lean contours of his visage tighten and for a second Nielsen's gesture is eerily reminiscent of Robert Mitchum's sadistic preacher with "Love" and "Hate" tatooed on his fists in the classic *Night Of The Hunter.*

Does vocalist Zander, I inquire, always understand the themes and unnatural passions redolent in Nielsen's lyrics?

"Not always," replies Nielsen nonchalantly. "He works more by instinct when it comes to dealing with the more subtle aspects. His voice has so many modulations — it's the perfect instrument for my songs — that he can utilise his pitching to convey the basic emotions required with ease.

"I think actually that his vocals on the 'Dream Police' album are easily his best to date. Like, on 'Voices' he instinctively gets that eeriness where most singers would just sing it straight or else go right over the top. Then on 'Gonna Raise Hell' (a 10-minute opus constructed around a teeth-grinding Nielsen chord progression) his voice has that brutish scream of a hell-fire preacher which is exactly what I was aiming for."

Nielsen is less enamoured of Zander's guitar playing.

"It's strictly an expandable embellishment to the overall sound, really. I mean, he's no virtuoso by any means, just adequate. The guitar chores are really all down to me and that's how I like it. The best thing I can say is that his playing doesn't get in the way."

He pauses to consider the candour of the statement and then shrugs. "Well, you asked me!"

A few more queries, paramount amongst these being the question as to whether 'Dream Police's' drastic rescheduling by Columbia caused Nielsen and co. any grief, draw out the guitarist's business acumen.

"'Budokan' hit straight out of the blue. The fact that it clashed with 'Dream Police's' release date is just coincidence. It would have been dumb not to ride the success out. God knows we'd worked hard enough for it."

Was there pressure from Columbia to further stall 'Police' — now due out this month — in order to milk 'Budokan' and the band's back catalogue?

"Not really," Nielsen muses. "Budokan had made its mark and the company wanted 'Police' out in September to tie in with the demand for new product."

An acute business sense Nielsen most certainly possesses but the fact that in the U.S. alone 'Dream Police' has notched up advance orders somewhere in region of 2 to 3 million units leaves him vaguely nonplussed.

"All the numbers, all the statistics and zero-zero-zero figures tend to leave me numb. It's gratifying but I can't frankly get worked up about something as . . . distant as that. It's all figures, figures, figures. Numbers with quadruple zeroes. It's hard to relate to all that."

Trick sport cliches (L-R): Zander, Petersson, Carlos, Neilsen.

WHEN ASKED his own tastes in music, Nielsen invites myself and photographer Mike Laye up to his hotel room to check out his travelling tape collection. The room — a modestly sized affair — is cluttered with the occupant's not inconsiderable possessions. A telescope, purchased that morning, lays on the bed around which are strewn carrier bags full of presents for friends and other accoutrements. A compact cassette system is set up to one side of the room whilst a massive clutter of cassettes lay piled up on a nearby table.

A brusque check-out of the selection proves that Nielsen has diverse tastes, but far more acute is the plethora of new releases. Nothing is left unchecked. The B-52s, Devo and Talking Heads rub shoulders alongside Queen's live Abortion and Bad Company's latest piece of pablum whilst Led Zeppelin's 'Out Door' is actually on the machines. Nielsen proclaims the latter "really great" in the same way he waxes enthusiastic about Public Image and Tubeway Army in virtually the same breath. Even Bad Company's album he rates highly.

Placing a live Elvis Costello tape on the machine — the show was recorded just prior to the Stills-Bramlett run in — I sit back listening to a ream of new Costello songs — 'Opportunity', "Real To Real' plus a scintillating rendition of 'Girls Talk' — as Nielsen obligingly does a brusque photo session.

The taut features and penetrating glare instantaneously elasticise into the glazed bozo look, eyes popping out, mouth open, aghast like some pre-adolescent who's just found a used condom in his parents' wastepaper basket. This is the Rick Nielsen photo persona — part mischievous, part loopy but forever obliging. As soon as the mini-session terminates, his facial muscles return to their gaunt construction. A brusque amiable handshake with the photographer and it's back to business.

I meanwhile mosey down to the lobby to kill some 15 minutes before departure time to the Reading Festival. After ten minutes idling, other members of the group start to congregate.

Bassist Tom Petersson, a typically handsome young American mercifully bereft of the machismo complex that makes the species so unbearable, exudes an unselfconscious friendliness that is immediately attractive. He's accompanied by his mother — a graceful middle-aged woman — whose presence here in London is a birthday present from her son, plus a couple of old friends resident in London. Drummer Carlos, apparently a shy individual, is simply present and correct, shaking my hand almost bashfully when introductions are made.

Robin Zander also has materialised — a veritable vision of physical perfection with looks so exquisite photographs literally don't do his angelic visage — perfect cheekbones, stunningly genteel eyes topped off with swathes of blond hair parted off centre to the left — justice. Yet even though he makes Tom Petty look like Lester Bangs by comparison, he shares none of the tacky narcissism that the Robert Plants of this world osmose. Instead he seems the archetypal perfect gentleman, taking great pains to be as congenial as possible. A creditable example of mid-western middleclass upbringing, one can easily imagine his teenage years spent learning etiquette (calling his elders "sis") and spending his 'leisure hours' writing poetry. (Zander in fact writes songs himself according to Nielsen): "He's not that prolific but more crucial, his style of composing is diametrically opposed to the Cheap Trick style. He's more involved in working in a Neil Young 'Harvest'-type vein. Very sensitive and kind of romantic.")

Reading on the Saturday stretch is a nightmarish spectacle. With Thin Lizzy off the bill, German heavy metal nebbishes The Scorpions are topping the bill whilst lower down the list all manner of hideous groups are present.

As the limos arrive, the strangled yelping of Ian Gillan rings out over a typically redundant riff amped-up with ear piercing volume and 'nada' feeling. Matters become so desperate that Gillan has to resort to a half-baked retread of 'Smoke On The Water' for effect.

Out front, an ample crowd of heavy metal fans swaying macabrely, obviously short of sleep and staggering under a metabolism drenched with a downer of alcoholic over-indulgence that has them staggering, eyes closed and semi-comatose. The backstage area is scarcely any better. Bereft of bonafide celebrities photographers stand around morosely looking for any signs of action, whilst the usual liggers wander about looking for drubs or else vying for free booze.

Cheap Trick however seize the occasion and blitzkreig the event with all guns blasting. Every aspect — Carlos' crack shot pulse-beat, Petersson's 12-string bass holding down the lines whilst using the instrument to grant the overall sound a thicker, more densely textured layer, Zander's vocal thunder and Nielsen's ridiculous power driving guitar calisthenics — rails down on the listener until studious critical perceptions are pointless.

Nielsen himself is centre of attention, easily the strongest guitar 'performer' since Pete Townshend, never motionless, taking audacious risks with his fretboard and limbs until the sweat dripping from him drenches the stage.

Back in the dressing-room Jake Riviera,

■ *Continues page 53*

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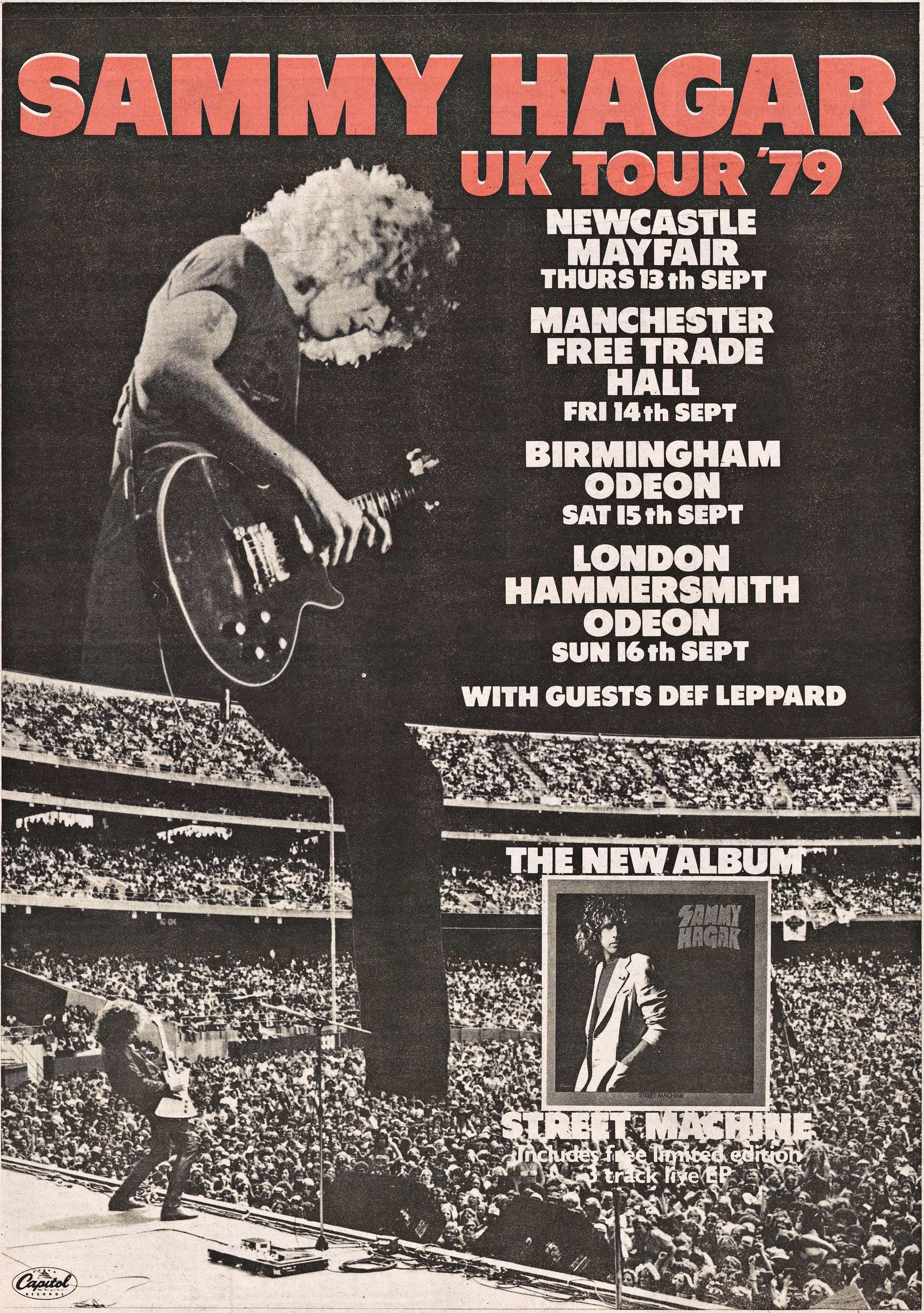

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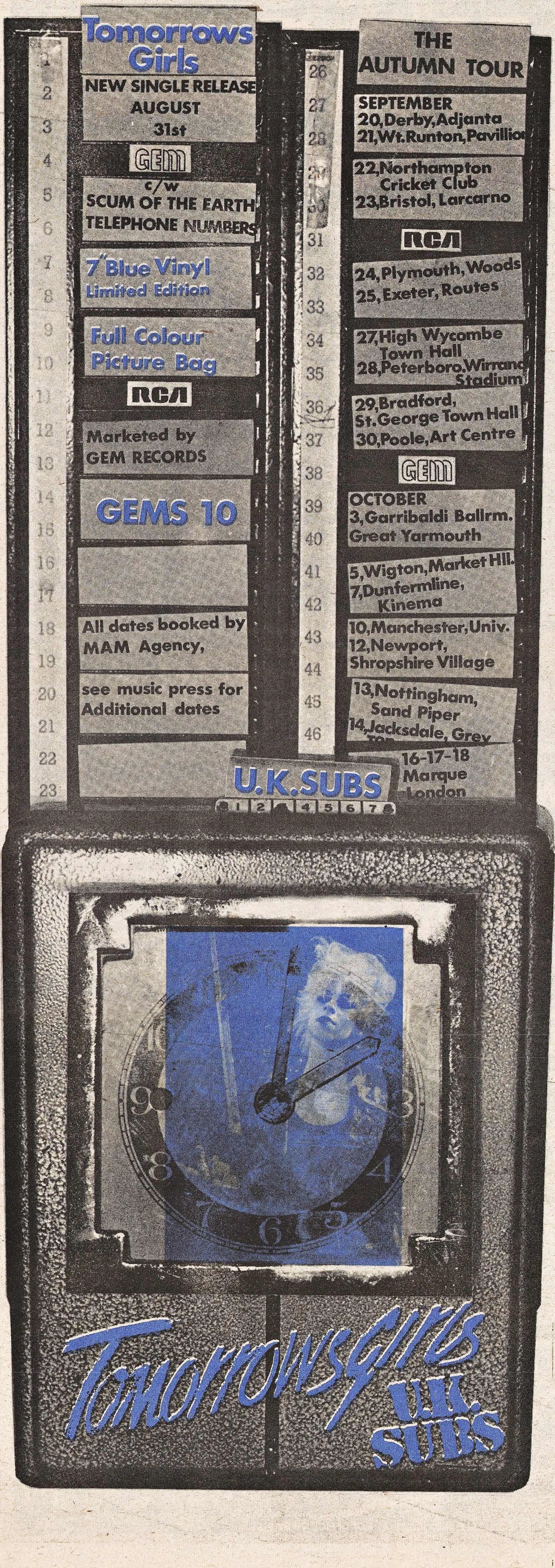
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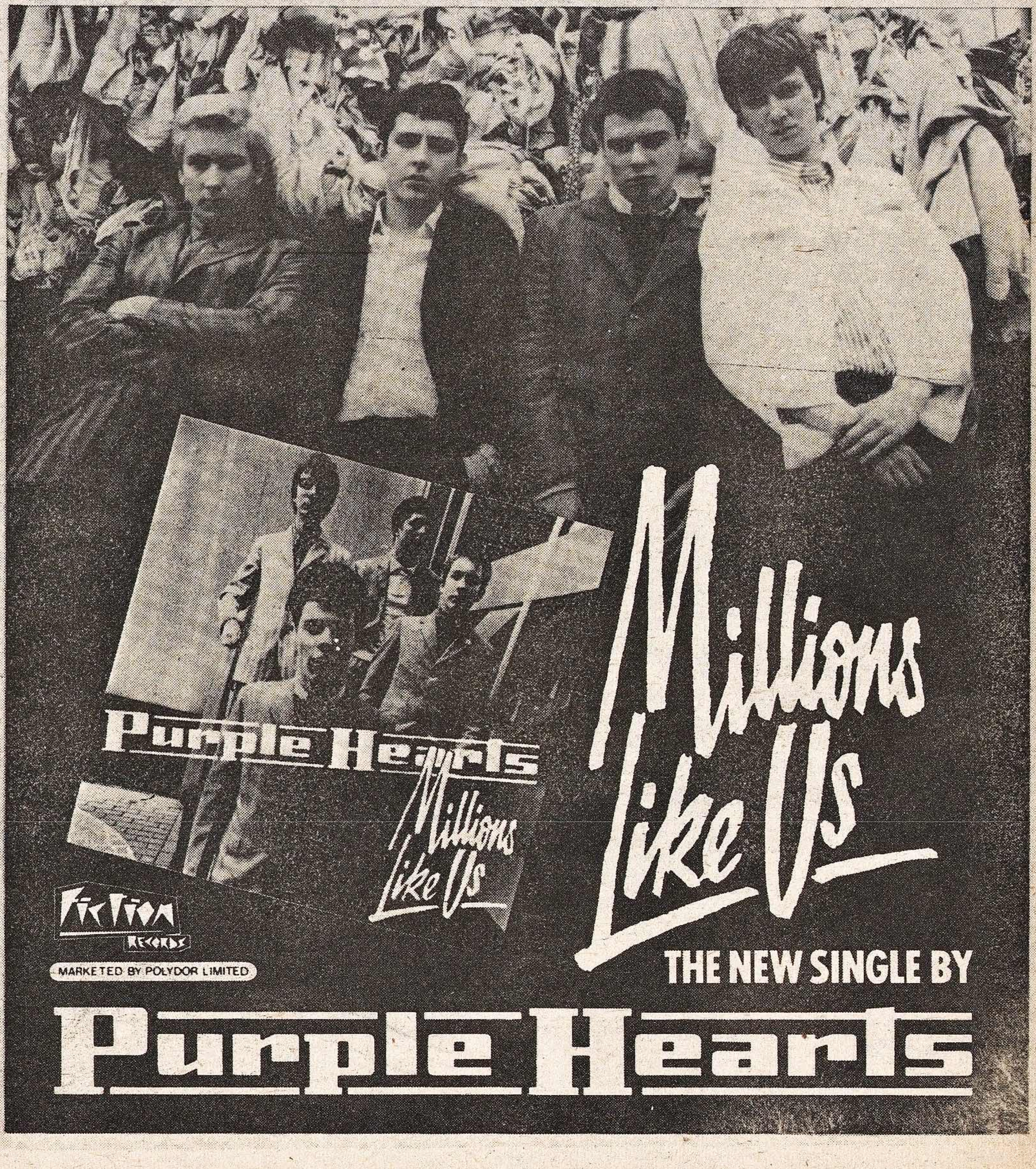
Dracula: *Frank Langella with equine friend and (inset) Larry Oliver with dodgy digits*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Dracula

Directed by John Badham
Starring Frank Langella, Laurence Olivier, Kate Nelligan and Donald Pleasence
(CIC)

Of all the celluloid versions of Bram Stoker's Romantic novel there are several which remain undead in cinematic terms; Murnau's *Nosferatu* in 1920 defined the parasitic animal imagery that Herzog was to use in his revamped version — both Max Shreck and Klaus Kinski appearing as physical manifestations of a bloodsucking piece of corrupt flesh — while Universal's previous 1932 effort and Hammer's *Horror of Dracula* employed Lugosi and Lee as more aesthetic creatures, counterpoints to social decadence and the moral climate, and embodying more traditional yet more subtle elements of Romantic evil.

This current version based on the play by Hamilton Deane and John Balderston focuses on the events at Whitby and offers an interesting combination of the two separate images.

Langella's performance succeeds as the urbane blood junkie washed ashore from a shipwreck who proceeds to wreak havoc having first made his intentions clear by ripping out the throats of the hapless crew. Having established his ability to transform into wolf, bat and ladies' man, the lycanthropic Lothario lopes through the well-known series of confrontations leading to the Big One against Van Helsing, a sort of Transylvanian Santa Claus in the shape of Laurence Olivier. Their conflict is crucial not only for the inner tension of the film but for our understanding of the relationships of all the other characters. The two must strike sparks off each other for a wholly satisfying movie. They don't, and the film is marred.

Whether this is the fault of the actors (they were not exactly bosom buddies from what I can gather) or the director is debatable, though I'm inclined to believe the latter is to blame. Instead of concentrating on the apposition of the two protagonists and letting all other considerations stem from that, director John Badham (whose previous effort was *Saturday Night Fever,* for better or worse) clutters the screen and the narrative with distracting metaphors: his principal concern being the conflict between past and present. Motorcars vie with carriages in the same way that the heroine's modern language grates against the archaisms delivered by her father and Van Helsing.

Every image is painfully integral. A dripping fried egg on its way to Donald Pleasence's mouth speaks volumes where a sentence would have sufficed. The overhead shot of a cobweb in Carfax Abbey with a spider crawling towards the figure of Lucy twenty feet beneath is echoed in the asylum when we see Harker approaching his vampirised loved one through a steel mesh roof. Time and again the camera intrudes and comments when it should show and tell.

Colour, though, is used with care and the blues, greys and dull greens of the background allow the dramatic highlights of Dracula's black and white and the stark crimson blood to stand out like bas-reliefs.

The violence is pretty icky too, with Renfield's particularly unpleasant demise bringing gasps from the press audience. The two passages borrowed from Corman, when Lucy yields her blood maidenhead to the Count and the vampire's final come-uppance, has the screen bathed in great swashes of colour and jars with the otherwise consistent tone.

Once the layers have been peeled away what are we left with? Because the story has been approached from the outside no amount of veneer can disguise the fact that this is little more than a leading contender for the best-dressed Dracula award. Perhaps I shouldn't complain. Perhaps we really do need a supremely elegant version of an oft-filmed novel. I doubt however whether it will achieve the cinematic immortality of its predecessors. Elegance is not enough for that.

Neil Norman

Bloodline

Directed by Terence Young
Starring Audrey Hepburn, James Mason, Irene Papas, Omar Sharif *(CIC)*

Take one *Behind Closed Boardroom Doors* pulp bestseller, one waiting room full of wealthy German dentists in search of a convenient tax loss, one lurid, splashy canvas of 'exotic' locations, one bored, hammy all-'star' cast — and waddyagot?

Bloodline, that's what, a film that need never have been made. The plot? A lazy trail of murder mystery clues followed by Inspector Frobe and his talking Interpol computers. The action? As gripping as a finely chopped python. The script? As cliched as Christmas. The direction? As tired as old Mr Mortality himself.

A big hit (everyone seemed to have read the book but me) and even bigger miss. Super-schlock starts here.

Angus MacKinnon

Great British film shock

TONIGHT (Thursday) BBC TV is repeating *The Spongers* in a 'Play For Today' slot. Do not, on any account, miss it.

And just why, you ask, is *Silver Screen* bothered about television plays? Several reasons. For one, Jim Allen — author of *The Spongers* — is a fine writer *(Days Of Hope, The Price Of Coal).* For another, *The Spongers* happens to be a fine film. Roland Joffe directed it and, like a lot of similar TV source material, it owes little to the small screen, a lot to the big. If *The Spongers* were a Latvian flick with sub-titles it would've swept the boards at any film festival (it made do with the Prix Italia and the Czechoslovak Golden Award). The point being that — because of the pathetic nature of our film industry — England's most promising up and coming directors are working in TV: remember *Licking Hitler? Law And Order? Dummy?* And Ken Loach has, *Kes* excepted, done nothing better than *Days Of Hope* or *The Price Of Coal.*

Watch *The Spongers* and weep. For the savage irony of its intent and for the woeful insularity of our indigenous 'film industry'.

Monty Smith

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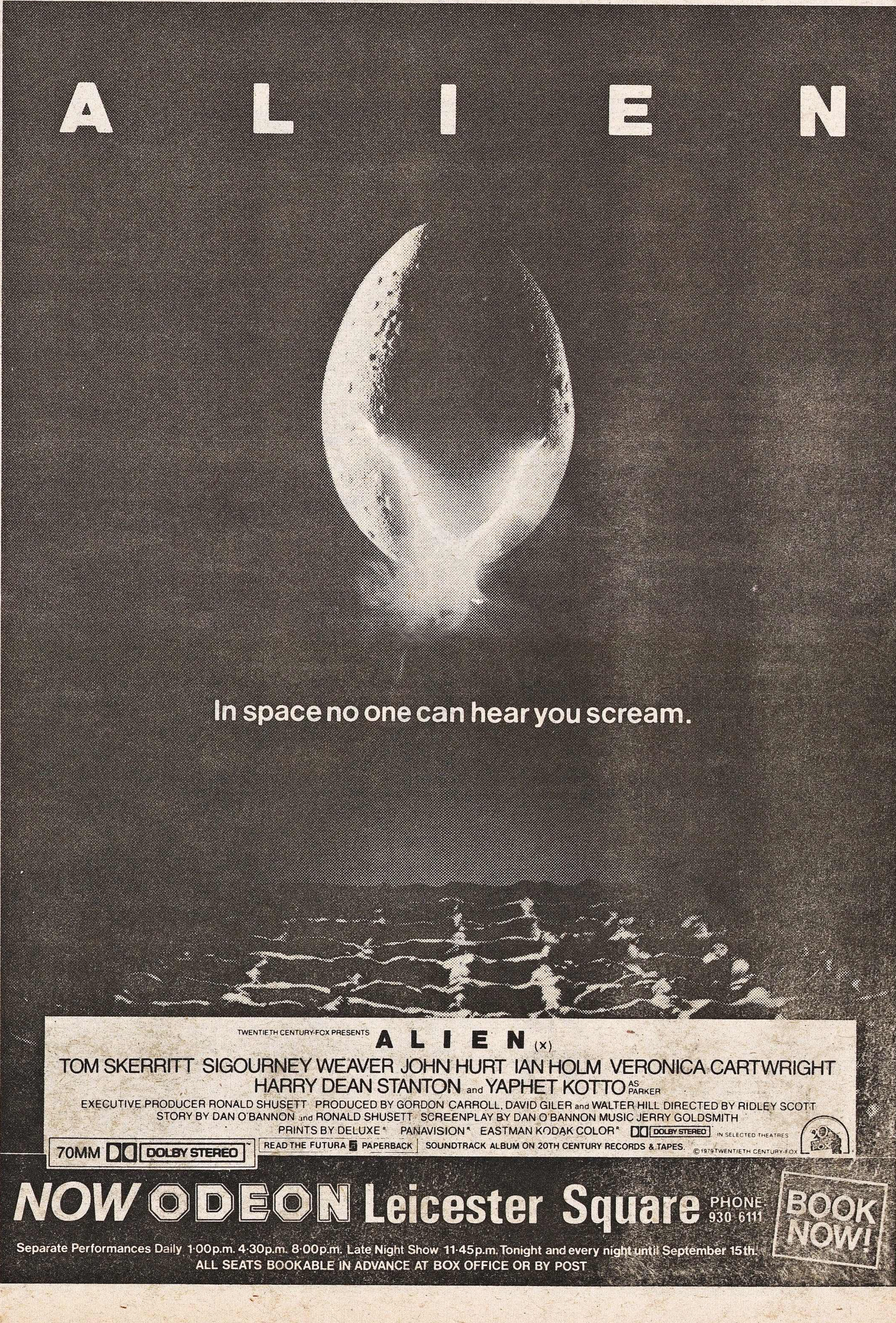
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I CALLED MEAT LOAF A FAIRY

... AND LIVED

A true story by BOB EDMANDS with pictures by CHRIS HORLER

IT WAS the day I called Meat Loaf a fairy and lived to tell the tale.

The world's biggest rock star was over in London for the tedious CBS Records International Convention. Seeking something to fill the pauses between meals, Mr Loaf decided to speak to the press.

So here he was, testing the construction of the sofa in his room at the Inter-Continental Hotel, ready with details of his new career in films.

Not only has he just made *Americathon* with Elvis Costello, but he's also poised to star in a futuristic version of *Peter Pan* called *Neverland.*

What's his role in it?

"I play the part of a character called Tink."

Called what?

"Tink. That's the equivalent of Tinkerbell."

In the original Peter Pan, Tinkerbell is of course a fairy. This posed a dilemma for the interviewer. Meat Loaf cultivates a reputation for giving journalists a hard time, and he's also proud of his machismo.

How I can possible ask him if he's going to play a fairy? Easy. I just ask him.

"You're a fairy?" I ask.

There is a horrible silence. The room seems to spin gently on its axis.

Silly of me, really. I knew he was in a difficult mood. He'd complained of indigestion before the interview. Too many cow pies, no doubt. And now I've provoked him.

I attempt an appeasing grin and fail. The silence continues.

Suddenly there's a noise like an oil well blowing out. It is Mr Loaf laughing.

"Oh, oh, oh, oh, ho, ho, ho," he rumbles. "Nobody's dared to say that to me before. A fairy! That's real good. It's okay. You're the first one that's ever hit back at me.

"Okay, you mother, I'll just break your tape recorder."

So saying, Meat seizes the cassette player that's been recording our conversation and waves it violently in the air. He relents and puts the recorder back on the table.

"Maybe I could have your arms broken instead," he says. "I've got some friends in Chicago."

"Yeah," comments an acolyte across the room. "Some friends, but no fans."

"I like it," says Mr Loaf. "Some friends, but no fans."

The oil well rumbles again.

MEAT LOAF is currently between albums. The last one, 'Bat Out Of Hell', is two years old. It turned him into a multi-platinum star because of the impassioned way in which he sang the literate, melodic songs of Jim Steinman.

The album's reputation was largely made on the strength of two epic songs, the title track and an item called 'Paradise By The Dashboard Light'. 'Paradise' was a witty, perceptive insight into sexual power politics, and its high quality was matched by the rest of the album. What was most impressive about it, though, was the way in which Meat Loaf music appealed to a whole range of audiences, from AOR music centre owners to heavy metal head bangers.

The next album has a hard act to follow.

"*I've* got a hard act to follow," says Meat Loaf. "But Jimmy's got his together. All the tunes are together, and they're even better this time round. Everybody will be looking to see whether we've got the answers to 'Bat' and 'Paradise', and we have.

The first thing we did was to keep well away from 'Paradise'. Then all of a sudden it just came. It's called 'Dance In My Pants'. I sing: *'I'm a lover, not a dancer/Don't want to be on my feet when I can be on my back/Don't want to be on the floor when I can be in the sack/I'm a lover not a dancer'.*

"It's the heaviest rock'n'roll we've done really. It boogies. Just gets up and goes at it. Doesn't fuckin' fool around at all."

Work on the album began last January, and Mr Loaf expects it'll be out early next year. "We never said we were fast. We always said we were slow."

He reckons that it takes at least four months just to record the vocals. Why's that?

"Because you have to *sing* these songs. It's not just: 'Baby, baby, baby, I wanna take you down to Broadway and do it to ya, Momma.' That ain't what's going down with us. You have to know these songs."

Meat Loaf's wife, Mrs Meat Loaf, who's sitting with us, says at this point that Meat is "a method singer", meaning (presumably) that his approach to singing is the same as Brando's approach to acting.

"Jimmy directs me in the studio," says Meat. "We discuss what colour the girl's hair is that I'm singing about, how long we've known each other, what the situation really is. I have to live the part.

"I need to take a couple of trips to the mental institution. A few blows on the head with a hammer. You need to suffer to sing this sort of stuff. I have people beating me in the studio. Sing, you mother!

"I think the general consensus will be that the new album tops the old one. People won't be able to say we're some kind of fly-by-night organisation."

People never said that, did they?

"Listen boy," says Meat. "They is *always* trying to gun you down. They always got their guns out ready to shoot you down."

Not only does Meat Loaf use very aggressive language, but he also seems to have a violent approach to his work.

"Yeah, well, we live very violent lives. You're lucky. This is just a tame moment in my life. I have a tendency to rough up interviewers. If I make any quick moves, leave."

I ask Meat Loaf what sort of person Jim Steinman is to come up with such classy songs.

"Steinman spends a lot of time in the closet. He actually sleeps in the closet. The guy is a fuckin' Class-A fuckin' weirdo. Let me tell you. He is one of the weirdest muthahs you'll ever see in your whole life.

"I moved him into his apartment five years ago and the boxes are still on the floor where I left them. He has a family of cockroaches that eat with him. They have their own place settings.

"You know those white gloves he wears on stage? Well, he wears them all the time. He's sterile on the street, but not sterile at home. He's like — what's that guy's name? — Howard Hughes, a Class-A nut. If you wanna know where those lyrics come from, they come from the closet."

Has Steinman got long fingernails like Howard Hughes?

"No, he finds he can't play the piano with long fingernails."

On the cover of 'Bat Out Of Hell' Jim Steinman gets a credit for the songwriting that's almost as big as the album title. Was that Meat Loaf's idea?

"Yes," he says. "I wanted it bigger. I wanted it to say 'Meat Loaf and Jim Steinman'. But Jimmy's not going to tour with us in future. He'll just make the occasional appearance, and people will know that it's something special. When he does appear with us, he'll be like a little superstar coming out on stage. That'll be real nice."

THROUGHOUT THE conversation, Meat Loaf has been playing with a couple of coffee cups, banging them together like castanets.

"Do you like these cups?" he says. "They're Concorde cups. They give ya them on Concorde. It's real china. Royal Doulton. They give you a set. My wife asked for two. Cute aren't they? You like them?"

Very nice, I say.

"You're crazy. But I like them, too. The great thing is that if you fly six times on Concorde, you get place settings for 12 people. Great, isn't it?"

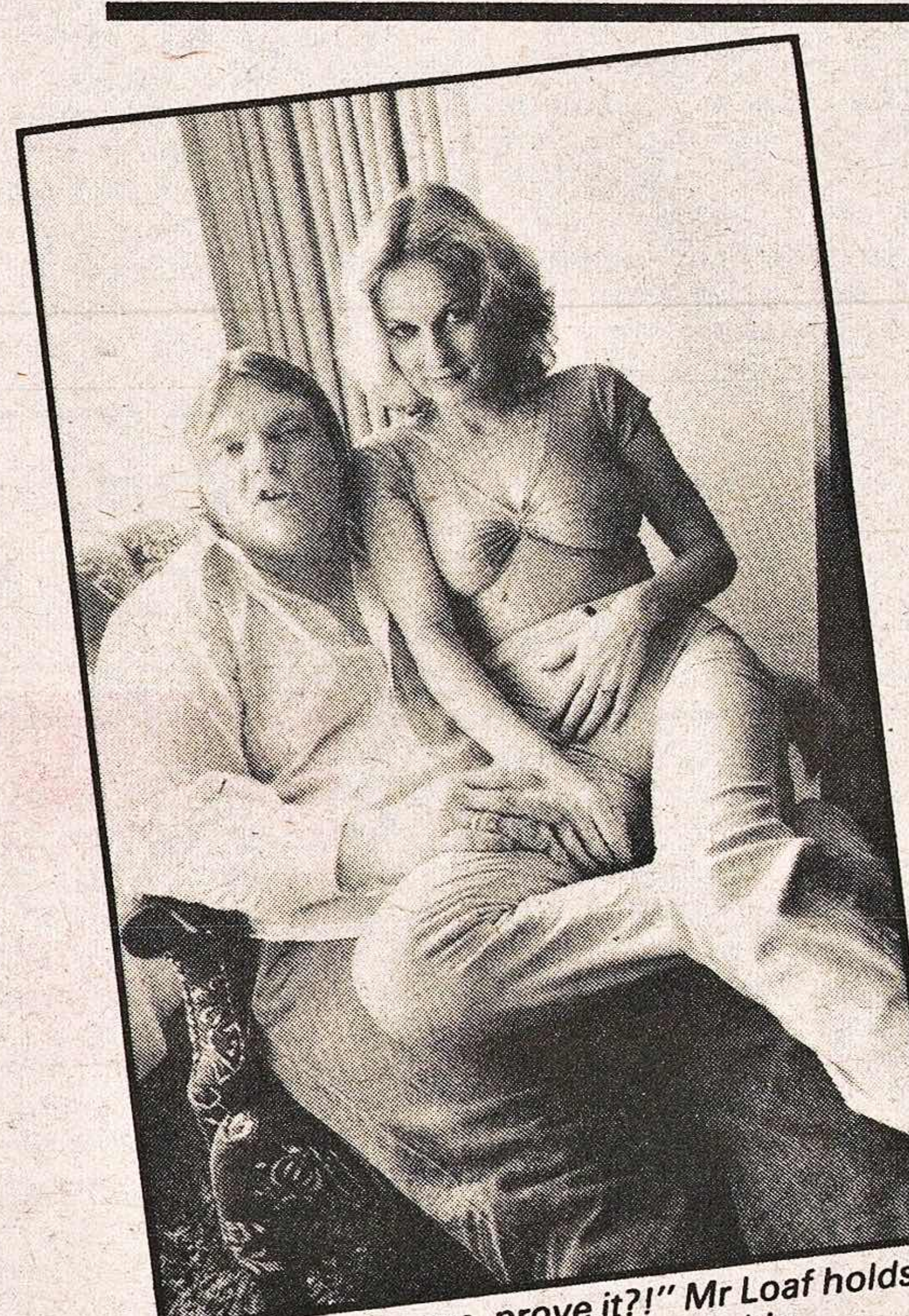
Had you flown on Concorde before?

"This was the first time. Three hours and 20 minutes, and not really any jet-lag. Not like that regular old flight that lasts 97 hours. When you're on Concorde, you know, you're on the edge of space. You look out the window, you look up and it's dark. Down below, it's daylight, and you can see that the world is round."

At the CBS Convention, Meat Loaf appeared without his band and did what he calls his "stand-up comedy routine". This primarily consists of insulting people, and his chosen target was the President of CBS International, a Mr Dick Asher.

"I didn't like his clothes," says Mr Loaf. "He had on this terrible sports jacket with

■ Continues page 53



"Whaddaya mean, prove it?!" Mr Loaf holds up a cut-out of how he appears in his upcoming movie.

"And we got Bob Hite as a wood nymph . . ." Mr Loaf holds up his upcoming clear vinyl LP.

Get Max to buy you a Stetson and you got a hat out of Bell . . .

XTC

ON TOUR IN SEPTEMBER

11 MANCHESTER APOLLO
12 SHEFFIELD TOP RANK
13 WOLVERHAMPTON CIVIC HALL
14 PETERBOROUGH WIRRENA HALL
16 GUILDFORD CIVIC HALL
17 LONDON RAINBOW
18 BRISTOL COLSTON HALL
20 EDINBURGH ODEON
21 NEWCASTLE MAYFAIR

SPECIAL GUESTS
THE YACHTS AND THE DAZZLERS

Virgin

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ROCKERS TIME

YOUR REGGAE ROUNDUP

NOW that everyone's bored with making new versions of the 'My Conversation' rhythm, attention switches to the **Soul Vendors' 'Real Rock'**, one of Coxsone Dodd's rock steady instrumentals. Dodd has continually made the best use of rhythm, and now comes up with a new singing cut, **Willie Williams' 'Armagideon Time' (Studio One)**; the backing track has been bolstered with extra percussion, and little Willie reminds us that *'a lot of people won't get no supper tonight'*. The staccato drum and bass arrangement pushes the song along amost unaided until the original trombone track elbows its way to the front to take a nonchalant solo.

The dub, with percussion whispering just below the surface, owes a debt to Georgio Moroder, but then who doesn't these days? Why only the other day I tapped him for half a crown — I hope he forgets all about it. Just before the dub fades, an uncredited toaster bursts into the studio and blurts out half a sentence before Dodd gives him the elbow. All in all, an entertaining variation on a classic rhythm, and you should be able to find the original at your local store specialist.

Alton Ellis's 'The Fool' (Studio One) is another original dressed up with modern drumming; although Alton and the vocal group sing impeccably, I think it sounds more like a rehearsal tape: the song never gets going, and it's so short Coxsone has added a touch of dub at the end of the a-side — good idea, it works well. Alton is one of the great reggae singers, and he carries himself well here.

ALTON ELLIS makes a stand. Pic: J. B. Sohiez

Freddy Mckay's 'I Man' (Roots From The Yard) also drifts into dub before the fade: could this be a last ditch stand by the 7" single in its fight for survival against the marauding 12" discomix? Perhaps so. *'I-man is sitting in I-man corner, strong strong strong'* — 'I Man' is a presentable piece of self-assertion by Freddy, who earns his popularity. On the other hand, the b-side is a new version of Burning Spear's 'Creation', and while Freddy's Spear impersonation is fair, he just can't match the splendour of the original. Stick to new tunes Freddy.

There are a lot of things I don't expect from British reggae: wit, vivacity, imagination, stuff like that; But **Matumbi's 'Point Of View' (MR Records. 12")** has them all, thanks in large part to the brass and vocal chorus, Glenn Miller style. Dennis Bovell of course is the man responsible. The toasting section is handled by **I Roy,** who recaptures some of his old joie de vivre as he warns us *'spit in the sky, it will fall in your eye'* — I think I've heard that one before. On the other side you get 'Pretender!',more conventional but still fun, with Bovell getting his teeth into someone's reputation — *'I know that you're trying to make me mad, by telling me about all the hits that you've had . . . pretender you better surrender, because I have you under heavy binocular'*. I don't know who he's referring to, but he sounds as if he means business.

Once upon a time, **Paul Blackman** called himself Paul Whiteman, but that's another story. Now, his **'Earth, Wind And Fire' (Daddy Kool 12")** is produced by **Augustus Pablo,** who has plenty of music in the shops at the moment. The song, as you might expect, is a bit aimless, with Paul working out some penetrating social categories: *'some are for good, some for bad and others indifferent'* — useful information, eh? Paul sings well enough over a backing pared down to little more than drum and bass, and the dub section picks up extra impetus once Paul bows out. On the other side **Ras Menilik Congo (Harp)'** doesn't in fact feature harp, which could have been interesting; instead you get Pablo's melodica version, with hypnotic bass and an echo that goes on forever — definitely one of his most vital 1979 efforts.

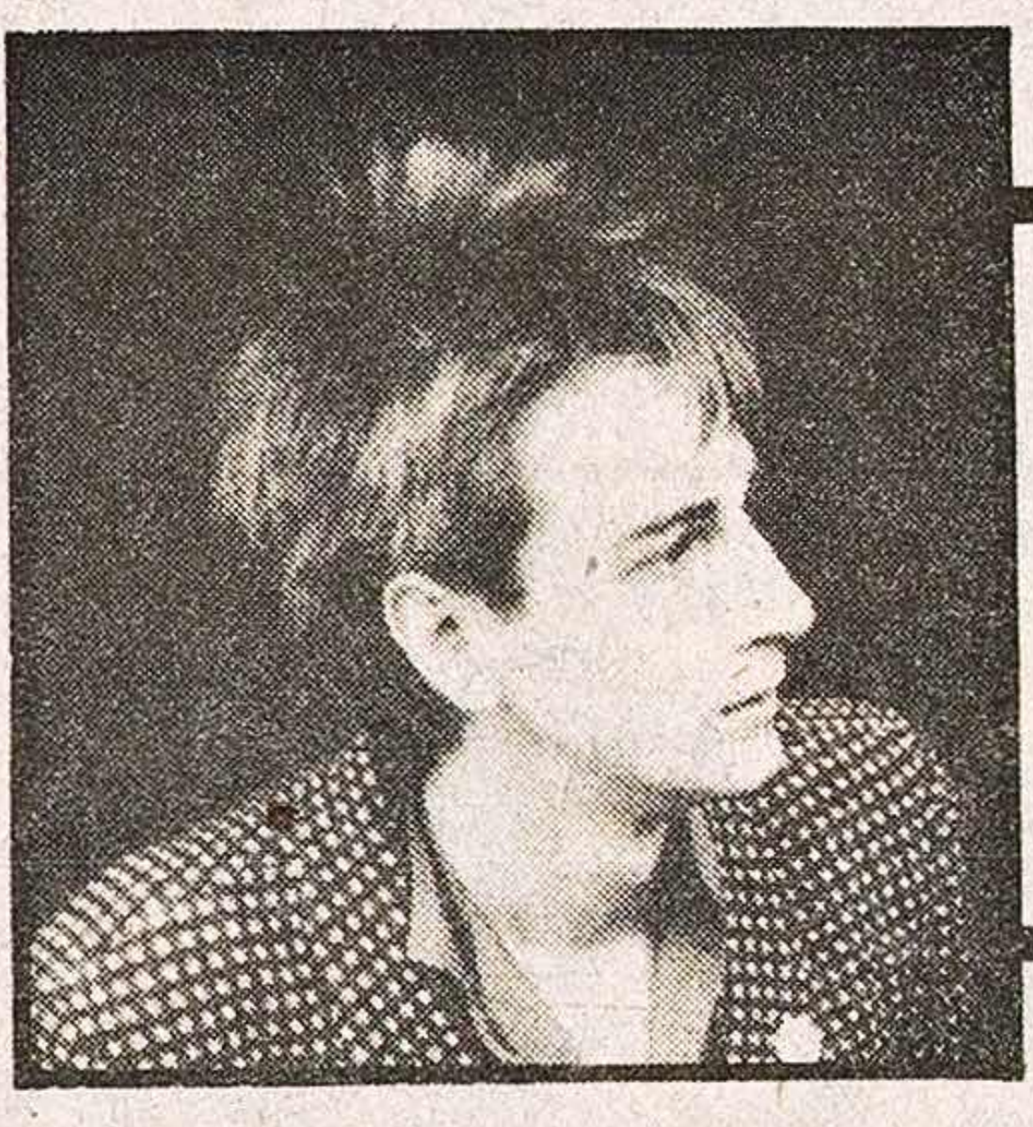
Pablo also produced **Tetrack's 'Love And Unity' (Rockers Int'l, 12"),** an updated version of Carlton and The Shoes' 'Love Is A Treasure'. 'All we need is peace and harmony' sing the boys, but you don't get them here: the falsetto harmonies are distinctly out of line. Still, what they lack in vocal precision they make up for in enthusiasm, and the sprightly rhythm carries them along; then Jah Bull and Jah Levi take over with a toasting duet which again warns against spitting in the sky — alright lads, I promise I won't do it again. Pablo's trusty old melodica strolls through the dubside, 'Pablo In Fine Style', with no problems.

Ranking Joe's 'Youthman Promotion' (Sufferers Heights, 12") is produced by Sugar Minott, and continues Sugar's campaign for a better world for the youth of today. Joe enjoys his unostentatious toast, and the whole record is nicely played down, with the added appeal of Barry Brown's 'I Love Sweet Jah Jah' on the other side — a good combination.

Gregory Isaacs, who plays an all-purpose hooligan in the *Rockers* film, extends his activities to embrace the role of social secretary on **'Tune In' (African Museum),** as he tries to arrange a rendezvous 'on the corner of the avenue'. After seeing what he gets up to in the film, I think I'll opt out, to be honest, but it's a pleasant if run-of-the-mill Isaacs record, with pretty organ and what sounds like a submarine preparing to dive: clear the decks, Gregory!

Stepping Out:
NICK KIMBERLEY

SINGLES



Picks to click by PAUL MORLEY

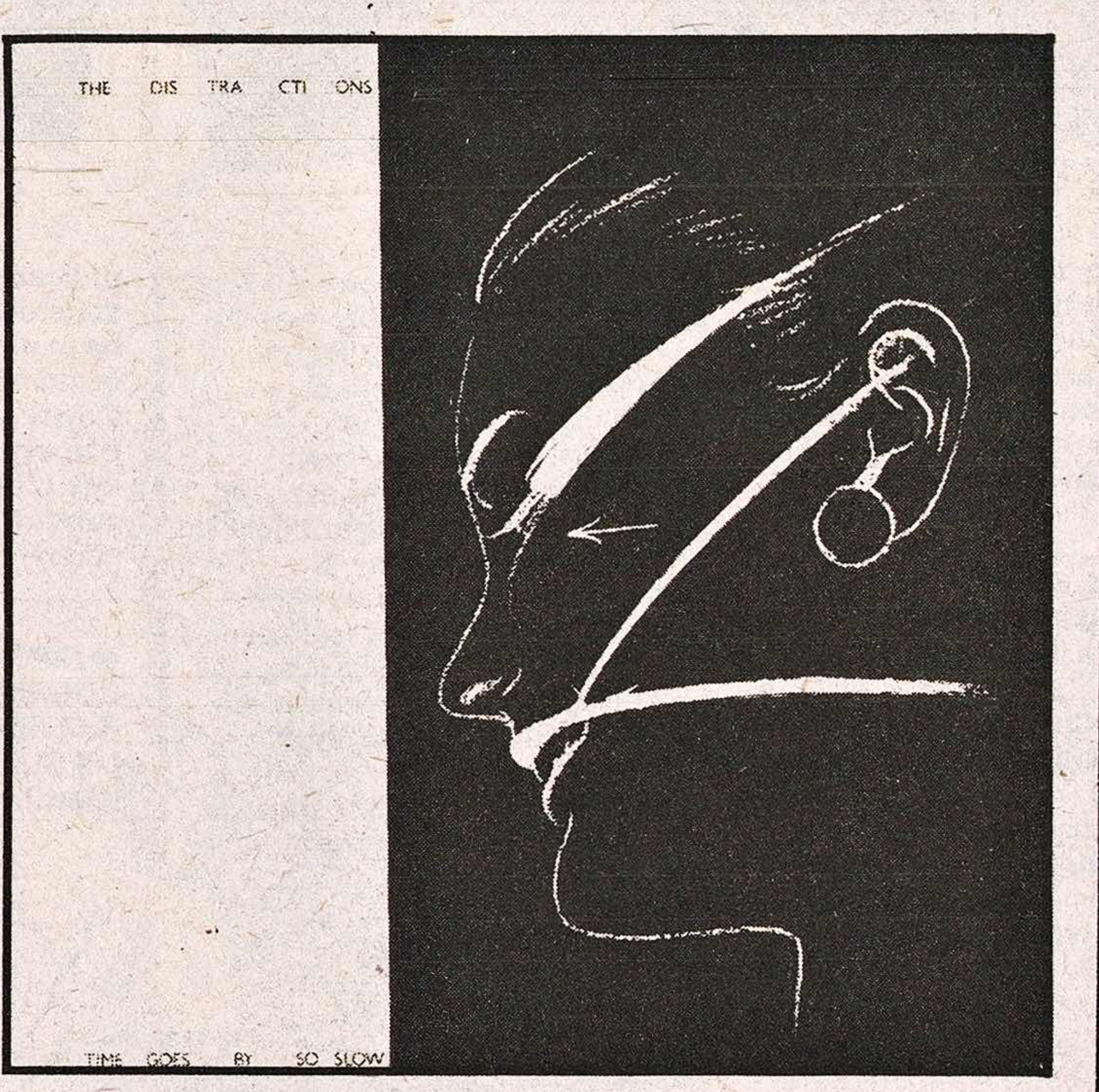
THE DISC TO RISK

THE DISTRACTIONS: Time Goes By So Slow (Factory). Anyone with a fraction of an idea what makes Great Pop will melt in front of your eyes whenever this modern masterpiece is played.

Manchester's unlikely Distractions possess a rare understanding of the pressures and principles involved in assembling sensual and sharp pop. This follow-up to their scintillating four-track 'You're Not Going Out Dressed Like That' EP was actually the seventh choice for their first Factory single. They're saving the rest for a later date — if we can wait that long.

It takes a few plays before 'Time Goes By' hooks into the heart. A short, impressionistic lament of lingering love, the words are elegantly sorrowful. The arrangement is steady, almost serene; instruments interlock beautifully, the guitar sound is *the* sweetest. Mike Finney's lead vocals are shut-eyed and heart-felt, the spinning harmonies are the most natural and inspired side of The Undertones.

Like The Undertones, The Distractions produce, as if it's as easy as buttering bread, sad but invigorating pop songs, eclectic and unique. The Distractions are on a line from 'Love Me Do' Beatles, bashful Byrds, 'Love You More' Buzzcocks and Stax soul. Their music will move you.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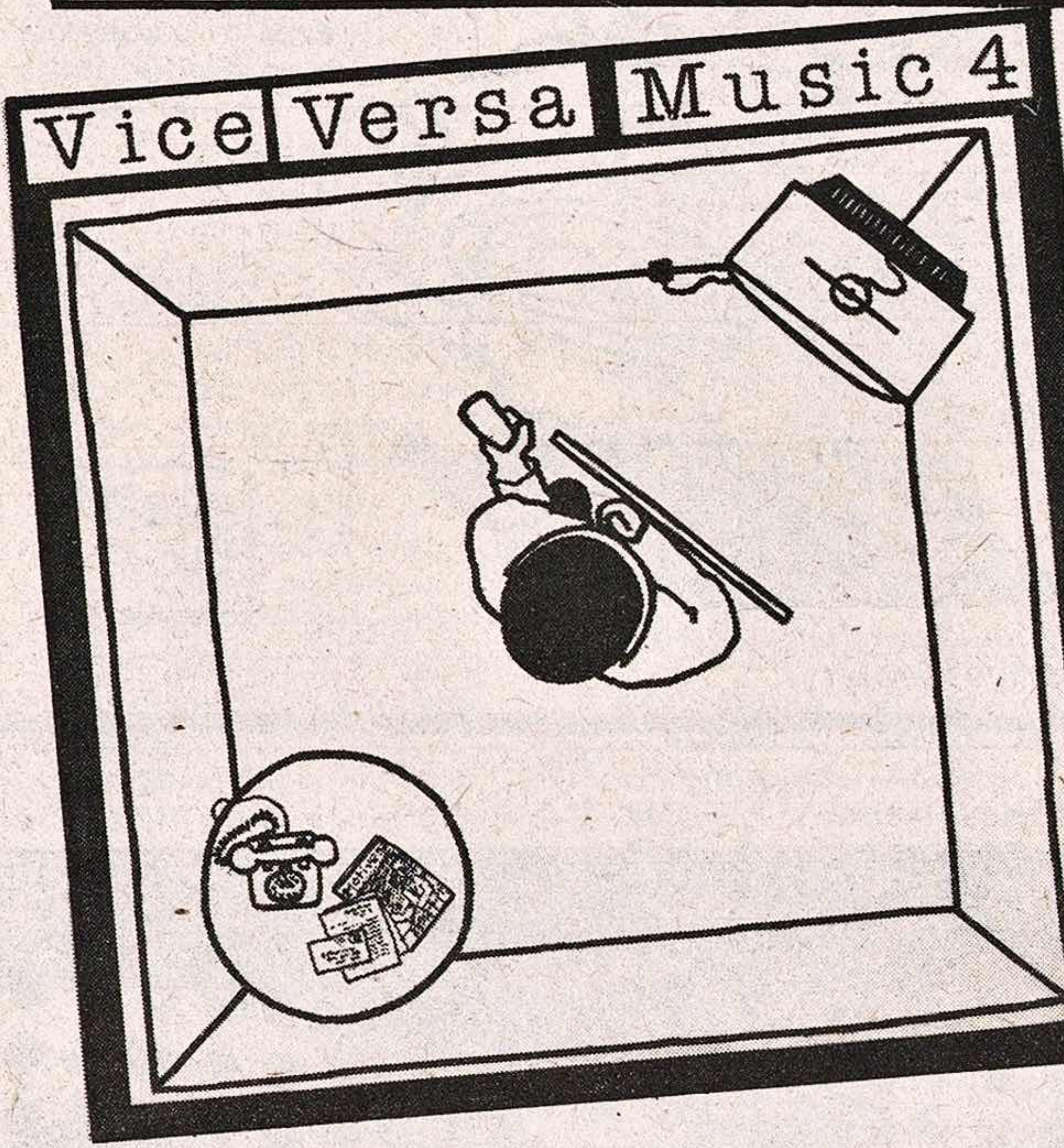
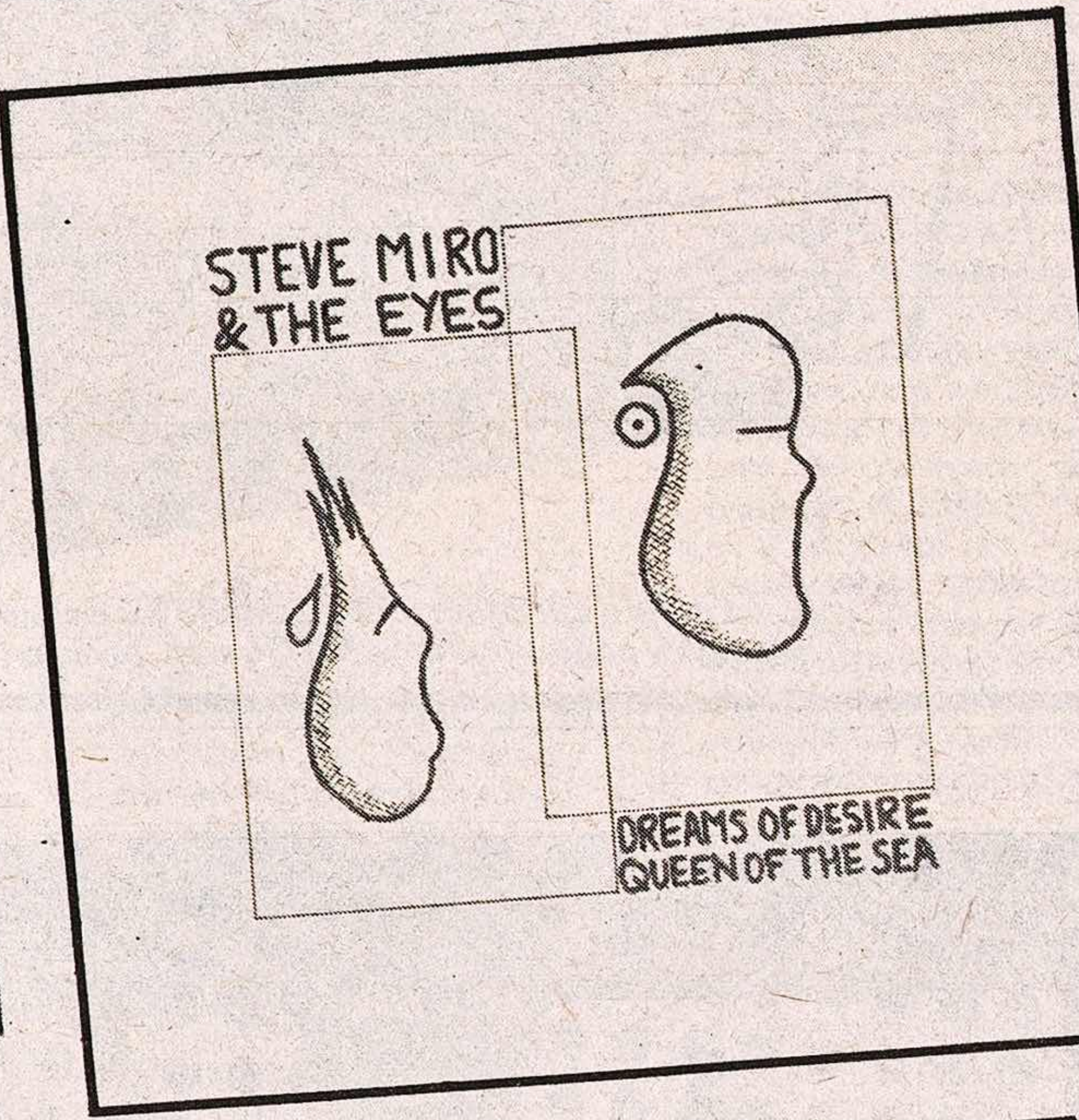
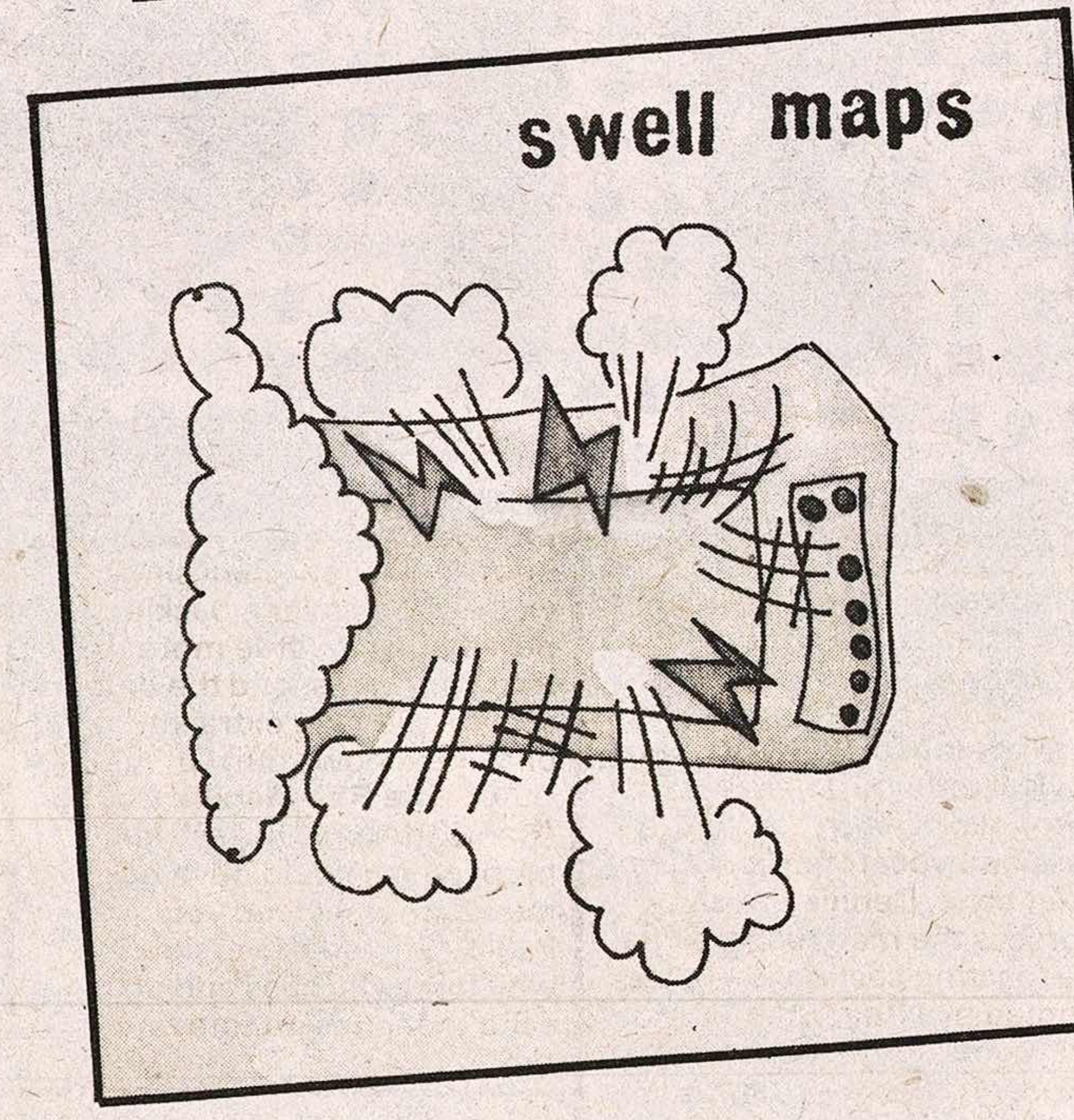
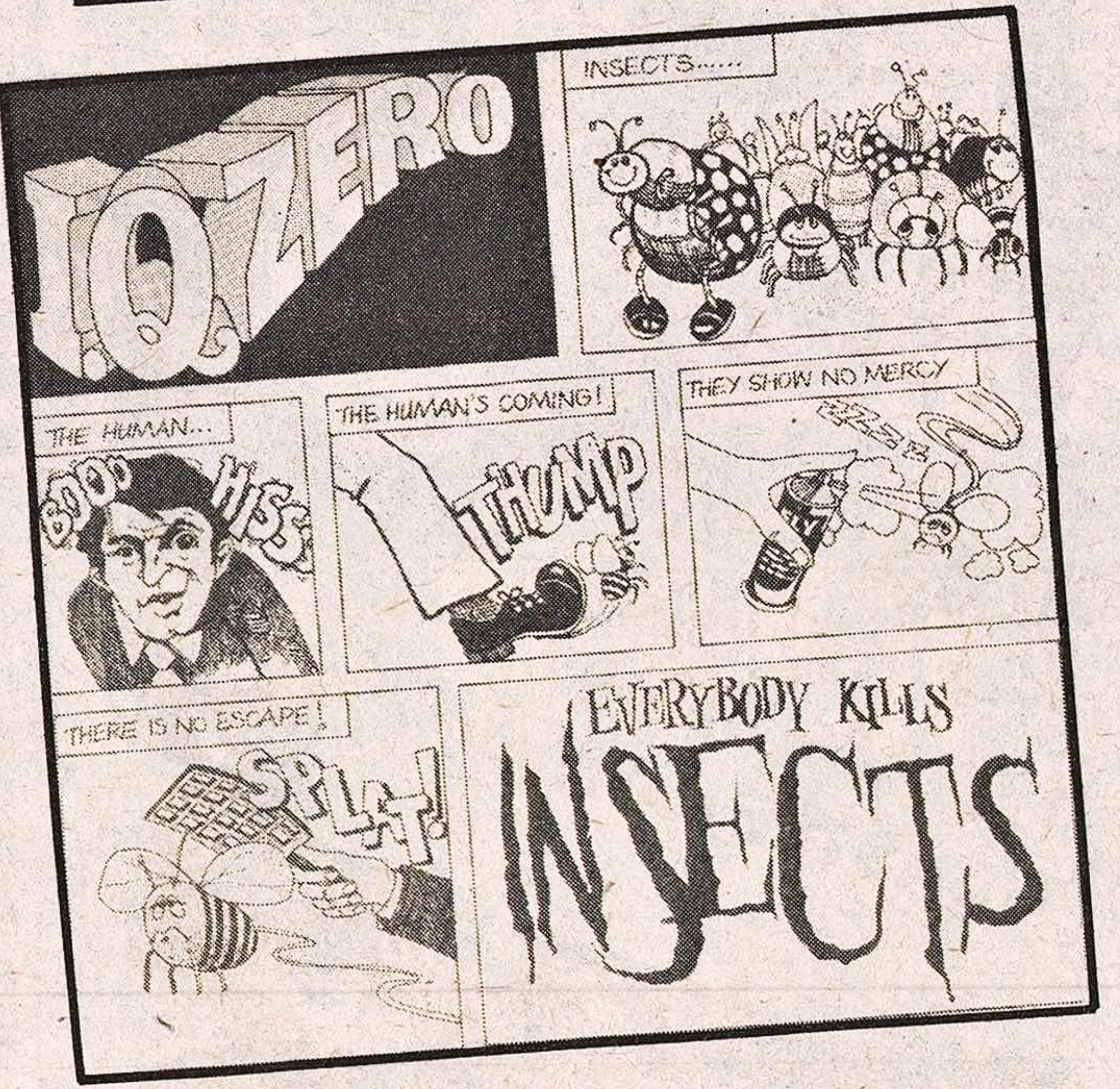








● *TOP TEN*

SWELL MAPS: Real Shocks (Rather/Rough Trade). The Maps comic-serious pop has caused a lot of confusion. People sling words like exuberant, sloppy and crazy at them as insulting criticisms!

The Maps have simply smashed through all the tiresome mystery of rock music. They unaffectedly question such terms as 'tightness', 'production', 'paying your dues'. They are not venturing out into a career, they don't want to mature if that means sobering up. What they're doing is having funny, fragmented, intriguing conversations with whosoever wants to listen and it's no big deal. They are transient and charming frolickers who say something serious when you're least expecting it.

'Real Shocks' is a typically dry, cut-up example; on the other side are some uneasy smatterings of surreal pop satire for those who care, recorded in Phones Sportsman's bedroom.

If people continue to place old and failed standards onto such impulsive music then they're totally missing the point. Groups like Swell Maps are a sign of the times. They have things to say, to laugh at and about, they like the idea of making records, and are actually able to do so. They're not wasting anybody's time; the noises they make are often more discerning and demanding than the efforts of their so-called mature, conscientious elders. The Maps' light hearted subversion is rash and wonderful. Have a nibble.

SILICON TEENS: Memphis Tennessee (Mute).
VICE VERSA: Music 4 (Neutron).

There is one 'mod' disc in the huge pile this week, over at the far end of this column. I get angry at the feebling retreading on the Purple Hearts' debut. Such lightweight pop we can do without in these exciting times. What is really worth observing is that the witless and superficial mod muddle is just a diverting, reactionary and unimaginative prelude to a pop culture leap into the '80s that is starting . . . now.

Trifling early signs are already around; through Gary Numan, Telex, Bowie, Ultravox, through the wishes of Devo to move all electronic, through the playlists of the avant garde discos. As I've said before, prepare for the deluge. Everyone will want to be modern and speculative; the itty bitty mod thing will be a good hanger for abuse. Why, here comes the Human League LP. Already the group are an acknowledged influence. Is there any excuse for The Human League not to be massive? Are they catalysts to spark the . . . ?

It's the '80s and there's no guitars and no drums and a brand new rationability. The unreasonably scrutinised mod pimple doesn't stand a chance. What a target for ridicule! A quick squeeze and it's gone.

All over the country people are tampering with wires and switches and machines. It's another startling blast of demystification: groups influenced by Germany calling, the Voltaire approach, the League interpretation, the Gristle abstraction, and finding brand new ways to use the experience of twenty years' pop discovery. There's nothing cold about all this.

Silicon Teens, on Daniel Miller's Mute labe, have simply transferred a couple of pop museum pieces, 'Memphis Tennessee' and 'Let's Dance', to today's climate. That they use synthesizers and electronic percussion to give new vitality and freshness to such ageing pieces is significant. That they could have a hit is no surprise if you look at the early signs.

Vice Versa are from Sheffield: a methodical trio who lean towards the League way of composing short structured songs. Development is steady, images are sharp, the sound insinuating. Such records still sound thin, perhaps pompous, but the genre is still in primitive, derivative stages. There's a long way to go. Watch it move.

THE TRANSMITTERS: Still Hunting For The Ugly Man (Step Forward). Ealing's Transmitters are an insular, sinister sort of group. As is typical of those who, for whatever reason, develop out of sight and mind of media scrutiny, they have developed a powerfully idiosyncratic sound. The group use the same line-up as their labelmates The Fall, and it's not irrelevant to point out certain similarities.

Both groups are cynics and critics. Both groups are fronted by hurried, mocking inciters. Both groups deal with instabilities, abnormalities, ambitions, truths . . . and make demented shell-shocked music.

This 12" four-track 45 is an obsessive, frustrated record. Consistently effective and annoying, it rummages restlessly out on lunatic fringes. It's difficult, discomfiting and oppressively manic, but worth exploring.

POISON GIRLS: Hex (TRIX/Small Wonder). Brittle music, savage and jaundiced observations and despairs. Eight songs, 45 rpm, words included, it's a substantial record of grudges, jealousy, tension and inadequacy.

Singer Vi Subversa (aka Vi Squad) is a determined non-conformist. It seems she's learned the hard way. A lot of pain comes through in this music.

Through the differently challenging 'Old Tart's Song', 'Crisis', 'Ideologically Unsound', 'Bremen Song', 'Political Love', 'Jump Mama Jump', 'Under The Doctor' and 'Reality Attack' she viciously questions prejudices, roles, expectations, particularly concerning the negotiability and condition of Woman. It's a stark, extreme work, hardly deserving to be ignored. Like The Transmitters, it's not easy listening, verging on the hysterical, the hallucinatory, Subversa herself sounding like a manic mixture of Jim Morrison and Dietrich. Hear it.

STEVE MIRO AND THE EYES: Dreams Of Desire (Object). An attractive song from Manchester's mysterious Steve Miro that I can see I'm going to have lots of fun with. Miro is backed by the select group of pop pumpers The Eyes. More superb Manchester swing, a gloriously understated melody you just have to go back to again and again, a chorus you hardly notice until it flutters around your mind hours later, a winning sax part and a timely dose of delightful guitar solo.

Dainty, discreet and distinctive light rock that appears to be distantly related to the protesting whimsy of Giles, Giles And Fripp, even the enigmatic elegance of Kevin Ayers. How much more of this assertive and bright Manchester new pop can there be to bely the current notion that Liverpool's the home of the wacky and jolly, and Manchester all doom-laden?

IQ ZERO: Insects (Object). Yet more!? Actually Zero are Blackburn heroes, but that's close enough. They're first period XTC clones, but quite convincing with it. 'Insects' is an erratic dart of buffoonery — there's a lot of revision that needs to be done, but there's a promising sparkle in their style.

THE REVILLOS: Where's The Boy For Me (Snatzo/Dindisc). Virgin's new toy, Dindisc's opening crack, and smart it is too. The Revillos, all slit and sun specs, padded shoulders, woollen tights and stiff grimaces, are not unlike a defunct Sire legend, this mainly because lead singers Eugene Reynolds and Fay Fife are the same asinine duo that leapt and swapped high kicks in the front of that defunct Sire legend.

This is a tinny, artfully senseless scrape of new pop that should send you dizzy with its simpleton riff and nutty insistence. Will it be a hit? Let's wait and see!

THE QUADS: There Must Be Thousands (Big Bear). The record that John Peel has singlehandedly nudged to the edge of the charts: he even persuaded Paul Burnett to make it his record of the week. The Quads are Birmingham based, and their single is blessed with extravagant wedges of guitar, made irresistible thanks to a cranked-up imbelic lead guitar motif that pushes itself to the front of the mix as often as it can, and not harmed by a vocal that recalls The Bay City Rollers' occasional attempts at toughness. Gormless pop dementia. Lovely.

THE DISTURBED: Betrayed (Parole). I reviewed this last time round, but it got snipped onto the cutting room floor. It's taken time but 'Betrayed' has since become a favourite. A kinky, almost genial Berry riff-roll, and deliberate, sulky vocals from Josi Munns, sounding like a slightly more 'grown up' Honey Bane. Beguiling stepping out music.

■ *Continues over page*

SINGLES

■ From previous page

● *COMMERCIAL BREAK*

THE DICKIES: Nights In White Satin (A&M). Far superior to the Moody Blues original.

JANET KAY: Loving You (Pye). Not as good as the Minnie Ripperton original.

TOMMY MORRISON: Breaking Promises (Real). The original, but unoriginal. A colourless sub Bad Company strut. Just what's needed.

GALLAGHER AND LYLE: Missing You (Phonogram). It doesn't seem possible to be so safe, soft and reserved without disappearing in on yourself. A shadow of a song presented with repellent correctness and presumably sung chin deep in green slime.

NONA HENDRYX: Snakes Alive (Arista). Smooth and slippery, it drifts unpersuasively, promising something but never bothering to get up there. Nona sings with defeatist glumness. The song just sort of wanders wearily into the distance. Strange.

JACK-KNIFE: Walking On Heaven's Ground (EG/Polydor). John Wetton's new group: an earnest, unimaginative sample from a forthcoming LP. Never have Wetton's stops on the route to anonymity been so damp and dispirited.

SWEET: Big Apple Waltz (Polydor). At a time when their former glory crazyness would be appreciated and probably perversely respected, these goons are trying to be mature and make sophisticated ballads that no one could ever fall in love with. Dismal. If you hear this on the radio and are waiting for something to happen, take it from me nothing does. Like nothing — absolutely nothing — happens on the six or seven records above. And what do all these records have in common . . . ?

● *CLEAN NOISE*

THE RADIATORS: Kitty Ricketts (Chiswick).
THE BUZZARDS: We Make A Noise (Chrysalis).
FINGERPRINTZ: Tough Luck (Virgin).

The Buzzards' 'We Make A Noise' has a keen anthemic persistence that old Jim Pursey would be proud of. Considering the current prevalence of matey melo-dramatic rock chants we can all join in with, this polished piece of confessional silliness will probably roar into the charts. That'll turn tables on their whining.

The Radiators' 'Kitty Rickets' is a wispy, Tony Visconti assisted dribble, catchy and irritating enough to earn much airplay. It doesn't appeal to me — too mannered and old-fashioned.

Fingerprintz' 'Tough Luck' is a disappointingly anonymous barely updated R&B shuffle that ends up nowhere. Where are the prickly guitars, the awkward atmospheres? It's indicative of Virgin's current state of play that they now have a rota of second rate ordinaries (Interview, Cowboys International, Fingerprintz) where not long ago all their choices were carefully selected and lovingly cared for.

● *DIRTY NOISE*

COCKNEY REJECTS: Flares And Slippers (Small Wonder).
UK SUBS: Tomorrows Girls (Gem). **PETE ZEAR: Tomorrows World (No Label).**
VERMILION AND THE ACES: The Letter (Illegal).

Cockney Rejects' Peel session was great. 'Flares And Slippers' is thumpy and grumpy pure punk-out in the Upstarts corner, and is noisy and assertive enough to have already sold over 5,000 copies. The Rejects are actually abrasive enough to replace shaving as an early morning necessity.

The Subs' 2½ minute exerpt from their up and coming 17 song 'Another Kind Of Blues' LP is yet more of the gruff poetic punk that has developed into such a valid if controversial part of the contemporary vitality. It'll either please you or upset you.

Pete Zear appears to be produced by Rat Scabies, and sounds nothing much other than what you'd imagine Bad Company to be like if they were produced by Rat Scabies.

Vermilion, backed by ex-punky punks Menace, now the Aces, appears to be produced by Mick Farren. It sounds like what you'd expect Maggie Bell to sound like if she were produced by Rat Scabies.

● *ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN*

PURPLE HEARTS: Millions Like Us (Fiction). There's such a lack of positive new vibrations on this smartened and modified power pop thrash, but I'm probably prejudiced into saying that because I am appalled by the new tribal warfare and the depressing fuss over the clumsy exhuming of a dead culture.

I must calm down; I feel like a reactionary. Actually I'm just a little amused and disturbed. And actually this is almost a likeable noise that rushes to a fervent and messy climax, but there's a mountain of more forward-looking, broad-minded and above all, more imaginative pop records released this week. Look back to the top of the list.

"You'd think a band with Elvis Costello for a chauffeur would get their picture on the first singles page, wouldn'tcha! Oh well, back to the garage Herbert . . ."

the REVILLOS

ROBO RHYTHM On ROBO-BEATING
HI-FI HARRIS On GUITARING
FAY FIFE On SINGING
EUGENE REYNOLDS On SINGING
FELIX On BASSING
BABS & CHERIE On BACKINGING SINGINGING

Where's the boy for Me?
DIN 1

MUCHO GIGS:

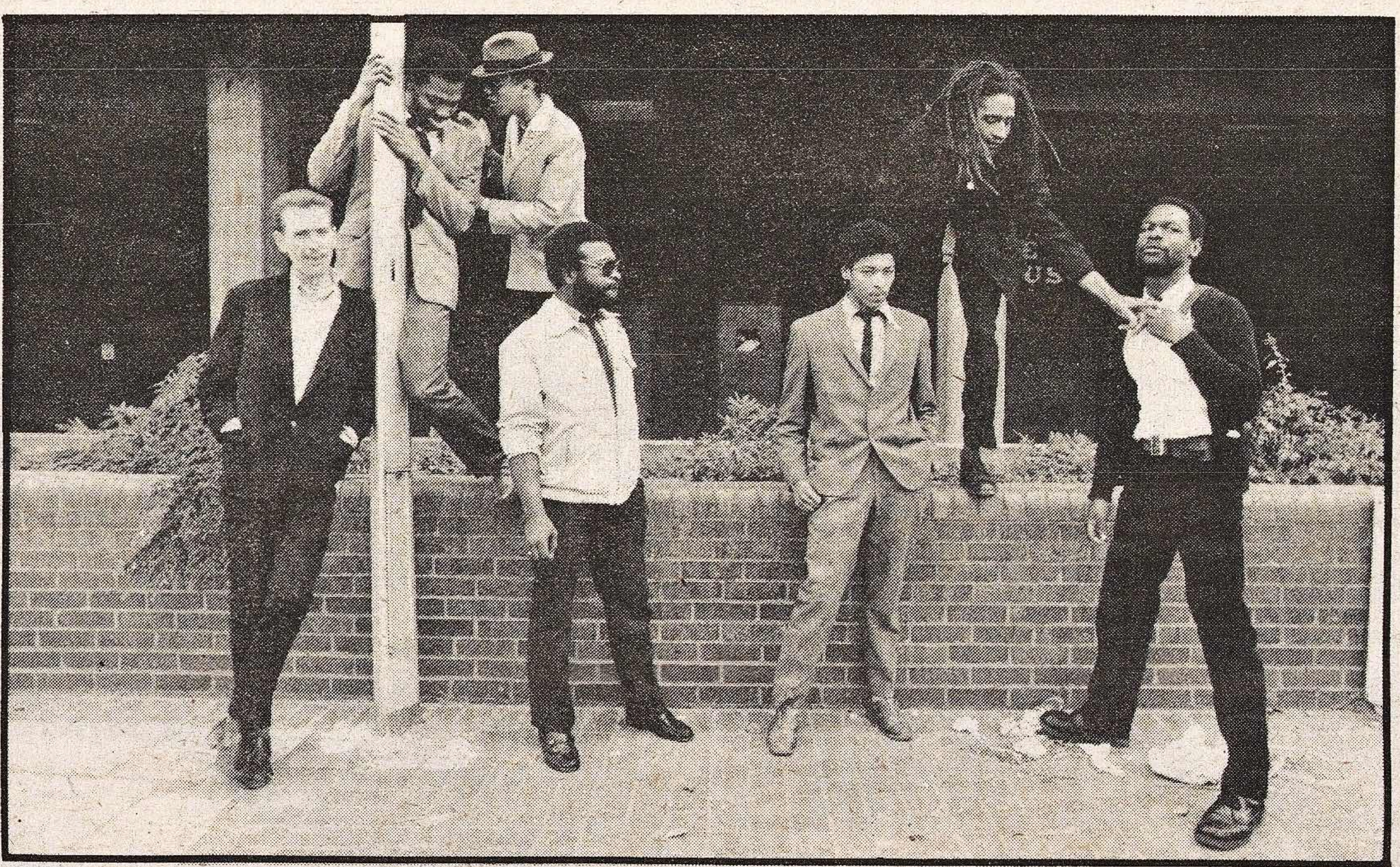
SEPTEMBER	
5 WAKEFIELD	Unity Hall
6 LONDON	Notre Dame Hall
15 MIDDLESBOROUGH	Rock Garden
21 MANCHESTER	Factory
22 LIVERPOOL	Eric's (2 shows)
28 DUNDEE	Technical College
OCTOBER	
5 BIRMINGHAM	Digbeth's Civic Hall
6 NOTTINGHAM	Sandpiper
12 EGHAM	Royal Holloway College
13 NORTHAMPTON	County Cricket Ground
18 SHEFFIELD	Limit Club
19 RETFORD	Porterhouse
20 STERLING	University
26 PLYMOUTH	Clones
27 TORQUAY	Town Hall

MUCHO MORE SOON

OUT NOW!
FIRST SINGLE
ON BOL TALI SNATZO RECORD!

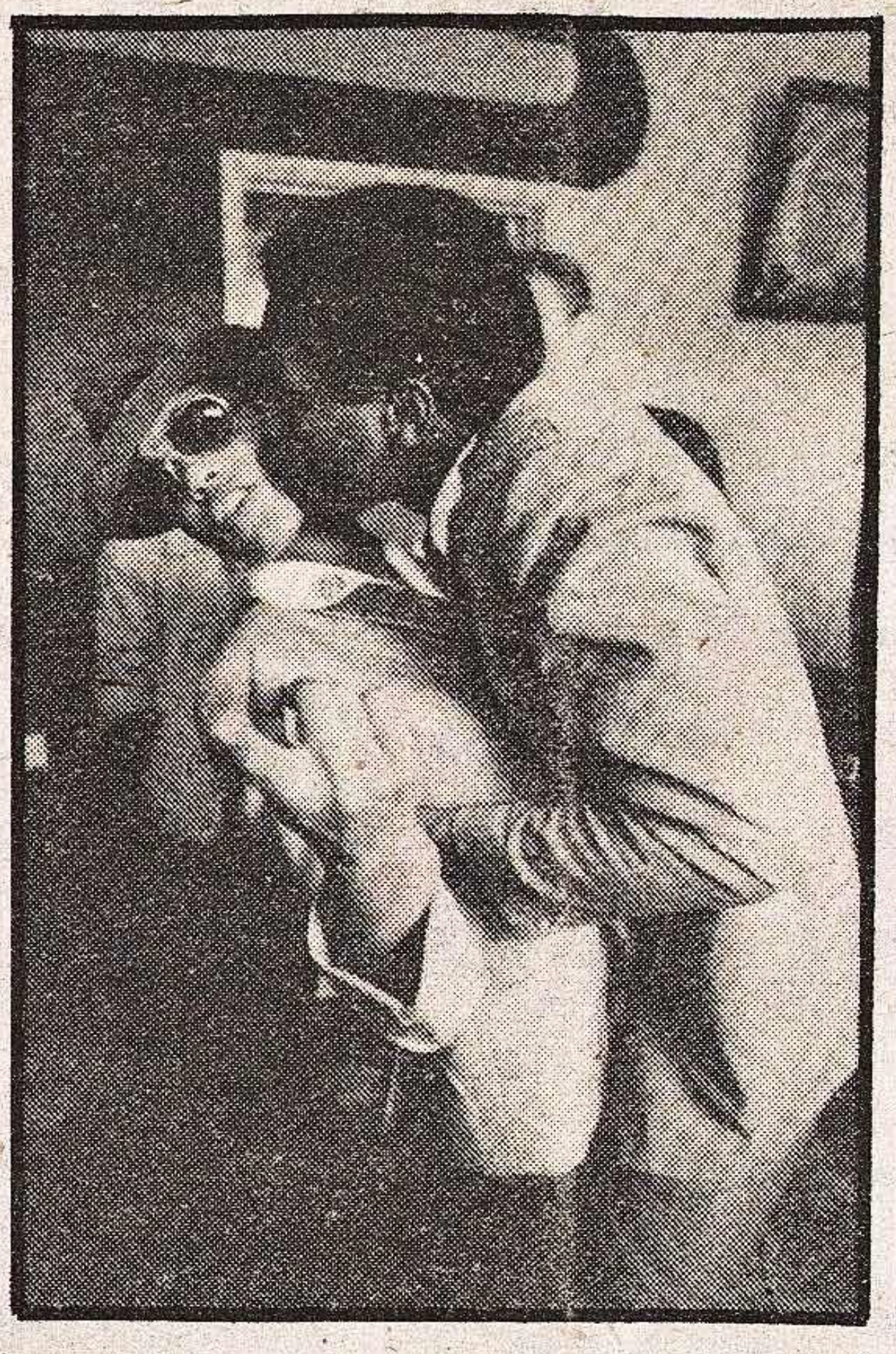
Marketed by DIN

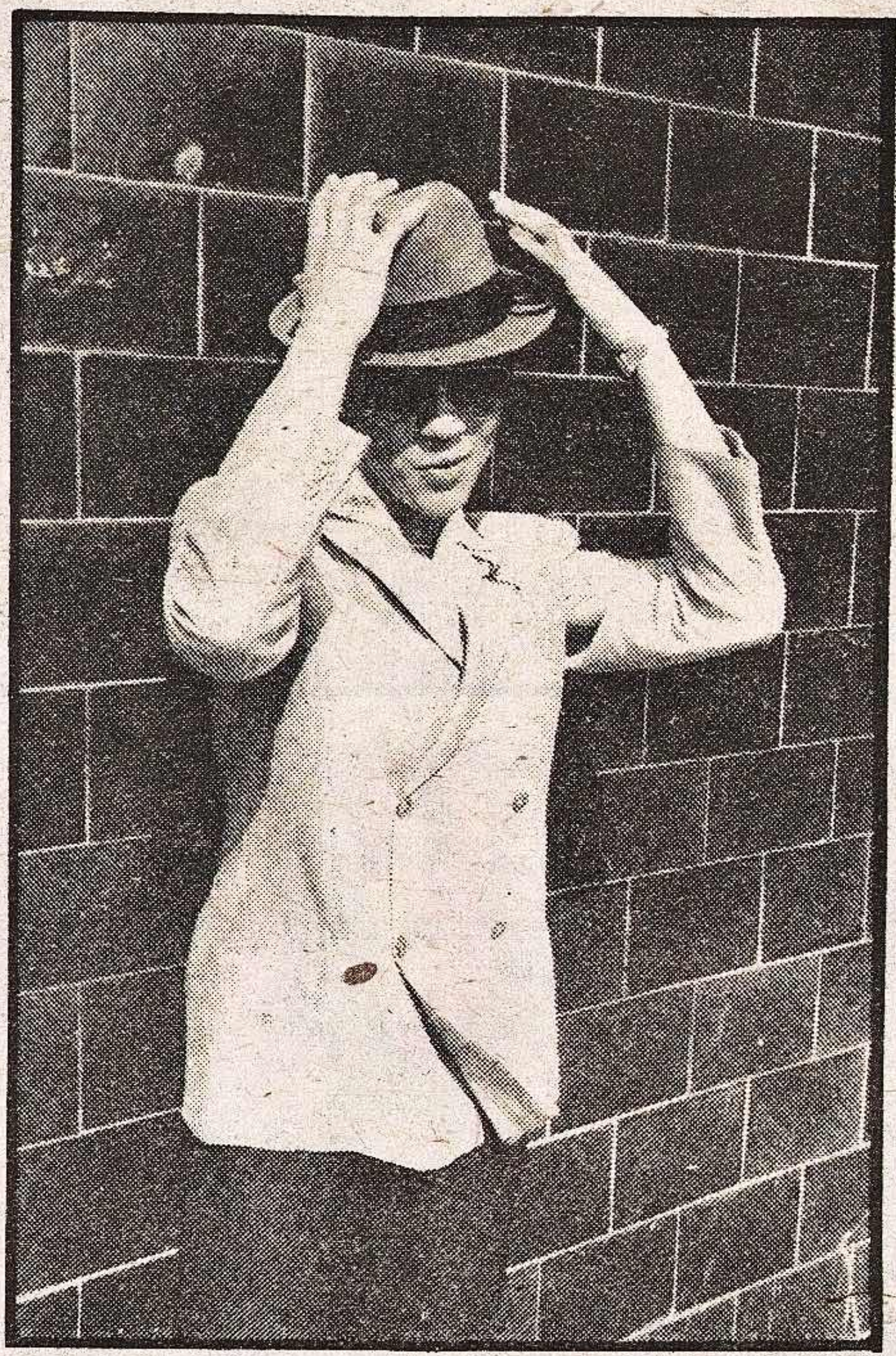
Is The Selector anything to do with Militant Barrington or 'Breakfast In Bedser'? . . .

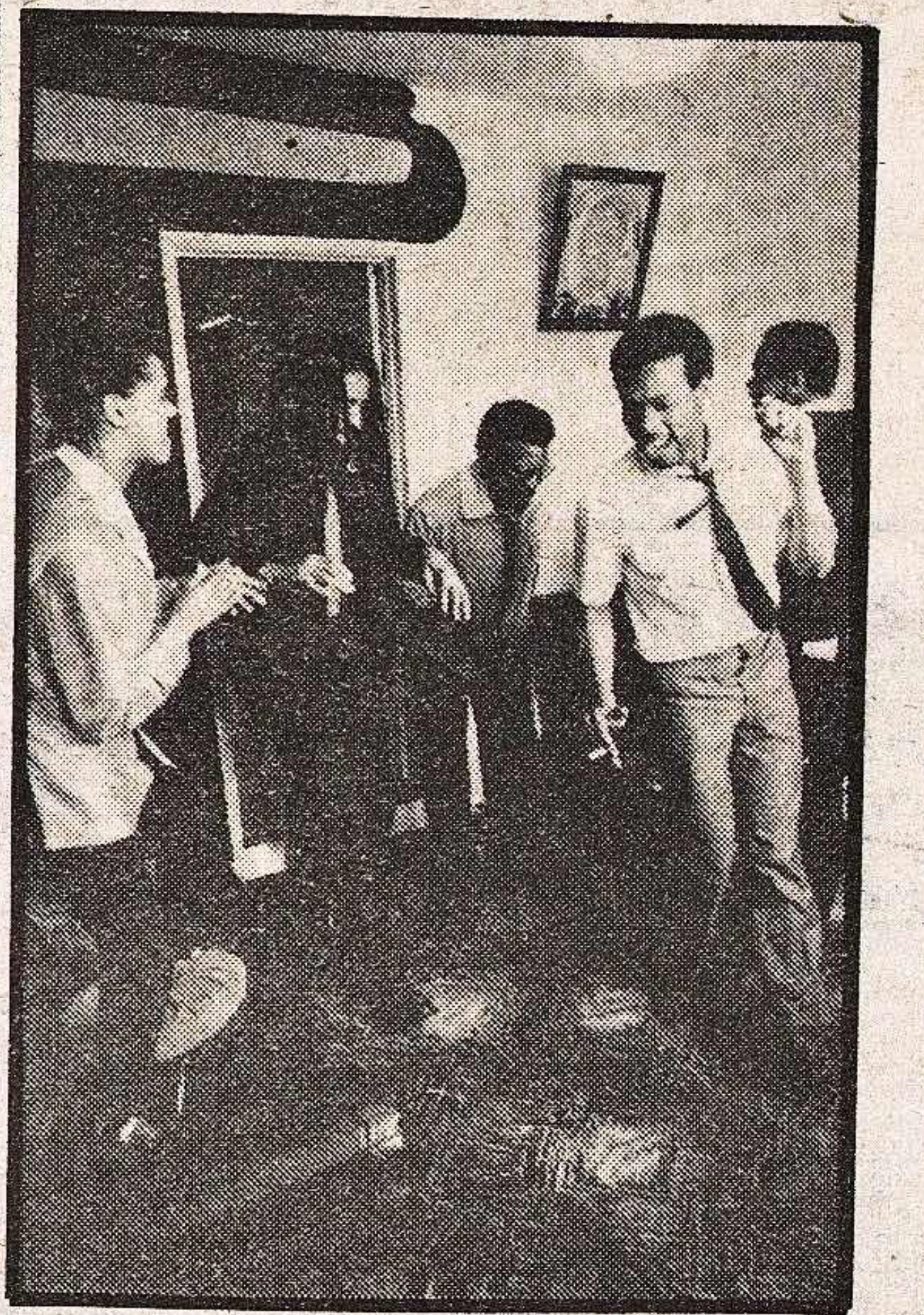


Selecter: l to r: Neol, Desmond, Pauline, Chalie H, Camptin, Charlie Gaps.

They Still Bear The Skas







Paul Rambali is sent to Coventry where The Selecter agree to talk to him all the same. Chris Horler gets the pictures.

BLACK SHOES, bright socks, black shades, white shirt, black trilby, irridescent trousers a tad too short and chest-hugger jackets . . . Stepping down from the inter-city train to skaville I double-check the notice boards for fear of transgressing a local by-law that requires the youth of the city of Coventry to look sharp as a crease and rough as a rudie.

There isn't one. There might as well be.

Simmering down amidst the red-brick post-war development, elevated ring roads and concrete shopping precincts, is a melting pot of what you might call trans-cultural music and dress that could very soon — if not already — effect a sound and style for '79.

Not a renewal — the euphemism for revival — made in '65 for re-consumption in '79 but a little something for the present, looking forward rather than back. Sated as you may well be with people too busy looking in a rear-view mirror to reflect what it is to be approaching the '80s (which, despite evidence to the contrary, I can't help feeling we are) the prospect must beckon.

It's a meeting of minds, a marriage of idioms; something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue (beat) and this isn't meant to sound cynical but it's probably the most bankable thing to come out of Coventry since the Climax fork truck. At its vanguard are The Specials, bringing up the rear, The Selecter. Inbetween? Not a lot. Not yet anyway.

The Selecter originated on the flip side of The Specials' 'Gangsters', an instrumental skank hung around Neol (sic) Davis guitar with Specials drummer Prince Rimshot and Selecter bassist Charlie. It's better than the 'A' side, but then that's one of The Specials' lesser songs, so there you go.

The name Selecter invokes those old autochanger decks for stacking up old hits in the current nostalgia-ridden air. The Selecter are nothing of the sort. They're infectious ska-based reggae rockers who on present form alone could give any club level outfit a run for your money. And they only fell in alongside Neol Davis some six months back, coalescing from the same Coventry clique whence came The Specials.

Neol, hunched over the wheel of his rusty black Beetle, sorts a few facts from the confusion.

"The difference between us and The Specials is the different kind of balance of influences between all the members. There are 14 musicians involved between the two bands at the moment, then there are other people outside the two bands, whom we've all been involved with over the years. There's loads of us. We've all been in rock bands, we've all been in soul bands, we've all been in reggae bands, and it all relates. It's a hybird that works.

"People pick up on ska so easily because it's so good," remarks Neol, almost matter-of-factly. "Every place has a particular identity, like Sheffield and The Human League or Manchester and Buzzcocks. You can always tell a London band, they've got a certain sound. It's the same with Coventry bands. We aren't setting out for a specific sound, we play what we play because of the things we've absorbed over the years.

"Don't get the impression that's the only music alive in this area. That's the thing about us — we're not a ska band. It's everything, the soul, the rock, the reggae, the ska, everything. And around the country it's wild; it's there straight away. The band and the audience . . . one."

ARRIVING AT a one up and one down terraced house in Hillfield, where Charlie the dreadlocked bass player lives, and where the rest of the Selecter are easing out of Saturday night and into Sunday afternoon, the cool notes of the Upsetters greet us from the makeshift hi-fi.

Decked out in what one supposes is not just their Sunday best are Charlie, Desmond (organ), Camptin (second guitar), Charlie H (drums) and Gaps and Pauline (vocals).

The latter two, once they take up the slack on a few arrangements and maybe add some third part harmony, are going to be a vocal team every bit as good to hear as they already are to watch. The rest of the band aren't great musicians, and waste no time trying to be, they just lay it down tight and right.

There's never been a British band like them. Not that they reject all that has gone before or anything, it's just that no-one's ever arrived at their combination. Which is something of a surprise when you see them (which you ought and soon) because it's obviously a great idea, full of subtlety and vigour, that performs the remarkable feat of slipping between rock reggae and funk rhythms on pop soul songs emerging with a strong identity and without seeming remotely like the uncertain, schizophrenic catch-all such a description might imply.

Their background grants them the chops to pull it off; collectively, everything from rock to steel bands and back the other way. Take Desmond, in control of one of the hardest instruments to handle well, the Hammond organ. He lists his favourite players as Jimmy Reed, Booker T, Jackie Mittoo and Dave Greenfield!

Desmond is The Selecter's most passionate spokesman and biggest clowner.

"How did we get together? Music, schooldays, friendship, fighting in the same gang, sharing the same sort of experience.

"I've known Charlie since I was 15. Me, him and Lynval from The Specials used to play in a soul band, and we've played in a reggae band, but we didn't like the heavy reggae too much, we were never into the dub side of it, we were more into the rhythm and the fun."

From these strands of mutual friendship The Selecter selected itself.

"Of all that was going on," explains Charlie, "us lot here were more able to move as a band. You've got to have everybody aiming for the same thing, seven people moving in the same direction. Then you're cool."

The Selecter's aim is to have a good time, and to say something resonant about the circumstances around them. How?

"In all ways really," says Desmond. "From the point of view of kids who are down and out, destitute. I mean, it falls right back on us. We're just like everybody else who is struggling to make something of life.

"I've been in funk and soul bands and we'd go out and say, like, 'Hey, I'm a black boy, I can skip a fucking t'ing!' and I really get into that. But in this situation we can say, 'look; life is not all money, life is not all fun.' We have the same problems as them, we're operating from their level."

But when you're on stage people don't see that side of your existence.

"That's why we play the music and lyrics we do. Like the line *'I was only having some fun, and they come and take me away.'* Anybody can relate to that."

"You see how we do it?" asks Charlie. "We don't mention SUS or anything, we just point it out. Take another song, 'Murder' — we don't do many covers, about three or four — that song was done by Owen Gray in '62 and it says *"Murder, murder, please don't do it, because that's what they want you to do"*. Then they just come and take you away. And 'Carry Go Bring Come' by The Charms, that's about gossip, loose talk.

"You could take it on a broader level too, the whole thing about the media distorting facts," adds Pauline, suddenly animated.

"A lot of the papers, if they talk to someone who happens to be influencing the youth, or the people in general, they have to find this deep underlying reason why they're doing it. We're just together because we want to put out a certain sound, with certain lyrics.

"The sound is forceful, it makes people move, and it also makes people sit up and fucking listen. And the lyrics are meaningful as well. They relate in a really simple way, like you can just sit there and think, well shit, yeah, I know what they're talking about . . . providing the PA's good. And that's all!"

Says Neol: "It's black, it's white, it's boys, it's girls all mix."

"Yeah," interrupts Pauline. "Girls. This is very important. It's not just rude boys."

"And we're not just sex symbols," adds Neol.

"You speak for yourself," says Pauline.

NOW YOU must understand that various popular refreshments have served to loosen up the atmosphere by this point, and there is something of a party going on this late afternoon in Hillfield. Unable to make herself heard above the general din, Pauline comes over to make a brief, but none the less pertinent, point.

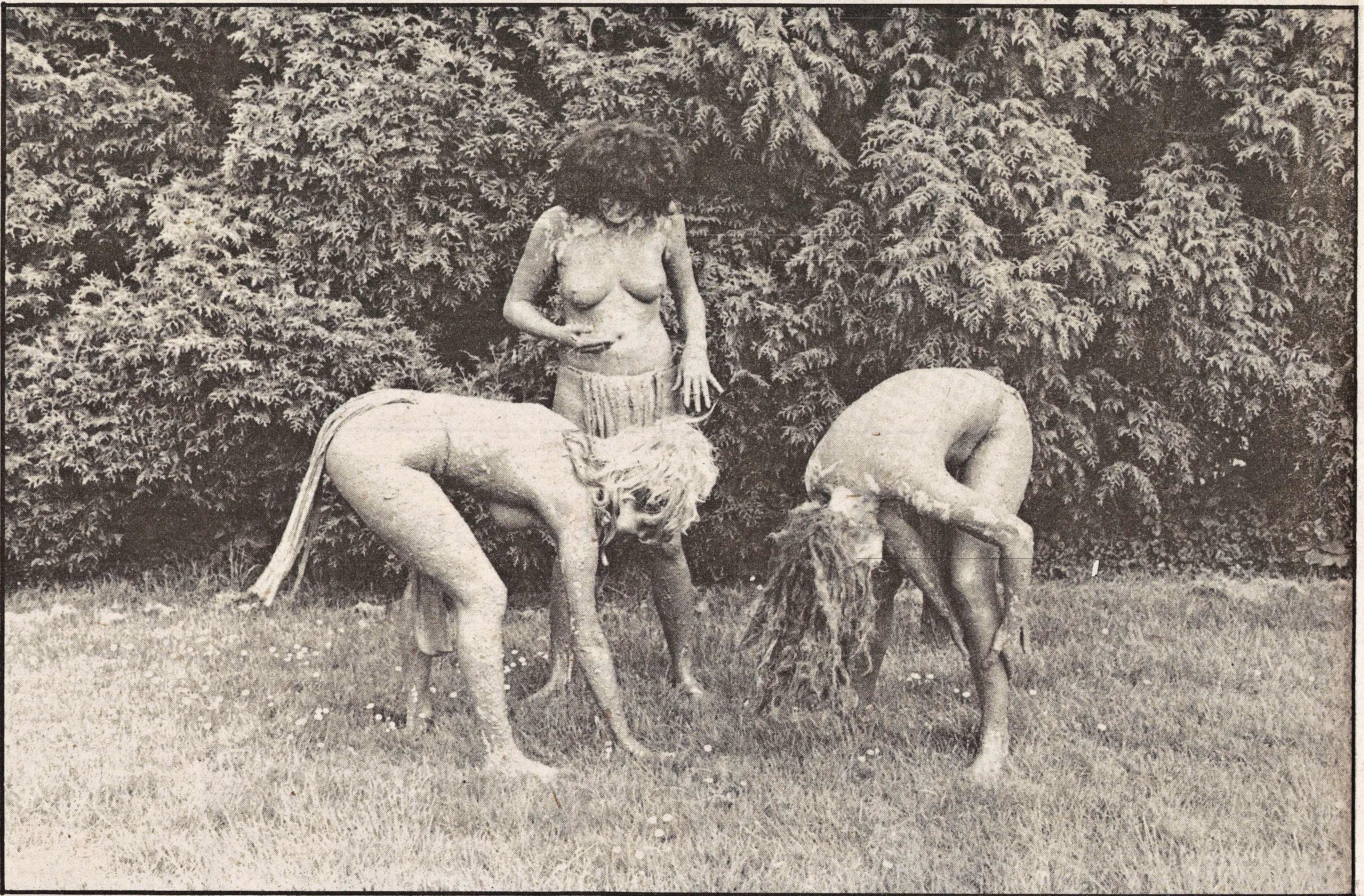
"I just want to put across that you can get up, as a woman, and you can just sing, and that's it, just dress the way you wanna dress. Joan Armatrading is the only one who actually reaches an audience as a woman. That's what I want to do, without all that shit you get from disco queens and all the rest of it."

Hearing this, Desmond subdues his spirits for a second.

"It's up to each individual to suss what is what. I mean to say, a pum-pum is a pum-pum an-"

Pauline takes the bait of Desmond's macho tease and promptly lands him a sound wallop.

I participate in some skanking and then take a powder.



Mud, mud, glorious mud, nothing quite like it for cooling the dub.

UP SLIT CREEK

Yes, those tempestuous temptresses of British rock are back and loud.
Since the loopy lovelies last graced our pages they've lost two drummers, made an LP, and had some highly unusual pix taken. Is that enough?
"It certainly is," says ADRIAN THRILLS.
"OK by me," says PENNIE SMITH.

THE IRONIES of meeting The Slits one evening last week in a health food restaurant in Covent Garden's Neal Street were not lost on your humble quill-driver: the place was no more than a stone's throw from what was once the Roxy Club.

It was a return to the vicinity of an old stomping ground not only for me but also the The Slits themselves.

Though they were not one of the bands widely associated with Andy Czezowski's punk mecca, The Slits did play one of their typically tempestuous early gigs in the murky bowels of the selfsame Neal Street cellar — sharing a plum Saturday night bill with the nascent Siouxsie And The Banshees, no less, if my memory serves me right. Furthermore, bassist Tessa was first introduced to the two original band members, singer Ari and drummer Palmolive, at the Roxy.

Revisiting the place, which closed its doors to punk for the final time around the beginning of last year, jolted me like a sharp kick in the ribs. It was a timely reminder of just how much things have moved on in the last couple of years. Not least for The Slits.

Their story to date has been one of an enigmatic band with rare, radical promise and earth-shattering potential. But there has been little in the way of actual realisation of this until very recently. Though their gigs have always been exciting, unpredictable affairs, that vital spark of true greatness was conspicuous by its absence.

On the plus side there was always Ari, wrongly maligned as just a puerile and precocious teen age brat — a fine singer with the effervescence, spontaneity and looseness of one of JA's talkover kings. At her best, Ari can be the most 'open' stage performer since Patti Smith before she traded in her soul for a sackful of self-indulgence.

Their collective visual, too, has never been anything less than striking — a gaudy and giddy, ever-changing assortment of tights, tu-tu's, flasher-macs and boisterous barnets.

And the songs — even the early primal punk thrashes of 'Vaseline', 'Number One Enemy' and 'Let's Do The Split' which have since been discarded — were usually pretty good into the bargain.

Where The Slits tended to fall down was in their lack of control, their failure to improve the musical ability to fully realise their far-reaching artistic visions. If things started to go wrong onstage — usually through Tessa failing to keep time or Ari throwing a tantrum — their live set always fell apart at the seams.

The Slits — in some ways to their credit — could never *fake* A Good Professional Show.

TOWARDS THE end of last year it began to look as if The Slits' sometimes painfully slow progress could run aground in a quagmire of indecision and a lack of any real direction.

But, like I said, things have moved on.

From the rampant cacophony of their roots, this band have now matured into something rather special.

Is that too sweeping a generalisation? If so, then look no further than The Slits' long-awaited vinyl debut, their LP 'Cut'.

The album is a masterwork: the sound of The Slits fullfilling themselves in a mighty manner that few would have dreamed possible this time two months ago, let alone two years back!

It is an album of extremes, from the teasing, urgent vocals of Ari and the clipped, scratchy guitar work of Viv Albertine to Tessa's thudding, sonorous bass, drummer Budgie's reggaematic backdrop and Dennis 'Blackbeard' Bovelle's strictly dub-wise production.

It is a triumph because The Slits have harnessed and directed their turbulent, muddled energies creatively.

Above all, they have disciplined themselves — and that is the last word which would previously have come to mind where The Slits are involved.

Ari, for one, is all-too-ready to admit as much as she munches her way through a massive platter of rice and vegetables outside the aforementioned Neal Street eaterie. Sitting on a stray trolley from the adjacent fruit market, she looks up from beneath a black fedora and grins.

"When you make your record, you have to go through something mind-wise the same way as you do physically when you're learning something like King Fu . . ."

"I learnt a real lot from it," echoes Viv from under a tousled mop of rumbustious blonde hair. "I learnt about myself a lot, and about relating really closely to other people.

"That's one thing about being in a group — you never realise before how difficult it is to stay with people for so many years, working with people who you wouldn't necessarily choose as mates.

"But you just grow together and that shows that anyone can do it really. It just shows how you can take anyone off the street and, with enough understanding and perseverance, you can get a friend out of it.

"It's like discipline of the mind, which is a good thing. You hate it when you're at school. When I came out of school, I threw all discipline away. But you don't really get too much together without your own sense of discipline.

"Not that The Slits have reached any great disciplined types. It's not a cold discipline. It's a personal thing. A creative discipline.

"It's the effort to not just say 'Ah, fuck it! I can't work with you arseholes!' You could say that after a month or two if you weren't bothered to understand other people's problems and then your own problems in relating to them and your own insecurities. It really is an effort!"

It is an effort that The Slits, in their early days, did not really make.

"How could we possibly have been disciplined when we didn't get on at all in the beginning? The whole point is that anyone can do it! You just have to take the action in doing it."

THE SLITS see their album as an extension of their volatile personalities. Where they are confused and confusing, their record is confused and confusing — and often better for it. Where they are forthright and assertive, their record is likewise. And so it goes — 'Cut' is a very lifelike, natural record.

But in the beginning, there was just *rhythm,* and the reason Ari joined The Slits was because she was in love with rhythm.

"Every sound that you hear is rhythm!" she giggles, not half as seriously or pompously as it looks in print. "Everything is part of the pattern. Humans are my drugs and rhythm is sex! Fucking is rhythm and so is the earth going round and every footstep and every heartbeat!

"The way you go about your music is the way you go about your life. Like I said, rhythm and life go together. Like if you see someone playing what they think is music, like some of the groups you get on *Top Of The Pops* now, then you can see their lifelines from it.

"And if you say that they are a bunch of wankers, what makes you say that? It's not only the music. It's the way that they pose to it. Then you see that both things go together. Their rhythm is their lifeline.

"Some rhythm isn't music to me. Like when you're into a thing for money, then your heart drops out and the heart is made out of rhythm and if you ain't got the heart, then the rhythm ain't there . . . like we've checked so many fucking drummers!"

Which brings us, briefly, to the subject of The Slits' percussive problems.

Since the departure of their first drummer Palmolive — first to The Raincoats and, from there, on to her Spanish homeland — The Slits have been without a permanent fixture behind the traps.

Palmolive's original replacement was Budgie, a Liverpool lad formerly of Big In Japan and The Spitfire Boys. He completed one tour with the band and it is his playing that so illuminates the album, but he was never really considered a full-time Slit and has since moved on to a seat in Glen Matlock's latest amalgam.

So although they are currently rehearsing with a drummer by the name of Ranking Rene, The Slits find themselves in an unenviable position remarkably similar to that The Clash were in two years ago — a classic debut album is in the bag but they have no means of going out and promoting it as they would wish . . . as a complete band. Still, there are strong rumours of a tour being in the pipeline for the autumn.

INTERVIEWING The Slits can be an awkward and difficult affair — at one point I clicked my tape machine off in resignation at the two-way communication breakdown. Both Ari and Viv obstinately refuse to answer any direct questions about the album, or how it was made, or their songwriting, or their relationship with producer Blackbeard, while the broody Tessa simply says nowt about owt throughout. In short, they don't want to talk about anything as trivial as *themselves!* Facts, to them, are boring and unnecessary.

And for a group who — with a certain amount of justification — are continually being labelled elitist, their reasoning is surprising. It is when I ask what led to the album being called 'Cut' — admittedly a dumb question — that Ari gets heated, launching into a broadside against the confines of formalised interviews.

"People think that we're arrogant. But that's 'cause they fall into the trap of twisting things. If we were going to talk about our record then that would be snobbish! Everyone always twists things! I hope that you can see that and don't take me for a snob.

"It's selfish and snobbish to talk about your records. That's how groups get into their own ego trips: because they answer all those stupid questions."

But by refusing to talk about your record you can build the whole thing into a great big mysterious secret, which is just what you are trying to avoid.

Viv disagrees. "With questions like that you just help build a great mystique around people and make them snobbish. When you talk about yourselves in terms of records and record producers it becomes difficult for other people to relate to. It's of no use to anyone else. The pattern is so predictable.

"But everyone is a human and everyone has millions of things in common that you could ask . . . something that might be a bit of help to someone else. Maybe they might think 'I do that as well', and they won't feel so lonely. I'd rather be a bit more useful like that.

"I like Art to be useful. I think our record is useful. I think it's useful in the way that someone can take it and it's juicy. You can get interesting remarks from it and you can learn from it, just as we can learn from the reactions to it. It's like having a conversation. Our record's a conversation with The Slits."

> ***"The way you go about your music is the way you go about your life. Like I said, rhythm and life go together."***

Talking specifically about the lyrics on the album also gets a unanimous thumbs down. As much as I resent groups unwilling to discuss the content of their songs, The Slits are at least prepared to justify their stance.

"They're not abstract lyrics" — Viv again — "They're not that hard to figure out. It's fucking obvious! That's as far as it goes. They're not abstract 'cause we want them to be understood. We don't want to have to sit around explaining them. They're there to be understood.

"You can't explain to everyone how they should be received. It touches everyone in a different way. It will spark off different ways depending on where they're at."

One thing the band readily concede, however, is the debt they owe to Palmolive, one of the founder members with Ariana and a vital figure in shaping the group until her departure less than a year ago.

It is not just for the sake of making the royalty payments simpler that all the songs on 'Cut' are credited to The Slits *and* Palmolive.

"We were all in it together," says Ari. "We struggled and sweated together. If Palmolive would have left three days earlier and Viv or me or Tessa had written another three songs, they would still go under The Slits *and* Palmolive 'cause Palmolive was in the group at the time.

"We have done it all as a together thing. We sweated together. You shouldn't separate it, never. No matter who wrote the lyrics, the influences came through what you went through together."

AND MAKE no mistake, The Slits have been through a lot together, regardless of the fact that none of it has been recorded on vinyl until now. They've gigged sporadically for two years, toured, been through more managers than hot dinners. But more than any of that stuff, they have grown up together, erasing some of the pride and prejudices in their characters along the way.

As Ari would have it: to come to terms with yourself properly, you have to go on a 'character diet'. Just accept that there is good and bad in everyone, including yourself, and shed the bad points like a spare tyre of unwanted calories.

"The one thing that you have to accept is that there are parts of you that are shit! If you think that you are a good person but you see a part of you that is shit, then you start hating yourself and get depressed with yourself."

"When something happens and it dawns on you that there's something inside yourself that you really don't like," adds Viv succinctly, "Like something might happen and you'll notice that you're a possessive person and you could start to hate yourself for it and feel insecure about it.

"But I think that's a natural thing in a way . . . . you know what animals are like about territory. I think possessiveness is the same as that really. Apart from the western way of making you want to have things through advertising, I think there's a basic possessiveness about people."

Hypocrisy, reasons Ari, is another example, and she winds off on another justification of her stand.

"The only reason why hypocrisy exists is 'cause you're frightened and the only reason why fright exists is 'cause you're frightened of being alone and the only reason why you're frightened of being alone is 'cause you haven't got a relationship with yourself and the only reason you haven't got a relationship with yourself is 'cause you haven't accepted that there's natural shit in you!

"If you accept that there's natural shit in you, then maybe next week or next year it will be gone!"

Then there's the difference between The Life Pattern and *life* itself . . .

"The life pattern," explains a by-now animated Ari, actually seeming to relish the interview for the first time, "is like the fact that the earth exists and space exists and it goes through its millions of years. The life pattern is civilisation and Babylon, the system that we're in now. And then there's *life* . . ."

Come again?

"What she's trying to say," interjects Viv helpfully, "is that there are things that you deal with on the surface which are like the aggressions of everyday life and its minute-to-minute frustrations. What we try to do is not let them upset us too much . . . which we usually don't do very well at all.

"And then there's the deeper struggle for some sort of harmony or whatever, for a free mind. They're the two ways you live — one is like trying to free your mind of conditioning, which is what people have been struggling for for years back and forth. And then there's the surface things that you deal with everyday and usually get too wrapped up in."

And Tessa?

"I just think you've gotta keep laughing. You can't take it seriously!"

"That's just the same thing," Ari butts in unceremoniously. "Treat the life pattern superficially!"

THE INTERVIEW over, I tag along with Viv to a gig run by the London Musicians' Collective. The collective are a loose aggregation of individuals — guitarists, percussionists, wind and brass players, and sundry others — who perform free, as in improvised, music for pleasure and very little profit in the bohemian confines of a monastic building just off Chalk Farm Road in London's Camden Town.

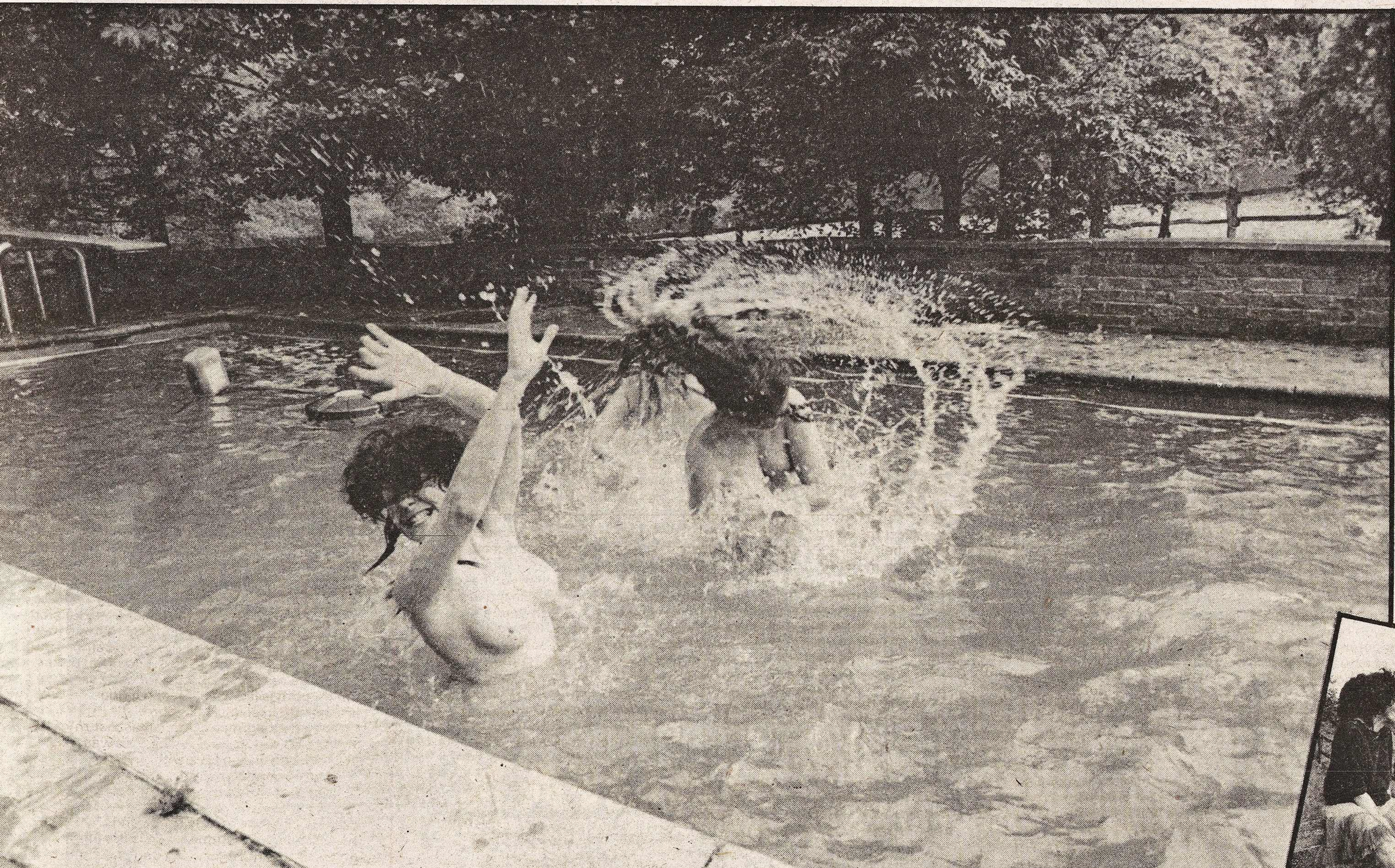
By all normal critical standards what they do is a crock of pretentious piffle; over-indulgent and devoid of any conventional saving. rhythmic graces. But it would be utterly wrong to write off their open-ended minority-meanderings just like that.

Viv, although only a recent convert, is already a keen admirer of their impetuous improvisations.

"I just like watching them. It's music that you really have to use your imagination to dance to. I think it would be great music to skank to. It's just so far from everything else. It's very brave. It really is an extreme, like when the double bass player swings his bow in the air . . . uses the air as his instrument. I love it!"

Personally, I'm not quite as sure as Viv about that one just yet. But there are a couple of things that I really like about the collective: firstly, their near-anarchistic drive to go against the musical grain, and secondly, their natural sense of body rhythm.

Funnily enough, those are just about the two single most impressive things about the best moments of 'Cut', already a cert for one of my albums of the year. But don't take it serious . . . The Slits certainly don't.



It's time that the ladies had a bath (don't be daft).

TODAY, THEY'VE MORE IN COMMON THAN JUST JOHN, PAUL, GEORGE & RINGO.

They were all acting just like any other self-respecting Beatles' fan acted.

But that was fifteen years ago, and the thing that's closest to their hearts now was probably the furthest away from their minds then.

Today, believe it or not, they're all probably married with children and a home of their own.

It comes to us all.

And when it does, more people come to the Halifax for help with that first home than any other building society in Britain.

Last year alone, the Halifax granted nearly 150,000 mortgages.

That's a whole lot of homes.

Mind you, the Halifax is the biggest building society in the world, with over five million savers.

So it's a place where you know your money is safe and secure.

And with a number of different savings plans that all pay good interest rates, there's bound to be one just right for you.

So when you've stopped screaming and started dreaming of a place of your own, remember, start saving with the Halifax.

HALIFAX

The kind of rock everybody needs.

ALBUMS

The Young Modernists Search for God . . .

BUZZCOCKS
A Different Kind Of Tension
(United Artists)

Since the departure of Howard Devoto Buzzcocks have degenerated into an incoherent, neutral pop group where acidity and criticism have become lamentably diluted. The processes of becoming a popular group interfered with the development of the art and the creativity; the demands of communicating became more important than the nature of the communication. The punk problem.

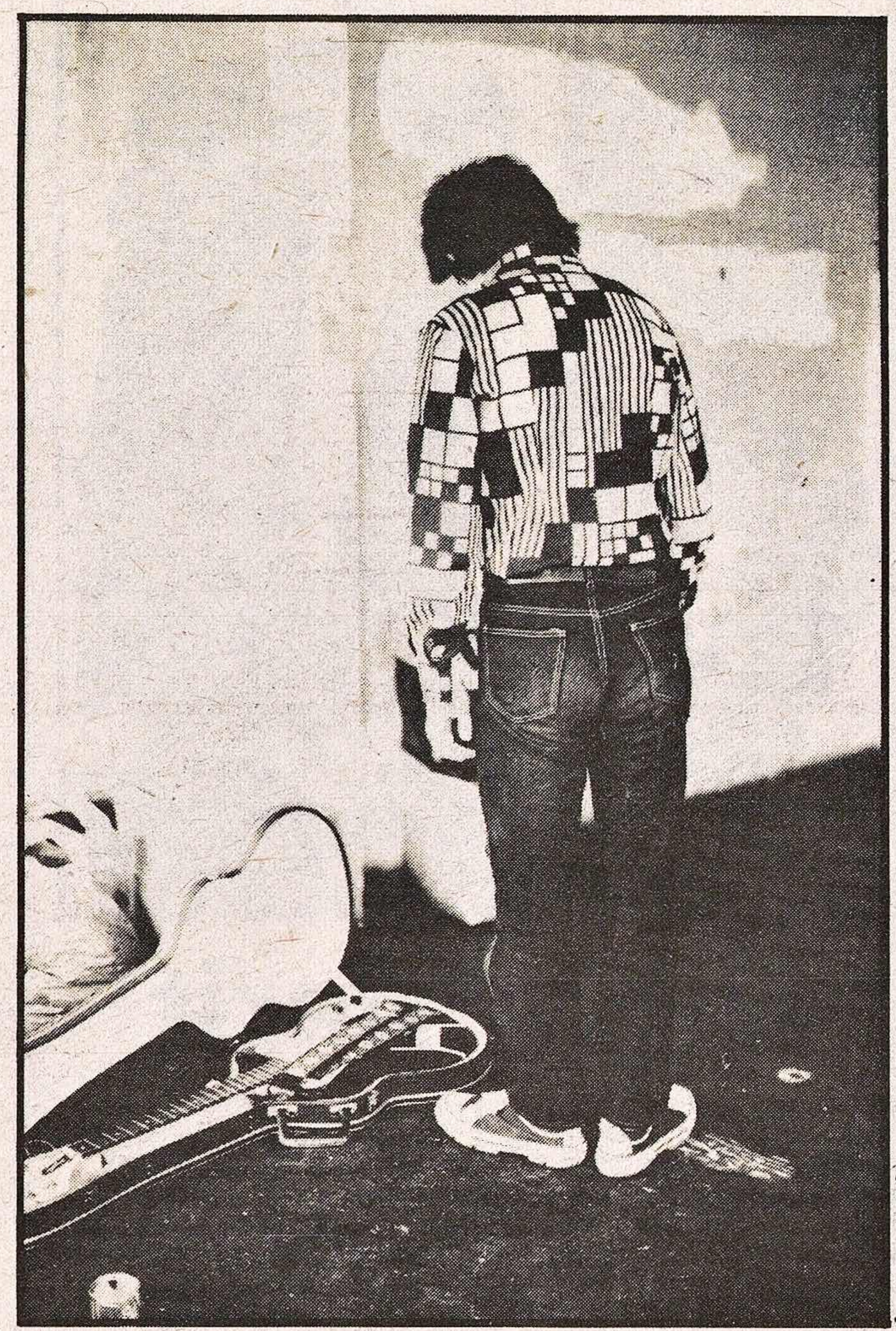
'A Different Kind Of Tension' is Buzzcocks in total control of their sound and their confessions. It is a work of accusation, stress and examination that is worth involving yourself with as much as 'Spiral Scratch', the harder parts of 'Another Music In A Different Kitchen' and the more rigorous of their minor hit singles. It is a restoration of the descriptive, moralistic assertion of the purest and most passionate Buzzcocks. And that is very good.

The LP is an aggravated, convincingly disenchanted and critically realistic collection of realisations, arguments and doubts. Buzzcocks' super-vitality has always shown when they explore the pressures and ambiguities of emotional and moral compromises. 'Spiral Scratch' was hardly such an unimaginable classic for its place in 'history', or for Devoto's wretched, fanatical vocals, but because it was four precise, definitive images of the euphoric, depressive balances between the urgency of desires and the mundanity of their actuality. The best of post 'Spiral' Shelley the conversationalist's songs have had the dialectic, deductive and dramatic attack of that record, but there has been progressively more softhearted affection and casual exchanges. Added to this, there's been no sort of consistency, or even genuine controversy.

The Peter Shelley of 'Another Kind Of Tension' is a songwriter and commentator of new maturity, dedication and discretion. The songs on 'Tension' are his first since the early days that needed to be written by 'Peter Shelley' and obviously have been. In its depth, with the extent of its probing, voyeurism and insight, and ultimately because of its compulsive vitality, 'Tension' is at last the full follow-up to 'Spiral Scratch'. Finally, an extension. Shelley facing up to new surroundings, ironies, compromises. New values.

This is not a happy record, but it is not resigned. The ironical viewpoint Shelley attempted to make with the clumsy 'Everybody's Happy Nowadays' biases all his contributions here in a much firmer manner. Shelley plows through valuable self-analysis in his songs that are as much about the contemporary predicament as anyone's I can think of. These are egocentric investigations, but they are symptomatically confused. Crucially, Shelley has moved out of the one dimension of awkward bisexuality, bitter-sweet lost lust/love and reality-dream; now he is looking past the cheek of his current close companion and experiencing and attacking new disappointments.

Symbolic of his present state of mind is side one's third song, 'You Say You Don't Love Me'. A shockingly cruel parody of the Shelley pop gems, the vocals are malicious and mocking. Such malice signifies the end of the Shelley love moan. Nowhere on the album is there a thrilling, kicking 'I Don't Mind' melody. Melodies are less jolly, more deliberate, except occasionally when Shelley's undermining the gravity of his own words.


Pic: Pennie Smith

Shelley: *"I'm sure He was here a minute ago."*

Musically, the album has a consistency that wasn't achieved by either the patchy, chronological 'Another Music . . .' or the messy 'Love Bites'. For all that, it still seems like a blueprint for better things; Buzzcocks have attained, after some hesitation, a ravishing symmetery, an intelligent balance of alert, agitated guitars and forceful, flexible rhythmic incitement, but there's still plenty of room to move from there. The music of 'Tension' comes from the sensitised, glancing rush and nervy twist of 'Ever Fallen In Love . . .' and the accumulative, gripping repetition of the B side of the ugly 'Harmony In My Head', 'Something's Gone Wrong Again'. It's an accessible, exhilarating and interesting sound, but it's not conclusive.

Side one is a mixture of Diggle and Shelley shorts, three of each. The arrangement isn't as sloppy as on 'Love Bites', where Diggle's intrusions were badly lopsided. Here, none of Diggle's songs are as uncouth as 'Harmony' or as ambitious as 'Automony'. 'Sitting Round At Home', 'You Know You Can't Help It' and 'Mad Mad Judy' are rough 'Abbey Road' surrogate rousers, succeeding because of their artful spray of guitars and the stern rhythm discipline, yet almost losing that success because of Diggle's uncomfortable voices.

Shelley's side one songs, the urgent opening affirmation, 'Paradise', 'You Say You Don't Love Me' with its unnerving Nick Drake soundalike phrasing, and 'Raison D'Etre' are scattered hints of the new Shelley concern.

Side one is brisk and biting: almost standard rock mobility. Side two is the Shelley tour-de-force, undoubtedly the best Buzzcocks since 'Spiral Scratch'. The lonely and unsure solipsist is not looking for meaning, but looking for ways to survive in the opaque, obstinate world of lack of meaning. This isn't comprehension, but confrontation and compromise. Side two systematically constructs a turbulent, impressionable pattern of disillusionment, despondency, defiance, compliance, hostility, integrity, banality and identity.

'I Don't Know What To Do With My Life' is a short, tight study of restlessness. 'Money' is an economic, almost pathetic representation of paranoia and isolation, with a contorted riff that straightens into 'Hollow Inside', a bass-heavy, insistent, claustrophobic anthem of futility which drifts to an impressive fade. 'A Different Kind Of Tension' itself is an overwrought, effective translation of inner struggle, using dervish call and response.

After this disturbing build-up, this evocative series of observations from the verge of a nervous breakdown, Shelley offers his answer, his relief, his escape. With its atmosphere of childish curiosity, of stubborn naivety, with its warming appreciation of the need to be concerned, the seven minute 'I Believe' is a touching, tempered solution to the feelings of futility. Shelley nakedly and unashamedly reels off his faith in the small things: *"I believe that I'm not the only one . . . I believe in my mum and dad . . . I believe in the immaculate conception . . . I believe in the resurrection . . . I believe in the elixir of youth . . . I believe in the absolute truth . . . I believe in perpetual motion . . . . I believe in total devotion . . ."*.

Against such niceties, Shelley's pained chorus contradicts with *"there is no love in this world anymore"*.Shelley, though, has his faith. His survival is a blend of cynicism and naivety, whilst all through the side Buzzcocks complement these passionate emotional / Spiritual fragments with an immaculate sense of atmosphere and arrangement. The side develops with soulful, imposing and tense drama.

In a year when Joy Division, The Slits, who not long ago were looking up to and supporting Buzzcocks, Swell Maps and The Undertones, who will quote the group as a major influence, when all these have made music that is 'better', that is more imaginative, adventurous and stimulating than anything Buzzcocks have produced since 'Spiral Scratch' and 'What Do I Get?', it is right and proper that Buzzcocks should resoundingly prove that they are not already worn out. 'Another Kind Of Tension' is a relevant LP and shows Peter Shelley to be so much more than a craftsman who made up a handful of sublime melodies.

Paul Morley

. . . Or At Least Some Sort Of Soul

GARY NUMAN
The Pleasure Principle
(Beggars Banquet)

And people seethe at the Golden Boy.

Let's forget the threadbare rock'n'roll bitch that it's all been done before by 'proper' artists — Bowie this, Kraftwerk that — because, although the groundwork was laid down by lots of clever folk long ago nobody has done what Gary Numan is doing right now. Outside of Moroder, electronic music has always avoided commercial success with its accent on extended aural think pieces 'hi, Tangerine Dream', or indulgent student pranks (hey, Orchestral Manouevres In The Dark or, perhaps, Telex!).

But Numan is knocking out a bunch of important sounding moog anthems that never threaten to stray from ABC pattern, gives them a traditional rock backline and stammers through the most obvious of 'futuristic babble' lyrics — and thus lulls the punter to believe that their musical tastes are taking leaps forward.

Simply, Numan is making intelligent music for people who aren't intelligent. (And, unless you're the most guilty liberal, you know just how many folk just aren't too sharp).

This outlook I have confirmed by the amount of people, mainly boys, who will trot up to my DJ podium and ask for something by 'The Tube'. When I have to decline their requests, they invariably step back and with the look of a conqueror on their face say "What, is he too weird for this place?" then stride away with the air of a person of great discernment.

And Gary is their Hero. I think Numan is harmless enough. I certainly don't believe the man himself is overly smart, which is probably his biggest selling point. After all, anyone with a bit of suss would shrink from penning anything as embarrassing as ninety per cent of the lyrics on 'TPP'. Example: *"These are no faces/This is my complex . . . Am I a photo/I can't remember . . ."* Very witty, Numan. Very very witty.

No, the signs point to old Gal being a bit of an intellectual earwig by anyone's standards, but this aspect is what causes him to have a bottle to be free from all yearnings of 'critical respect' that all rock/pop crossover acts so desperately try to maintain. He sincerely believes in that 1984/Modern Man pantomime and his introduction of riffing synthesizers has tapped a very, ah, rich vein.

'The Pleasure Principle' is pure Big Brother Status Quo. The lyrics are rarely more than duosyllabic and, by picking out the middles of sentences, they try hard to remain obscure — not that they are about much in the first place. I imagine Gary would love to be the subject of large 'in-depth' features where he could be quizzed as to What It All Means, and then he could be even more tight-lipped and spin his bluff out even further.

But at the moment he seems to have forgotten that it is a bluff at all. Like, National Lampoon couldn't have got together a better 'futurepose' sleeve than this. (In which we see Gary Numan asking questions of a small red pyramid). No, our Gary is just a ham with a synthesizer and, by God, the British public does love a ham.

The music on this LP is easy and listenable — albeit not for too long — and the production — by Gazza himself — is excellent. Only 'Metal' (and didn'tcha know all the titles were but one word) is as good as 'Are Friends Electric?', but it will certainly be a number one record; its faultless inanity is irresistible.

It's ironic, too, that this is the chap who advertised to us all *Don't be a dummy.*

It seems to me that the instant Gary Numan wises up — well, that's when he stops selling records.

Danny Baker

Pic: Chris Horler

Norman: *"Do you think this pose is intense enough?"*

STRAIGHT EIGHT
No Noise From Here *(Eel Pie)*

Elton John apart, it's hard to think of a megastar whose proteges have amounted to much, artistically or commercially. The Pete Townshend/Thunderclap Newman link-up being an honourable exception, Straight Eight's debut on Townshend's Eel Pie label was a mildly intriguing prospect.

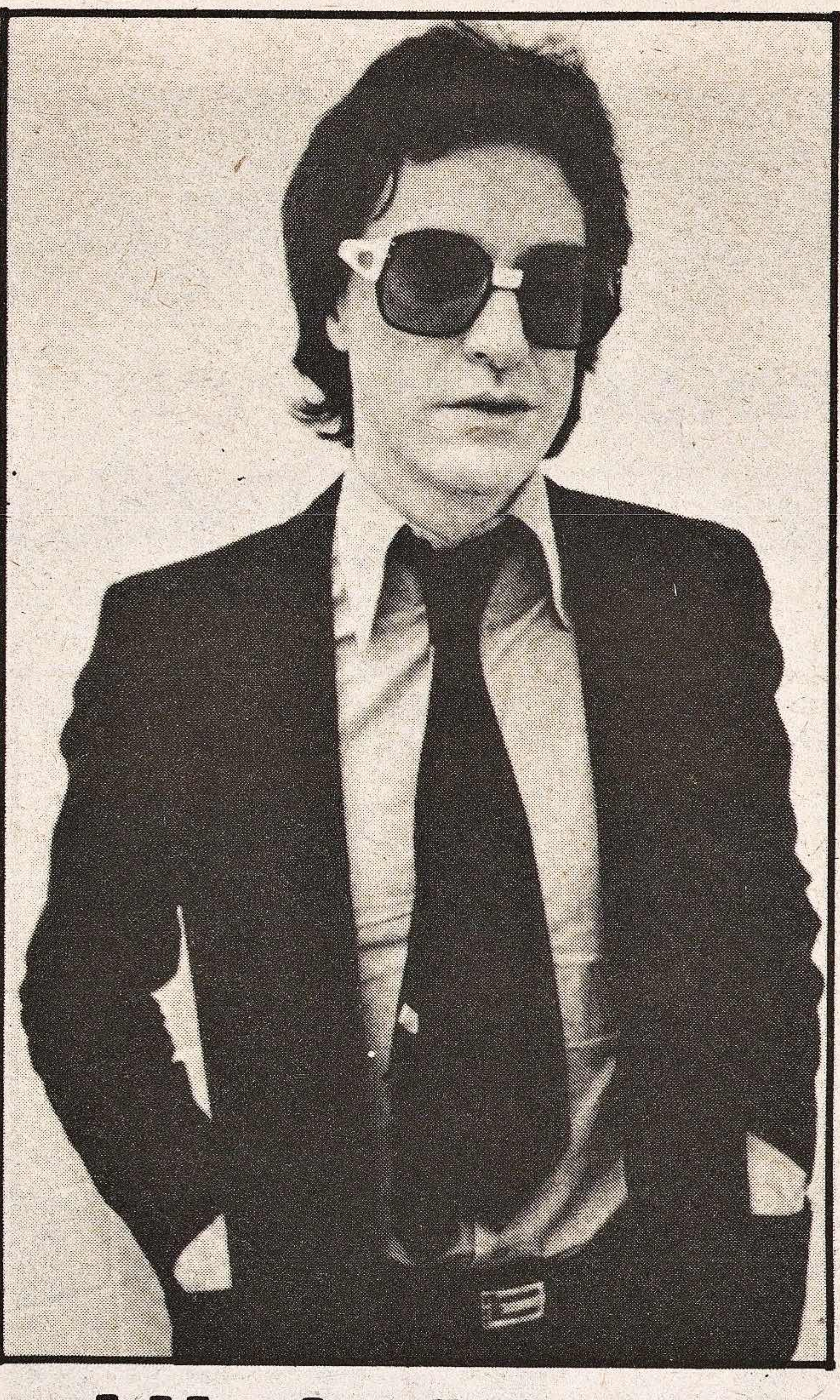
Captain Powerchords' influence is largely confined to the opener, 'I Idolise You', but the overall stamp is still firmly traditional, evoking names like Free, Humble Pie and The Faces. Rick Cassman's tunes usually avoid the obvious, his voice is lightweight yet strong and the result is personalized guitar boogie.

'No Noise From Here' is virtually a compilation, culled from sporadic sessions during the band's 15 months with Eel Pie, and as such is particularly impressive. (They're now signed to WEA.) Drummer Rod Berriedale-Johnson is consistently solid and incisive and the whole thing hangs together better than many purpose-made albums.

More to the point, recent events could conspire to yank Straight Eight from ho-hum status to a position of intense grooviness. Y'see, I've a sneaking suspicion that the current Mod-ness is proving a convenient umbrella for anyone seeking to replace the pogo pulse with regular tunes and a classic dance beat, yet anxious to avoid the stigma of powerpop wimpery.

Since these have been Straight Eight's prime ingredients all along, a slight honing of the guitar solos and a visit to the appropriate costumiers could pay off handsomely. My commission? Oh, five per cent would do . . .

Harry George



High Merit

THE KINKS
Low Budget *(Arista)*

The Kinks and the '70s have not enjoyed the most harmonious of relationships.

Things started off most tickety-boo with 1971's 'Muswell Hillbillies' (a.k.a. 'The Last Great Kinks Album') and thereafter stumbled into the most hideous series of debacles imaginable: all those El Dumbo concept albums and the most shambolic live gigs this side of Dunkirk. Ray Davies spent most of the '60s establishing a reputation as one of the UK's best and most prestigious songwriters and most of the '70s tearing it down.

As the decade zooms to a close, the chief Kink extracts the digit from wherever it had been lurking for the past eight years, injects a giant slug of silicone into his sagging reputation and whips out an entire long-playing record's worth of excellent songs.

It may come as a surprise to Modern Youth, who only know Davies from The Jam's version of 'David Watts', a few revived 45s and all those concepto-epix, that old uncle Ray was into British concerns when most of his illustrious contemporaries (chaps like The Beatles, the Stones and even The Who) were getting religious and psychedelic and mid-Atlantic and generally embarassing, that The Kinks eschewed elitism and technoflash, that Dave Davies still sounded like a garage guitarist even after he learned to play in tune, that The Kinks were one of the Great British Groups . . .

Gentle reader, can you believe an Excellent Kinks Album even after all these years? 'Low Budget' kicks off with a blaze of dirty guitar, a brisk, bashing tempo and Ray yelling incoherent abuse at some hapless third party who's probably himself: *"You try so hard not to follow any trends, then you cry in your beer and say you've got no friends/but it's not the make-up or the way that you dress, it's not your appearance that they all detest/it's not your manners that you've got to improve — it's your attitude!"*

An ode to positivism and awareness, 'Attitude' sets the tone for much of the album: the world is falling to bits, so let's all stop pissing about and bitching and whining and actually *do* something. In 'Misery' over on the second side, Ray delivers a message similar to that in John Cooper Clarke's 'I Don't Wanna Be Nice': *"Until you learn to laugh you'll never come to any parties at my house/If you go on like this the only house you'll ever visit is the nut house . . . look in the mirror and don't take yourself so seriously."* Advice of this nature would seem condescending if Davies hadn't so patently learned the lesson himself.

Elsewhere, he indulges in much timely parody: 'National Health' extracts much urine from the Stones' 'Shattered', dismisses valium as a cure for nervous tension and depression and ends up recommending exercise in much the same tone as he recommended *"a nice cup of tea"* on 'Muswell Hillbillies.' 'A Gallon Of Gas' is a nicely topical answer song to Chuck Berry's 'No Money Down' with the same bruising strutter of a riff. Ray's finally got that dream car, but it's rusting in his driveway for lack of fuel.

The Woody Allen Ploy (Ray as puzzled, inadequate little fellow in a big nasty world) is charmingly resurrected on 'Superman' (the Kinks' US disco hit with the 'Heart Of Glass' riff). Ray is 'a nine stone weakling with knobbly knees': *"I'd really like to change the world and save it from the mess it's in/I'm too weak, I'm so thin, I'd like to fly but I can't even swim."*

On the title track, we find Ray as *"a cut price person in a low budget world"*: his size 28 trousers that he brought in a sale are pinching his size 34 waist (gerrawaywiya!), his cheap shoes pinch and, on 'Little Bit Of Emotion', he borrows a few of the changes from the Stones' 'Beast Of Burden' to intone a genuinely moving plea for people to face up to their own (and other people's) emotions. The discreet employment of a fake Cockney accent on the choruses heightens the impact by putting the chorus into implied inverted commas for ironic distance. We see.

Drummer Mick Avory thrashes away as artlessly as ever, Dave Davies still sounds as though he's plugged into the world's cheapest fuzz box, Jim Rodford has cleaned up the Kinks' traditionally dilapidated rhythm section no end and Ray Davies is writing great songs again. This album is a smash in the States (which doesn't necessarily make it a bad album). We must repeat: the first great Kinks album in eight years. To go even further: 'Low Budget' is actually worth spending money on, even in these El Skinto times. A miracle, yet.

Charles Shaar Murray

PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY
Laughing Academy
(United Artists)

Over the desolate nuclear landscapes, a desert of barren devastation, four animal-men come stumbling into view, the puppet-baboons of de-evolution — and all to grace this gorgeous gate-fold album cover.

Well, that and a bit more besides, because Punilux (for it is they) are really trying to tell us something. And so remorselessly will they hammer their points home, such appalling artistic risks will they take, that this album debut turns out to be as exciting and rewarding a venture as it is ambitious.

But back to the baboons. They are, it seems, a symbol of the retrogressive, the most primitive and loathsome elements of Man. They co-exist with and complement their evolutionary opposites, the graduates of the Laughing Academy, their brains processed and neutralised beyond all natural feeling.

Simply put, Modern Man is half-slob and half-robot. Either way, he's easier to control — kept in line by the rationed gratification of his appetites (although denied understanding of genuine sensuality) and compensated for his powerlessness by pathetic delusions of racial and sexual mastery.

Why, I'll bet your toes are tapping already. Sure, it's 'pretentious', and it's un-rock'n'rollishly earnest ('cliched' and 'insulating' will undoubtedly spring to many minds also). But the sheer obsessive attack with which Punishment Of Luxury invest their project renders it a work of quite extraordinary power, and without a doubt deserving of respect.

Of course the band's always been likened to a radical fringe theatre group. And there's something very Devo-ish about their image and packaging (though not their message) in its subordination of individual identities to the domineering group 'concept'. All that could so easily act as dead weight. But it doesn't. The music just happens to be superb.

I suppose comparison is the cheapest form of description, so let's start with The Stranglers but not push it too far. Vocals are thrown from one to another (Giro, Bond, Luxury, Sekrit), so look to the instrumentation for a recognisable Punilux sound: the edginess of the moog and string machine, the nervous urgency of the guitar, the gut-punching undertug from bass and drums.

Expect songs that shudder with disgust; optimism flickers, but only fitfully. 'The Message' and 'Radar Bug' aren't so successful — formula SF, more confused than convincing. 'British Baboon' and 'All White Jack' are put-downs, pure and simple, venomously effective.

'Funk Me' is raw, as bitter as 'Metropolis' or the near-savagery of 'Excess Bleeding Heart' — in contrast to the first and last tracks 'Puppet Life' and 'Laughing Academy', both pieces of sardonic pop.

'Obsession' is the crucial number, a fearsome account of sexual repression's worst effect, while 'Babalon' attempts no less than an epic exploration of the source and triumph of that repression, the triumph of Baboon over Babylon. But the war's not over yet . . .

Pause for breath. Well, I told you they took risks, didn't I? Go get a share in the rewards.

Paul Du Noyer

Angus Gaye of Aswad Pic: Pennie Smith

Cool Running ↑

ASWAD
Hulet *(Groove)*

It's easy to feel alienated by certain aspects of reggae, not the least of which is the idolatry afforded it by impressionable whites: 'Milky Bar Rastas' as the species is classified by John Lydon.

But does Rasta lyricism drag on a little *too* far? Do you pay your money and in choosing get wound up in a maze of shaky, meta-moralistic soothings and sayings?

Or again, would it be good enough to choose to recommend you to buy Aswad's 'Hulet' over Dylan's 'Slow Train' — an album and person one has damned considerably elsewhere — for no better reason than, well, it sounds groovier to me? No.

But then once you get past the pearly aesthetic gates — Aswad's is a sprightly dub album, Dylan's a dull American FM album — the answer is probably 'yes'. Religious interest in religious reggae is always spread wider; Aswad is about *collective* will, not individual moralising. 'Jah' is probably best seen by we unbelievers as a myth, a reflection in language of an element of our society in which a collective will, which has already been recognised and has to some extent actively asserted itself, begins to take some form.

In other words, Aswad's organisation is social; Dylan's is CBS.

Which leaves me, obliged by space and employment to evaluate the object in hand (*not* my typewriter): 'Hulet', British reggae group Aswad's second album.

As a reggae *album*, 'Hulet' is unusually listenable. As a British reggae album, it's produced by Michael Campbell and sounds seductively subtle, pleasantly adventurous — although it's true that individual musicians, especially Drummie, are often sacrificed too far in favour of Aswads group sound. As the second Aswad album (coming so long after 1976's 'Aswad' on Island), it is or isn't 'Disappointing'.

If you know anything about them, then you don't need me to answer the last question; if you don't, it's even dafter. Apart from a quota of pretty conventional guitar solos as per usual for reggae (and you can't go much for them in as nice a room as this), Aswad are certainly a more rhythmically exploratory outfit than most, and more worthwhile checking out than anything stemming from a British base I'd care to mention.

I can't stomach their preachy sleeve notes, because even if they are 'better' than most beat music Hard Sell graphics, it's still someone telling you the 'right' way to live.

Sure as Satan I'm not about to tell you the 'right' things to buy but, relatively speaking, Aswad are a front line act if you're looking for one.

Ian Penman

Hot Water ↓

This Heat of themselves Pic: Lesley Evans

THIS HEAT
This Heat *(Piano)*

For much of This Heat's album, it's difficult and at times impossible to decipher which instrument is playing what. This is some indication of their intentions, and the way This Heat set about realising those intentions.

Despite nominal instrumental credits of guitar and clarinet (Charles Bullen), percussion, keyboards and lead vocals (Charles Hayward), and bass and organ (Gareth Williams), This Heat effectively deal in sounds, not instruments. For my part, I think they're innocent of such accusations irrelevance and irresponsibility. The end — this album, for now — more than justifies the means, exonerating them from charges of dilettantist dabbling precisely because the stakes are so high: it's either out *there* or nowhere, and the greater part of 'This Heat' is definitely out there, diligently restructuring musical values left, right and centre.

The album is not without its weak spots, of course, but side one is nigh-on perfect. The high-pitched itchy babble of 'Testcard' on the run-in groove is shockingly, abruptly obliterated by the entry of 'Horizontal Hold', a cross between a snorting, bellowing bull and an express steam train whose obvious points of reference are 'Lark's Tongues'-period Crimso and the Can of 'Landed'. After an equally abrupt, painfully stilted mid-section, the main riff re-enters modified by some intense rhythm guitar, building to a climax of guitar and organ breaks — the former a bizarre balance of logic and illogic, the latter murderously aggressive.

After the sheer power and exhilaration of 'Horizontal Hold', the utter despair of 'Not Waving' comes as an emotional sucker-punch: meandering, helpless organ and clarinet sounds seemingly suspended in space resolve into an almost unbearably slow, haunting lament, with Hayward's Wyatt-esque vocals hitting just the right tone of vulnerable dignity and resignation.

Passing by the metallic ring of 'Water' and interlocking Afro-rhythms of 'Twilight Furniture' which complete the side, I'll skip to side two's most satisfying pieces, '24 Track Loop' and 'Fall Of Saigon'.

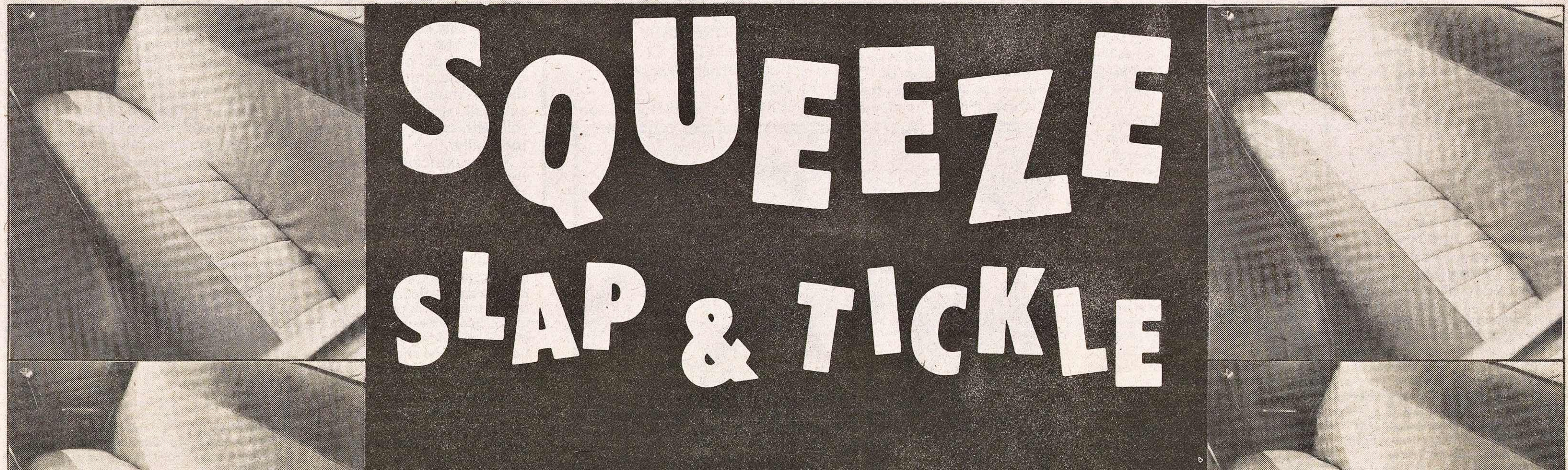
'24 Track Loop' is literally that, a tape-loop whose tracks are dubbed in and out; it's a basic cycle of which is a kind of shuffling dance rhythm. Continuing on where JA producers leave off, the mixing desk is used here both as an instrument and a compositional tool: the dub technique isn't just an effect or treatment ladled willy-nilly onto a finished piece, but a constructive force.

'The Fall Of Saigon', which closes the album, is another This Heat classic and probably (via John Peel) their most well-known piece. Stately and mournful, with a texture like grainy morocco book-leather, it tells the sad and slightly humorous tale of how the American Embassy staff, under siege in Saigon, ate their pet cat. This Heat's relentlessly Gothic, belated memorial service climaxes with a fittingly feline, tortured guitar passage which metamorphoses finally into the run-out groove reprise of 'Testcard', like a TV reminder to switch off your set.

'This Heat' is a good album, at times a great one, always interesting and more often than not enjoyable. For a debut, it displays a staggering range of future possibilities, new directions to follow up. And although undeniably UNeasy listening — tense, nerve-wracking, downright morbid in places — it rebukes quite soundly those oft-levelled accusations of coldness. On the contrary, This Heat are probably one of the most emotional rock groups of all time.

It's been worth waiting for.

Andy Gill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ROSE ROYCE
Rainbow Connection IV *(Whitfield)*

TEDDY PENDERGRASS
Teddy *(Philadelphia Int.)*

Time is tight so let's not beat about the bush: does the new Rose Royce album have a potential hit on it or does it not? It does not.

Pop's got an even shorter memory than rock. In Rose Royce's game you're only ever as good as your last single, and their unashamedly commercial aim creates its own criteria, which they met on their last album but fall far short of here. And nothing withers so fast as music that tries to be commercial and, even on its own terms, fails. It works about as well as a car without wheels.

In the driver's seat of this unhappy contraption is Norman Whitfield, who co-wrote a song called 'I Heard It Through The Grapevine' and single-handedly invented symphonic soul psychedelia with The Temptations. But the bubblegum social commentary of 'Papa Was A Rolling Stone' and his masterpiece, 'Ball Of Confusion', eventually gave way to his current vehicles, The Undisputed Truth and Rose Royce, out there shaking their space-suited money-makers on the big time soul tour circuit.

Rose Royce's angle is butt-jam-packed variety. The rainbow of the title and the prism on the cover allude to the contents: a ballad here, some heavy funk there, an instrumental, some disco, some more slinky stuff . . . As a commercial fail-safe it plays safe and fails.

None of the slow cuts measure up to 'Love Don't Live Here Anymore', despite liberal use of the syndrum (whose irritating little bleep is *the* sound of escapism today, from disco to *Star Wars* to electronic games . . .) and all of the 'fonk' cuts borrow heavily from the Brides Of Funkenstein, The Ohio Players and Ian Dury's mainman, Bootsy Collins. Though it's nowhere as incisive as the song he wrote for Starguard, 'Which Way Is Up?', some of Whitfield's anti-Superfly propaganda crops up on 'You Can't Run From Yourself' along with a dose of the fancy keyboard work that on 'Pazazz' provides the record's one profitable interlude.

'Teddy', the solo album by Harold Melvin And The Blue Notes former lead singer that's doing some serious banking business Stateside, seeks to appeal on another level entirely.

This is the sound of bourgeois black America today, up from the ghetto and into a Brownstone: smooth, tailored, sassy, sophisticated and supposedly sexy (by the standards of a society that makes sexiness the prerogative of the affluent). This *is* the new blank chic (pun intended). If Whitfield really wanted to point the finger this is where he should point it; this is the new Superfly — not beating whitey by staying outside his game, but beating whitey in it.

I have nothing against that as such, it's just I can't stand to see people waste their lives trying to live up to whatever cultural model is currently being peddled.

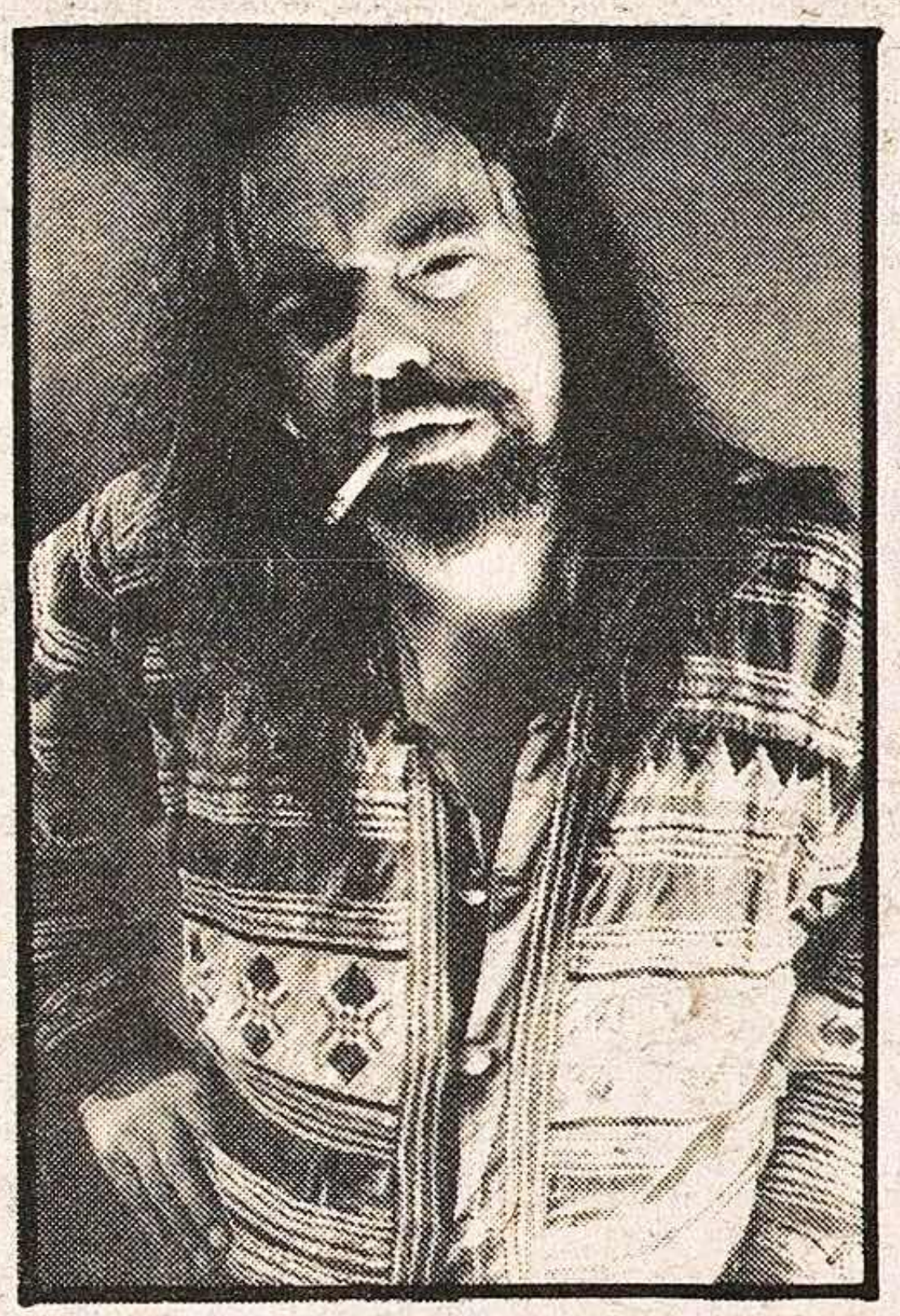
And I can't believe anybody could take Teddy Pendergrass seriously as he flashes the diamante and silk on the cover and sings his seduction suite — a sidelong action narrative in which Teddy effects the pick up at the disco *("You say your car's right outside?")* and then takes the lucky thing home for a shower and rub down with hot oils (I kid not) before he gives her his special treat, all delivered in husky, self-assured tones to the most pillow-soft sounds Philly can muster. But then my circumstances are a million miles away from those of the people who are buying Teddy Pendergrass. This is probably their wish fulfillment. I wish them luck.

On a strictly musical level 'Teddy' well nigh represents the peak of the Philly sound: lush and soaring, cut so crisp and clean and so smooth it just melts in your mouth, or into your lifestyle. Side two hots up the tempo, aims four-square at the dancefloor rather than the waterbed, and provides one stone Philly gem to rank alongside 'Bad Luck' in the shape of 'Do Me', The innuendo is about as subtle as an air raid but, oh, what a riff!

Get it in perspective though. 'Teddy' was originally made about six years ago by someone else and made much better at that. The real title of this album is 'Let's Get It On Part Two'.

Paul Rambali

ROOT BOY SLIM AND THE SEX CHANGE BAND W/THE ROOTETTES
Zoom *(Illegal)*



Straight from supporting the Blockheads around the nation — calculated sex and drugs and rock and roll.

Root Boy Slim's conservative collection of greasy anthems to excess and easy anarchy is a sorry triumph of mannerism over ideas: old jokes and parody without discretion. That the songs smear and growl from affected bellyaching to the flimsy grousing and leave impressions of nothing but bouncy blandness is indication of the failure of the music; it hopes to be gross, searing and comically vulgar, but is nothing but an urbane, fastidious, continually anti-climactic distant cousin of over-the-top American 'shock' rock as in Dr. Hook and Black Oak Arkansas.

The sobbing, complaining Root Boy disastrously recalls the daintiest parts of such natural heroes as Dr. John, Beefheart and Meatloaf and the defective ultra-light relief of Barry White, Jim Dandy and the lovely Todd Rundgren. He's nice where he should be nasty, courteous when he should be uncouth and always boring when he needs to be brutal, bizarre and ludicrous. Hardly the stuff that cults are made of.

The Sex Change Band are compliant, theatrical experts at cranking out slickly ribald, swamp-blotted, sax-scarred R&B-ish masquerades — always smart, never rowdy, with the flourishes just *so* — which are decorated with well mannered measures of country, soul, cool, whimsy or whatever it is the banal words require to spruce up their tone.

So . . . songs about love and drugs and war and rock and sleep and sex and food and roll somewhere on the road again. 'World War III' is spunky, the inevitable dance caper 'Do The Gator' is frisky, 'The Loneliest Room In The World' is muppet-melancholic, 'Ignite It' pretends to reggae a little — some cheat! A friend termed 'Dare To Be Fat' as the 'Glad-To-Be-Gay' for fatties, and that'll do. 'Dozin' And Drooling' ' sounds so much like a song called 'Dozin' and Droolin' ' was surely meant to sound it's *almost* funny. 'Express Train' shuts everything down, charging into the distance in a suitably frenzied state. Are you ready for more?

No. This rigidly eccentric entertainment falls closer to Las Vegas condescension than even the most preposterous, flawed Zappa burlesque. Sex and drugs and rock and roll with no passion, no panic and no invention. How phoney do you need it to be?

Paul Morley

MAX MIDDLETON AND ROBERT AHWAI
Another Sleeper *(Harvest Fusion)*

DICK MORRISSEY AND JIM MULLEN
Cape Wrath *(Harvest Fusion)*

When Max Middleton popped up in Jeff Beck's early '70s comeback band, he was clearly a more inventive if less rocky pianist than his predecessor, Nicky Hopkins. Tracks like 'Raynes Park Blues' and 'Definitely Maybe' showed him to have a fine sense of drama and it was no surprise when he re-appeared on 'Blow By Blow', Beck's sophisto-funk blockbuster.

'Another Sleeper' and 'Cape Wrath', lacking a solosit with a fraction of the ex-Yardbird's sting and unpredictability, reveal the genre in all its vapid glossiness. Common to both albums are similar covers, Middleton, Ahwai (guitar), the Kuma Harada/Richard Bailey rhythm section and a numbing lack of excitement.

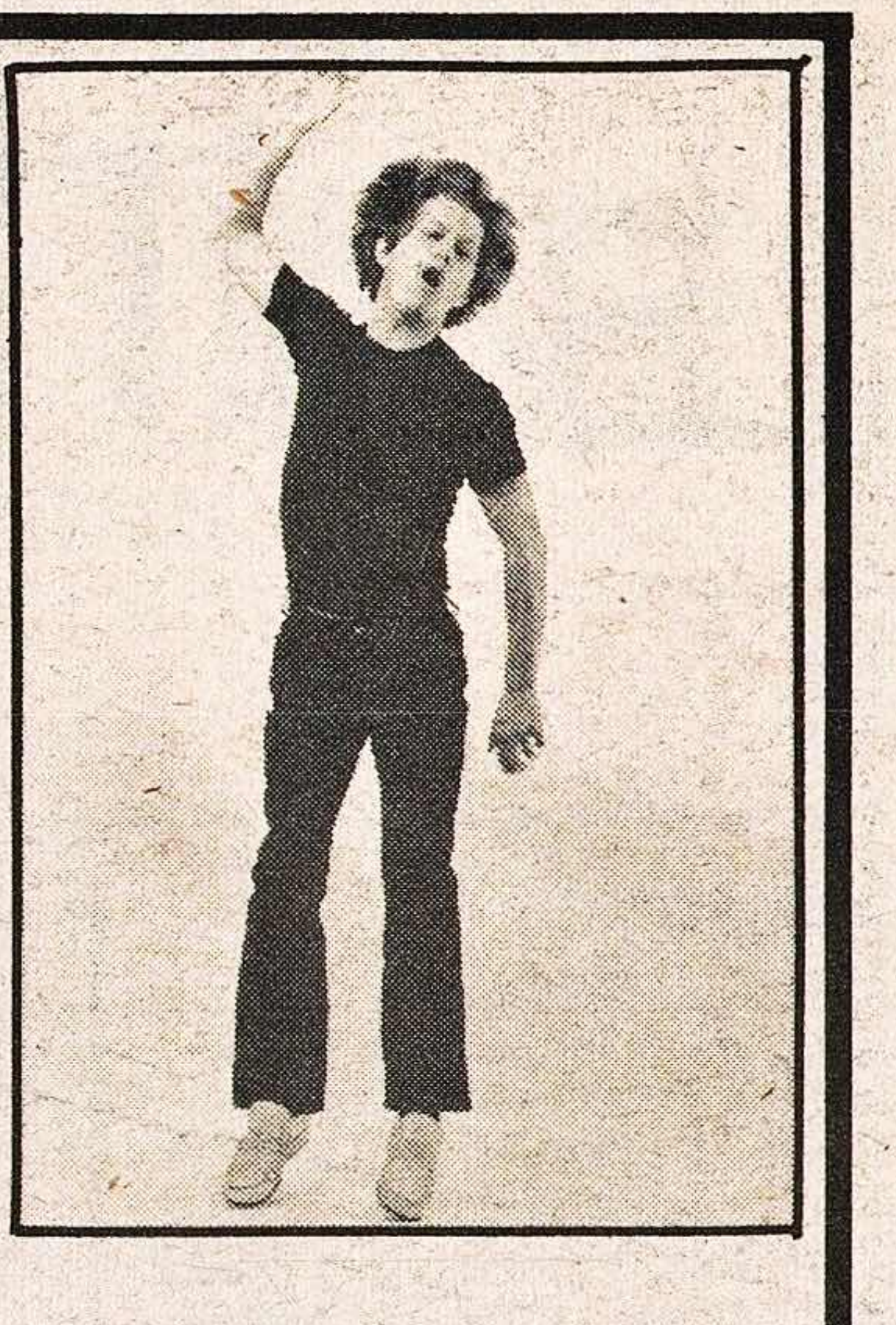
The Middleton/Ahwai effort is the more animated, bass and drums getting a fair slice of the action, but potentially memorable themes like 'Dance By The Light Of The Moon' and 'Plane Sailing' are squandered in passionless soloing.

Morrissey and Mullen appear to be aiming straight for Radio Two, as their utterly docile versions of 'Love Don't Live Here Anymore' (not included here) and Bill Withers' 'Lovely Day' suggest. Swamped by some of the lushest string arrangements (Middleton) since Judy Collins' 'Wild Flowers', only the pianist's 'Bristol Boogie' raises a canter.

I normally find music impossible to work or think to. With these albums, I had no trouble at all.

Harry George

ROY A LONEY AND THE PHANTOM MOVERS
Out After Dark *(Solid Smoke)*



I like American pop music and I *love* Roy A. Loney's new record, his first major achievement since the demise of 'Teenage Head'. And not because it's obscure or independent or San Franciscan.

Perhaps instinct says this Phantom Move is too left-field to attract the quantity of punters that keep, say, The Knack in starched shirts and tweezers, but I'm on Loney's case for the simple reason that this mutha cranks up the adrenalin with real rock and roll, with smart, witty, defined rockabilly.

All the principle parts are the same; it isn't breathtakingly 'modern' but it has a heart and some soul and the catalyst can sing.

At its best 'Out After Dark' approaches classic American flash filigree with Loney and former Groovies Danny Mihm and James Ferrell assisted in their search for the flame by the like-minded Maurice Tani and Larry Lea. The results are fun too, scarred, drunken and brutal slices of whipped, freewheeling garage dementia. Loney's originals are genuine, mojo testaments. 'Used Hoodoo' and 'Phantom Mover' are the kind of finished electric particles that The Cramps mangle on the boards but may never commit to plastic.

Roy A. Loney doesn't want to blind you with fantasy or pubescent obsession and his album isn't the pablum of contented eternal youth. There's 'Rockin' In The Graveyard' and the legacy of life in 'Scum City'. The back line is dirty surf, a witch doctor prescription guaranteed to left the lid off your coffin — and don't think that clove of garlic will help.

Indeed, comparing this biscuit to recent Groovies' releases goes all the way to showing where the F.G.'s went wrong. Loney has retained the atmosphere, the chops and the vocal idiosyncrasies that made 'Teenage Head' such a vital experience, that made you swear the Groovies were unsurpassed kings in the greased-down, bootheel-rocking ring, and he hasn't been content to rest there.

Fundamentally this is brilliance in spades. Roy A. Loney is still getting stung by the concentrated power of his muse. If *you* ever got bitten by that bug, you'll know how to get the antidote.

Good rockin' tonight, listen to the man.

Max Bell

The Mincer

Max Bell has the dubious honour

LAMONT DOZIER: Bittersweet *(Warner Brothers).* 'Bittersweet' lives up to its title with the expected equation of rhetorical boogie dictum and the services of almost every sessioneer currently resident in El Lay, tho' doyens of vintage Lamont will yearn for something less predictably clear cut. The man steps out with a soulful brand of disco which just about disturbs the salt in the brain pan and definitely activates the toes. It isn't Motown, but what the hell?

BILLY PAUL: First Class *(Philadelphia International).* The Sound of Philadelphia gets into line again after the hideously barren mud-period when the likes of MFSB ruled the airwaves. I'm sure Billy Paul dilutes his messages for commercial reasons, but he can still rough up the easy listening with an individual vocal panache (it sez 'ere). Great music for getting up to. Guranteed to burn the toast.

AVIARY: Aviary *(Epic).* Pompous dinosaurs aiming for the megastadia jugular without one halfway original idea. The people responsible for this brand of over produced eyewash should be shot on sight. Worse than Yes and post-Gabriel Genesis combined (if that's possible).

JIM CAPALDI: Electric Nights *(Polydor).* Drummers with inflated egos cashing in on every fad extant must be amongst the saddest forms of human existence — especially when they're chiefly remembered for holding down the back seat in one of GB's erstwhile great bands. I'm sure that Jim Capaldi, just to take a name at random, could never stoop so low. But I could be wrong.

THE OAK RIDGE BOYS: Have Arrived *(MCA).* Only for long suffering advocates of all things Nashville. I can listen to it for the singin' and' stuff, but it's so wet you could wash your feet in it. Pass.

MARSHALL TUCKER BAND: Running Like The Wind *(Capricorn).* Stetsons off to MTB for forcing Knebworth promoter Fred Bannister to consult solicitors when the Southern boys withdrew from his Zep bash. Musically the Marshalls continue to mute meandering country boogie by glossing jazzily. Their live energy, particularly the pleasantries served up from the twin valve pickers Toy Caldwell and George McCorkle, and the sultry reed work of Jerry Eubanks, fails to transfer to disc, even with Stewart Levine at the controls. Shame.

BO HANSSON: Lord of the Rings *(Charisma).* At last! The reissue of the record of the cartoon of the book. Everybody's Tolkien at me but this deadly Hobbit-forming otherworld evocation passes unnoticed. As Swedish Pink Floyd guff goes, this is marginally more tedious than the original source. According to the cover note Bo recorded hours of (unreleased) material with the late Jimi Hendrix. Funny that.

JENNIFER WARNES: Shot Through The Heart *(Arista).* Variety is the spice of life but the cook has to be good. Jennifer Warnes in predictably sub-Joni, circa 'Blue' period, although her choice of material leaves everything to be desired. Produced by Rob 'Rick Danko' Fraboni.

PAUL WILLIAMS: A Little On The Windy Side *Portrait).* Paul Williams is the funny little fat barrel who made *Phantom Of The Paradise* (Brian DePalma) such an enjoyable celluloid satire on music biz corruption. A lunatic, wit and inspired amateur, Williams occasionally writes a good number (such as 'Fill Your Heart' with Biff Rose, 'Out In The County', 'We've Only Just Begun', etc) and makes a saving grace out of melody and pastiche. Keep your money though.

THE NEVILLE BROTHERS. The Neville Brothers *(Capitol).* I've saved the best for last and so have the Neville Brothers (ex-Meters, Toussaint connexion, New Orleans). First impressions left me cold but the punch is insidious. Produced by Jack Nitzsche in Bogalusa, LA (that's Louisiana, sir), The Nevilles' direction is recognisably deep, swamp funk, but listen to those black harmonies get to grits with 'Washable Ink' (John Hiatt) or Charles Neville's immaculate 'Speed Of Light', a certain smash hit 12" if Capitol show some programming class. Sleeper soul album of the year, y'all.

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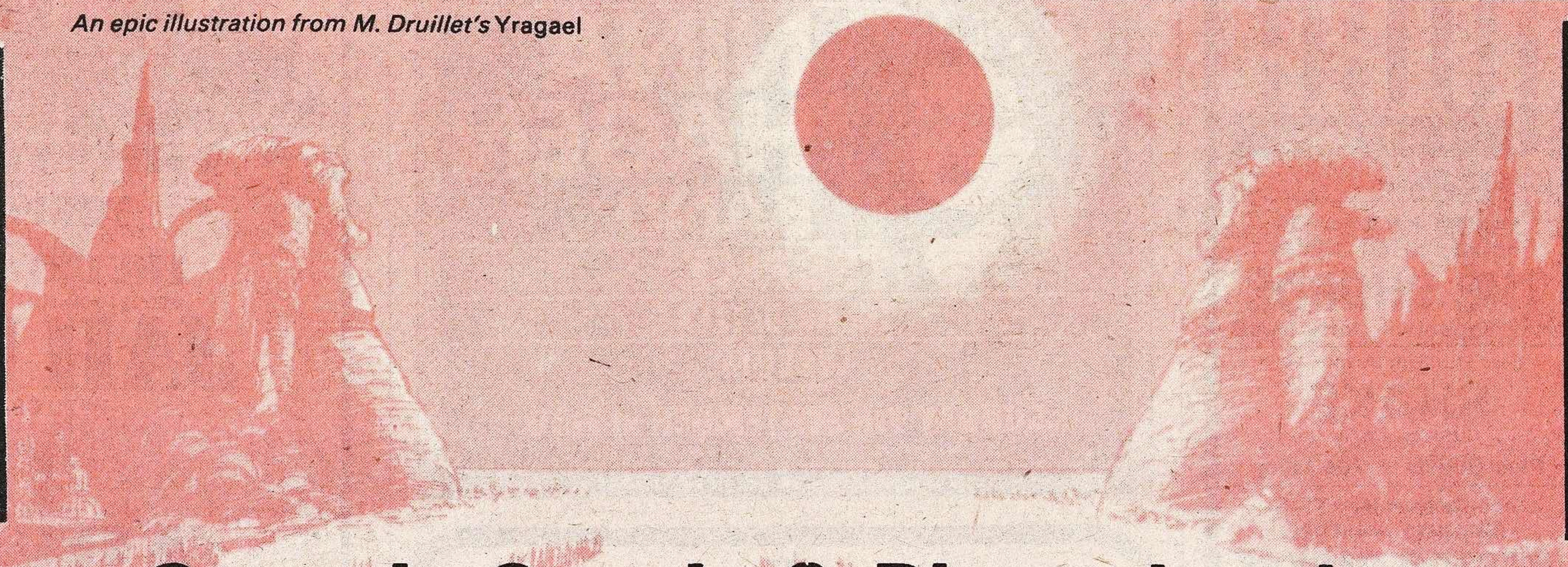

An epic illustration from M. Druillet's Yragael

Cosmic Comix & Phonebooks

YRAGAEL
By Philip Druillet
(Dragon's Dream)

It's inevitable that a country so enamoured of the images and mythology of rock should take to the graphic aspects of that particular *demi-monde*. Because in France they don't speak English, but a picture tells the same story in any language.

French rockers both on the boards and in the stalls have a notorious preoccupation with style. Punk circa '77 produced a spate of bands utterly committed to urban commando chic and quite oblivious to actual content. The truly iconoclastic moves were being made elsewhere — in the French comix medium in fact — by the likes of the Bazooka art team (who designed the *NME* French rock special early this year) and by *Les Humanoides Associes*, formed by Philip Druillet, Moebius, Jean Pierre Dionnet and Barnard Farkas in December of '74 as a comix production house. Their first project was the magazine *Metal Hurlant*, eventually published in America as *Heavy Metal*.

France already had a tradition of pulp output when the U.S. underground comic arrived in the '60s, and the French took this American cultural import to their bosom at once. So successful were they that much of the fantasy art produced in the States nowadays owes more than a passing glance to the work of French illustrators. Working in an underground medium, these illustrators took the sort of liberties their Yankee counterparts, working under the constraint of the big dime-store comics houses, couldn't.

At the vanguard of this were the Associated Humanoids, whose most determined explorer of the visual frontier was and is Philip Druillet. A cult figure, Druillet lives in a Paris appartment with walls covered by the fruits of his strange twilight.

Both these books were first published in France around '76, in larger editions with a French text that's turned unbelievably purple in translation. But their point is the pictures, not so much the words. Druillet's obsessional delineation of worlds stranded in a hinterland of myth and science knows few equals in the field, and the sheer scale and detail of his imagination is without doubt the mark of the driven.

People who pursue their imagination to its limits always have it in them to cast a wide spell of fascination. But ultimately you either dig it or you don't, for reasons that are perfectly clear to those who do and perfectly baffling to those who don't. Come to think of it, I once met a man who didn't understand The Ramones. I told him there was nothing to understand but . . .

Paul Rambali

DIRECTORY 1979
By John Cooper Clarke
(Omnibus Press £2.50)

The moment Cooper Clarke's 'Disguise In Love' album appeared without an attendant lyric-sheet, it was inevitable that some kind of compilation was soon to follow. *Directory 1979* is the first to surface. The fact that it contains nothing off his recent live 10" 'Walking Back To Happiness' suggests that others are in the pipeline. I can only hope they reflect an ounce more imagination than this one.

The book's dreadful punk-chic composition and exorbitant mark-up prove it's aimed squarely for the coffee-table market where it will doubtless serve as a tea tray/conversation piece for as long as is considered hip

Anyone who's genuinely interested in JCC will find they're already familiar with its contents (the 'Disguise' album's entire tracklist) and also the majority of its photos (which include some excellent portraits from the files of Kevin Cummins, Tom Sheehan and Paul Slattery).

Part of the problem is that to a large extent Clarke's poems aren't intended to be *read*. He's quite obviously a 'live' poet; without the force of his own delivery and the stamp of all its idiosyncrasies a fair portion of his lyrics are little more than metrically pleasing.

So, plainly, the book's only means of adding any perspective to the poems lies in its illustrations, and rather than risk confusing our personal impressions by using specific drawings, *Directory* confines itself entirely to photos. These are either hung at irritating angles beside cheap geometric artwork, or else make simplistic overtures to their adjacent lyrics — 'Health Fanatic' has Clarke posed beneath a sign that reads "Gymnastic Equipment".

The overall layout fares little better. It stretches a very sketchy 'directory' theme to rapidly tedious limits by overprinting throughout on pages from a phone-book — headed with Cooper or Clarke — with all bar the names crossed out.

The sole decent entry in the entire book is an extract from his (as yet unpublished) semi-fictional autobiography *Ten Years In An Open-Necked Shirt*. This hilarious chunk of prose traces the development of the beat poet Otto Drekstrasse, the bastard offspring of a lard mogul, from his natal gropings with language up to the day he changes his name to John Cooper Clarke.

Otto, it reflects, then "issued the slang anthems of the zip age in the desperate esperanto of bop."

After flicking through *Directory 1979*, you'd hardly have guessed it.

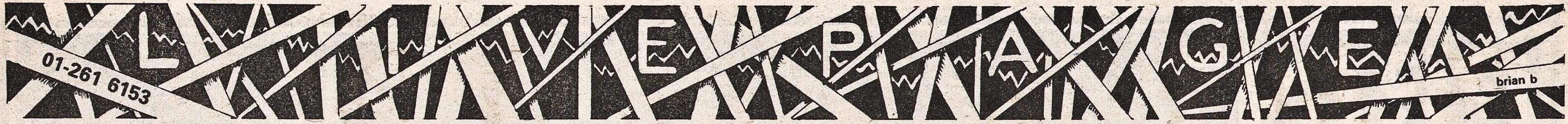
Mark Ellen

THE GREAT BRITISH EXPORT

THE KINKS
LOW BUDGET

Current Chart Positions in America:
BILLBOARD: No. 11 with a bullet (last week 12).
CASHBOX: No. 17 with a bullet (last week 22).
RECORD WORLD: No. 23 with a bullet (last week 30).

LOW BUDGET · THE KINKS · NEW ALBUM
Album: SPART 1099. Cassette: TCART 1099.
"MOVING PICTURES" THE KINKS NEW SINGLE. ARIST 300.
ARISTA



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Wednesday September 12th 75p
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Thursday September 13th 75p
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Saturday September 8th
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Chatham, Kent.

Wednesday September 12th
Shrimpers Club,
Southend United F.C.,
Victoria Ave., Southend.

Thursday September 13th
Leas Cliff Hall,
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Edinburgh Odeon	20	"
Newcastle Mayfair	21	"

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+ S.W.1

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+ TOUCH

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Tuesday September 18th £3.50
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NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

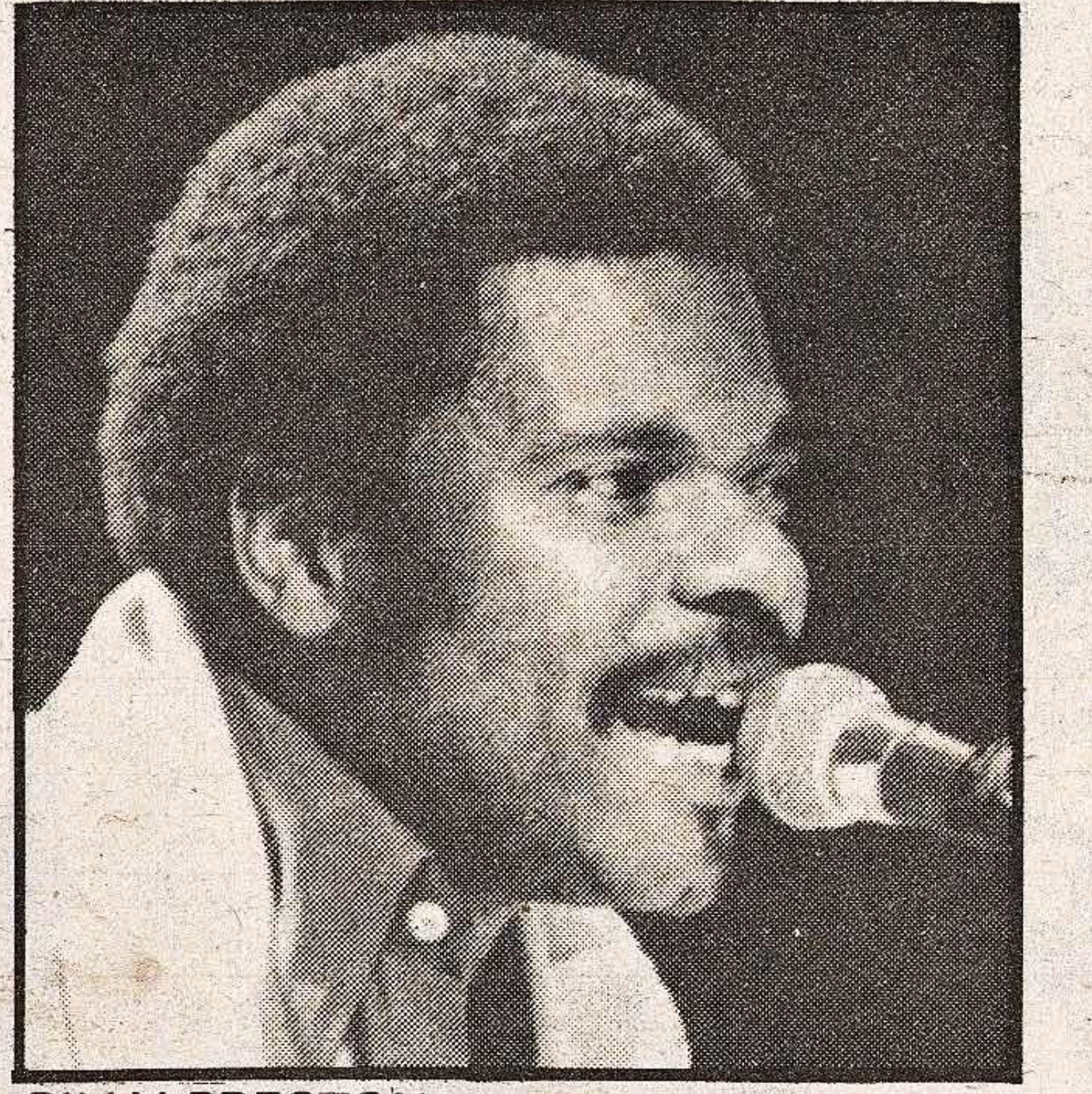
THE CIRCUIT COMES ALIVE

AS USUAL, the summer has produced a crop of major festivals and one-off events, but the tour circuit has fallen into the doldrums. With the exception of Ian Dury, the big names have been off the road — resting, recording or travelling abroad — in preparation for the inevitable autumn onslaught. And although we're still officially in summer, the autumn bonanza gets under way this week, as the first batch of major attractions sets out. These are the ones to watch for during the seven days covered by this Gig Guide . . .

SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES, who've already played a few warm-up gigs, start their tour proper at Aberdeen (Friday), Glasgow (Saturday), Dunfermline (Sunday) and Bradford (Wednesday), with The Cure supporting . . . THE POLICE begin another extensive outing at Derby (Monday) and Blackburn (Tuesday) . . . XTC have strong support from both The Yachts and The Dazzlers when they kick off at Manchester (Tuesday) and Sheffield (Wednesday) . . .

THE RUTS open another long itinerary at Dudley (Saturday) and Newport (Wednesday) . . . BRAND X start a mini-tour in Guildford on Wednesday . . . and DARTS play their initial three gigs at Cardiff (Monday), Swansea (Tuesday) and Bristol (Wednesday).

NINA HAGEN



BILLY PRESTON

From America, THE CRUSADERS dispense their particular brand of street life at Dunstable (Thursday), Birmingham (Friday), London Hammersmith (Saturday, Sunday and Monday), Bristol (Tuesday) and Liverpool (Wednesday) . . . NILS LOFGREN, fresh from Wembley and Reading, sets out on the rounds at Oxford (Thursday), Sheffield (Friday), Manchester (Monday), Edinburgh (Tuesday) and Glasgow (Wednesday) . . . RICKIE LEE JONES wraps up her brief visit at Birmingham (Thursday) and London (Sunday) . . . and LOUDON WAINWRIGHT embarks on a long concert series at London (Sunday) and Oxford (Wednesday).

Among the one-off shows of special interest this week are THE SKIDS at Edinburgh Odeon (Friday) as the final event in the city's rock festival . . . BILLY PRESTON and BILLY PAUL sharing the honours at London's Hammersmith Odeon, also on Friday . . . The remarkable NINA HAGEN and her band in concert at London Lyceum on Sunday . . . and the ambitious Science Fiction Music Festival at Leeds Queens Hall over the weekend, with a strong bill topped by PUBLIC IMAGE LTD (Saturday) and HAWKWIND (Sunday).

And this, of course, is only the beginning! Autumn — traditionally the high point of the gig calendar — will have much, much more to offer in the coming weeks.

Thursday

Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Clinic**
Birmingham Odeon: **Rickie Lee Jones**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Orphan**
Blackburn Cavendish: **J.A.L.N. Band (for three days)**
Bradford Maxim's: **T.C.O.J.**
Brighton Buccaneer: **Hollywood Wires**
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: **Scissor Fits**
Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horses**
Chesterfield Fusion Club: **Carol Grimes Band**
Colne Union Hotel: **The Tunes**
Darwen United Reform Church: **Direct Hits/Sinewave**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **The Crusaders**
Gloucester Leisure Centre: **The Dooleys**
Hayes (Middlesex) Adam & Eve: **Small Hours/Squire**
Hull Wellington Club: **Butterflies**
Keele University: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**
Lancaster No.12 Club: **Art Failure/The Out/Gordon The Moron**
Leeds Fan Club: **Shake**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Spyder Blues Band**
Liverpool Eric's: **The Not Sensibles/Vibrant Thigh/Property Of/Manchester Mekons**
London Acton Kings Head: **The Details**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Piranhas**
London Clapham St. Anne's Hall: **The Administrators/The Leopards**
London Clapham 101 Club: **David Blosse Band**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Protex/The Balloons**
London Crackers: **The Invaders**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Red Tape/The Subterraneans/The Leopards/Shoot Straight At Right Angles**
London Holborn Bunters: **Lip Service (for three days)**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Inmates**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Lacey's Allstars**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Rasses**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Martin Taylor & Ike Isaacs**
London Leicester-Sq. Notre Dame Hall: **The Revillos/Another Pretty Face**
London Marquee Club: **Warm Jets**
London Notting Hill Old Swan: **Sister Ray**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Tradition**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
London Tooting The Castle: **The V.I.P.'s**
London Victoria The Venue: **James Brown Revue**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London W.1 Maunkberry's: **Andre De Sheilds**
London WC1 New Merlin's Cave: **Big Chief**
Manchester The Factory: **Toyah**
Norwich Cromwell's: **Revelation**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Medium Medium**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Oxford New Theatre: **Nils Lofgren**
Poynton Folk Club: **Rosie Hardman**
Preston Warehouse: **The Accelerators**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Chords**
Rotherham Windmill Club: **The Diks**
Sheffield Penthouse: **Veiled Threat/Racket**
St. Albans Horn of Plenty: **The OK Band**

Friday

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Siouxsie & The Banshees/The Cure**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Bright Eyes**
Birmingham Bournebrook Hotel: **Poison Girls/Au Pairs**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **The Traitors**
Birmingham Odeon: **The Crusaders**
Bournemouth Newtown Conservative Club: **Rikki & The Cufflinks**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Aswad/Misty/Bongo Danny**
Brighton Alhambra: **Hollywood Wires**
Brighton Lewes Rd. Inn: **Yakety Yak**
Bridlington Spa Royal Hall: **Boney M**
Bromley William Morris Hall: **The Switch**
Burntwood Troubadour: **Firefly**
Burton-on-Trent 76 Club: **Toyah**
Cannock The Forum: **Ocean Boulevard**
Cardiff Grassroots Coffee Bar: **Lies All Lies/Anus/Animal**
Chiddingly Six Bells: **The Dials**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **The Paranoids**
Edinburgh Odeon: **The Skids**
Halifax Maxim's: **T.C.O.J.**
Ingatestone Youth Club: **Bastille**
Jersey Folk Festival (for three days): **Rosemary Hardman/Bob Cann/Dave Hunt/Tannahill Weavers/Dr. Sunshine's Pavement Show/Major Mustard etc.**
Keighley Downtown Club: **The Jewels/Jondoe**
Kettering Windmill Club: **The Bearshank Band**
Kirklevington Country Club: **The Chords**
Liverpool Eric's: **Tribesman/Exodus**
London Acton King's Head: **Paz**
London Alexandra Palace Beer Festival: **Mad Chateaux**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Central Line/Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Cockney Rejects**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Small Hours**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Soft Boys/Scissor Fits**
London Enfield Howard Hall: **The Cobras**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Tennis Shoes/The Holidays**
London Fulham Town Hall: **Sore Throat/Essential Logic**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Billy Preston/Billy Paul**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The V.I.P.'s**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Inmates**
London Kensington The Nashville **Protex/Innocent**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Greig & Nigel's Folk & Blues Night**
London ,Tottenham White Hart: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Match**
London Victoria The Venue: **James Brown Revue**
London Westminster Bridge Rd. The Towers: **Little Tony & The Tennessee Rebels**
Manchester The Factory: **Shake**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Budgie**
Newport (Shropshire) Village: **Cowboys International**
Oxford New Theatre: **The Shadows**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Starjets/The Diks**
Rotherham Arts Centre: **de tian**
Scarborough Penthouse: **The Invaders**
Sheffield City Hall: **Nils Lofgren**
Southend Minerva: **Wild Angels**
Sunderland Empire Theatre: **The Dooleys**
Truro Punchbowl & Ladle: **Lip Service**

Saturday

Aylesbury Friars: **Madness**
Barrow Maxim's: **T.C.O.J.**
Bicester Nowhere Club: **The Shattered Dolls**
Birmingham Hopwood Caravan Club: **Eazie Ryder**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Strider**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **School Sports**
Blackburn Fleece Hotel: **Direct Hits**
Brighton (Hove) The Adur: **Tokyo Rose**
Bognor Ocean Bars: **High Flames**
Bournemouth Newtown Labour Club: **Rikki & The Cufflinks**
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: **Sneak Preview**
Bristol Granary: **Cowboys International**
Cardiff Grassroots Coffee Bar: **Crosswires/Feedback**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Johnny & The Jailbirds**
Cheltenham Whitcombe Lodge: **Echo & the Bunnymen/Teardrop Explodes**
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **The Urge**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Ruts**
Eastbourne Lottbridge Arms: **Hollywood Wires**
Featherstone Rovers Social Club: **Little Tony & The Tennessee Rebels**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Siouxsie & The Banshees/The Cure**
Hull New Theatre: **The Dooleys**
Leeds Queens Hall: **"Futurama '79" with Public Image Limited/Punishment Of Luxury/Invaders/Cabaret Voltaire/Joy Division/Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark/Essential Logic/Prag Vec/A Certain Ratio/Spizz Energi/The Edge/The Expelaires/Stranger And Fiction/The Void/Paraad (also on Sunday)**
Liverpool Eric's: **Shake/Nightmares In Wax**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Jackie Lynton's H.D. Band/The Remoulds**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Bernard Weber & The Last Resort/Earthbound**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Charles Ainley**
London Hackney Adam & Eve: **Yakety Yak**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Crusaders**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Dog Watch**
London Holborn Conway Hall: **Poison Girls/Crass/Rondos**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Cleaners**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Piranhas/Woody & The Splinters**
London Marquee Club: **The Starjets**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Billy Karloff Band**
London Plumstead Green Man: **The Switch**
London Royal Festival Hall: **Dana**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Match**
London Victoria The Venue: **James Brown Revue**
London Waterloo The Wellington: **Squire**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Boney M**
Martletwy Cross Hands Inn: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **The Chords**
Milton Keynes Concert Bowl: **Hi-Tension/Chairman Of The Board/Desmond Dekker/Geno Washington-/Jimmy James**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Quartz**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **Toyah**
Oxford New Theatre: **The Shadows**
Retford Porterhouse: **Budgie**
Rhyl Little Theatre: **Amsterdam**
Slough Fulcrum Centre: **Mud**
Southend Top Alex: **The Steve Hooker Band**
Widemouth Manor: **Lip Service**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**

Sunday

Birmingham Odeon: **The Shadows**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Prima Donna**
Birmingham Shirley Red Lion: **The Crack**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Anthony Heapy/Mad Chateaux/The Rave/Travla/The Newtown Neurotics/The Receivers**
Blackburn Stakes Hall: **Direct Hits**
Bradford Alhambra Theatre: **The Dooleys**
Bradford Princeville: **Spider**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Chester Smartyz: **The Invaders**
Coventry The Climax: **The Nostoc Band**
Croydon Greyhound: **Flying Saucers**
Dunfermline Kinema: **Siouxsie & The Banshees/The Cure**
Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **Dana**
Hawick Kings Head: **T.C.O.J.**
Jacksdale Grey Topper: **Toyah**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **The E.F. Band**
Leeds Queens Hall: **"Futurama '79" with Hawkwind / The Only Ones / Simple Minds / Fischer-Z / Monochrome Set / Teardrop Explodes / Echo & The Bunnymen / Scritti Politti / Manicured Noise / Agony Column / Gotham City Jazzband / Screens / ER2 / Robert Calvert / Roger Ruskin Spear**
Leeds Queenswood Club: **Clem Curtis & The Foundations**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Liverpool Princes Park (RAR): **Exodus-/Sadista Sisters/Keli-Kuri/Equal Temperament/Panama Steel Band etc.**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Untouchables**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Remus Down Boulevard**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Crooks**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **White Magic**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Loudon Wainwright**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Crusaders**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Piranhas**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **The OK Band**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Madness/Beatty**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Danny Adler Band**
London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime): **Blue Moon**
London Royal Festival Hall: **Sarah Vaughan**

CONTINUES OVER

NEW YORK GIG GUIDE

MONDAY (10): Max's Kansas City — **New York Niggers**; Bottom Line — **Tracey Nelson / Johnny Cougar** (2 days); My Father's Place — **The Meditations**; Capitol (Passaic, NJ) — **The Who** (2 days); Lonestar — **Bo Diddley** (4 days); Tramps — **Robert Kraft and Ivory Coast**; Westchester Theatre — **Don Rickles** (one week); Minskoff Theatre — **Shirley Bassey** (2 weeks); Carnegie Hall — **Liza Minnelli** (5 days).
TUESDAY (11): Palladium — **Dire Straits / Ian Gomm**; Village Vanguard — **Bill Evans** (one week); Max's Kansas City — **N. Dodo / Frank Maya & The Decols / The Flux**; Madison Square Gardens — **Bee Gees** (2 days); My Father's Place — **Caroline Mas**; U.S. Blues (Rosalyn) — **Dizzy Gillespie**; Kenny's Castaways — **Paul Siebel** (3 days).
WEDNESDAY (12): Bradleys — **Lou Lecy**; Tramps — **Roosevelt Sykes** (2 days); Max's Kansas City — **Panic Squad / Roni & The Jitters / The Sinartras.**
THURSDAY (13): Madison Square Garden — **The Who** (also 14th, 16th, 17th & 18th); Radio City Music Hall — **Ray Charles**; Capitol (Passaic, N.J.) — **Dire Straits**; Max's Kansas City — **Loudacer / Paaco Rowe / Mande Dahl.**
FRIDAY (14): Bottom Line — **The Dillards** (2 days); My Father's Place— **New Riders Of The Purple Sage** (2 days); Symphony Hall — **James Blood Ulmer / Amira Baraka**; Aviery Fisher Hall — **Dionne Warwicke**; Club 57 — **John Cale & Niko / Cheap Perfume** (2 days); Max's Kansas City — **The Senders / Robert Ross.**
SATURDAY (15): Symphony Hall (Newark) — **Stephanie Mills**; Capitol (Passaic, N.J.) — **The Police**; Max's Kansas City — **Buzz & The Flyers / The Zantees / Justin Trouble / Fast Floyd & The Famous Firebirds.**
SUNDAY (16): U.S. Blues (Rosalyn) — **Albert King**; The Cookery — **Alberto Hunter**; Max's Kansas City — **Lyn Todd & Paroxide / Maroons.**

XTC

STUART ANDERSON of Skids

THE RUTS

GIG GUIDE

Siouxsie & Banshees hitting the gig trail

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Nina Hagen Band/The Pack/The Mo-dettes**
London Tottenham Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Rickie Lee Jones**
London Victoria The Venue: **James Brown Revue**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Pete Allen Jazzmen**
Newcastle Red House: **Hot Snax**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Poole Brewers Arms: **Rikki & The Cufflinks**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Boney M**
Poynton Folk Centre: **The Watersons**
Reading Cherry's Wine Bar: **El Seven**
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Worthing Connaught Theatre: **Heathcliffe**

Monday

Birkenhead Hamilton Club: **Mud**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Freebird**
Birmingham Night Out: **Mary Wilson (for a week)**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Brighton Jenkinson's: **Geno Washington (for a week)**
Bristol Colston Hall: **The Shadows**
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **Darts**
Carlisle Flops: **T.C.O.J.**
Darwen Albion Hotel: **Direct Hits**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **The Police**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Leeds Victoria Hotel: **Clem Curtis & The Foundations**
Leicester Bailey's: **High Flames (for a week)**
Liverpool The Crown: **The Clerks**
London Bermondsey Apples & Pears: **Stan's Blues Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Red Tape-/Billy Karloff Band/Shades**
London Camden Music Machine: **Quartz**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Squire**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **First Aid**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Thrillers**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Skin Deep**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Crusaders**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Piranhas**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Shake**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Al Haig**
London Marquee Club: **The Chords**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The OK Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bert Jansch**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Royal Festival Hall: **Sarah Vaughan**
London W.1 Maunkberry's: **Sarah Bryan**
London W.14 The Kensington: **London Zoo**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Nils Lofgren**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Party**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Yakety Yak**
Southend Zero 6: **Musicians Workshop**
Wolverhampton Grand Theatre: **"Rocky Horror Show" (for a week)**
Worcester Hideaway: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**

Tuesday

Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Killer**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **The E.F. Band**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **The Police**
Bristol Colston Hall: **The Crusaders**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Inner Circle**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **Nils Lofgren**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **The Shadows**
London Camden Brecknock: **First Aid**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Kevin Borich Express**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Blurters**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Small Hours**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Colour Vision**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Roy St. John & The Huskies**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Merger**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **Jerry The Ferret**
London Old Kent Road Thomas A'Beckett: **Stan's Blues Band**
London Royal Festival Hall: **Nina Simone**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Brian Lemon Trio (for five days)**
London Tooting The Castle: **The V.I.P.'s**
London W.1 Maunkberry's: **Little Nell (for three days)**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **XTC/The Yachts/The Dazzlers**
Newcastle Casablanca Club: **Clem Curtis & The Foundations**
Norwich Boogie House: **Philip Rambow**
Sheffeidl Limit Club: **The Chords**
Swansea Brangwyn Hall: **Darts**
Walsall Dirty Duck: **The Amazing Dark Horse**

Wednesday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Brujo**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Siouxsie & The Banshees/The Cure**
Brighton Buccaneer: **Tokyo Rose**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Darts**
Bristol Snuffys: **The Dooleys (for four days)**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Charlie Gracie/Dynamite**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Derby Assembly Hall: **The Shadows**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Nils Lofgren**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Brand X**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Philip Rambow**
Hulme The Eagle: **The Swinging Lampshades**
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: **Spyder Blues Band**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **The Crusaders**
London Camden Brecknock: **Geneva**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Jah Lloyd/Creation Rebel**
London Camden Music Machine: **Tennis Shoes**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Stan's Blues Band/The Works**
London Ealing Ye Old Hatte: **A.D. 1984**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Lip Service**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **Squire**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Photos**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Free Beer**
London Marquee Club: **The Merton Parkas**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Jerry The Ferret**
London Peckham Montpelier: **Blue Moon**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Dana Simmonds & Greig's Folk & Blues Showcase**
London Royal Festival Hall: **Nina Simone**
London Southall White Hart: **Flying Saucers**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Rest**
London Wimbledon F.C. Nelson's Club: **Roy St. John & The Huskies**
London W.14 Cock Tavern: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
Manchester (Ashton) Birch Hotel: **Any Trouble**
Newcastle-under-Lyme Arts Centre: **Armpit Jug Band**
Newport (Gwent) Stowaway: **The Ruts**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Oxford New Theatre: **Loudon Wainwright**
Sheffield Top Rank: **XTC/The Yachts/The Dazzlers**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stockton Bentley's: **Clem Curtis & The Foundations**
Upminster New Windmill Club: **The Piranhas**
York Pop Club: **The Chords**

WINDSOR CASTLE
309 HARROW ROAD, W9

Thurs 6th
'ZORRO
+ Chalet
50p Adm

Fri 7th
V.I.P.'s
+ Statics
50 Adm

Sat 8th
DOGWATCH
+ Support
50p Adm

Sun 9th
FOUR KINGS
Free

Mon 10th
WORLD SERVICE
+ Support
Free

Tues 11th
ANDY BECK BAND
+ Support
Free

Wed 12th
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Sept 6th SCARECROWS
Sept 7th THE FEATURES
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Sept 9th am AGENTS,
pm OUTSIDERS
Sept 10th FAST EXIT
Sept 11th FIRST AID
Sept 12th GENEVA

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plus
HAPPY HOUSE
PRINCE HAMMER
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CREATION REBEL
September
Monday 17th **Leicester** De Montford Hall
Tuesday 18th **Oxford** New Theatre
Wednesday 19th **Birmingham** Digbeth Civic Hall
Thursday 20th **Bradford** St. George's Hall
Friday 21st **Coventry** The Coventry Theatre
Sunday 23rd **Newcastle** City Hall
Monday 24th **Edinburgh** The Astoria
Tuesday 25th **Manchester** Apollo
Wednesday 26th **Glasgow** City Hall
Thursday 27th **Liverpool** Eric's
Friday 28th **London** The Rainbow

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Saturday September 8th 7.00 pm
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MADNESS
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A.C. Sound and vision
Tickets 210p from Earth Records Aylesbury, Scorpions High Wycombe, Hairport Amersham, Old Town Records, Hemel Hempstead, F L Moore Bletchley, Dunstable & Luton, Hi-Vu Buckingham, or 210p at door on night.
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Friday September 7th
STARJETS + THE DIKS

Saturday September 8th
BUDGIE + TRICKSTER

Klingons

Support (in playing order)
Urban Decay, The Others, The Mess
Date: Sept 8th, Saturday *Time:* 7-11pm Adm: 75p *Venue:* Waterloo action Centre, 14 Bayliff Rd., (opposite the Old Vic)

LIP SERVICE

SEPTEMBER DATES

6th, 7th, 8th
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12th, THE GREYHOUND
14th, THE MUSIC MACHINE
15th, 101 CLUB
19th, GOLDEN LION
24th, ROCK GARDEN

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+ THE RONDO'S
Conway Hall, Redline Square, Holborn
Saturday September 8th
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THE FEATURES

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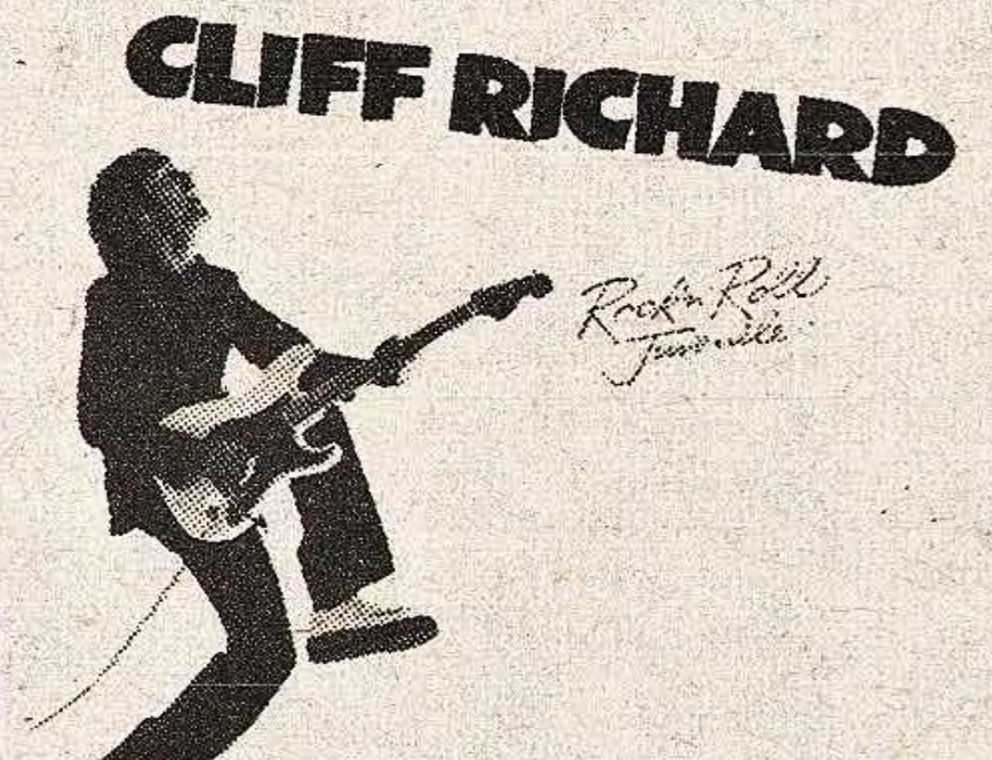
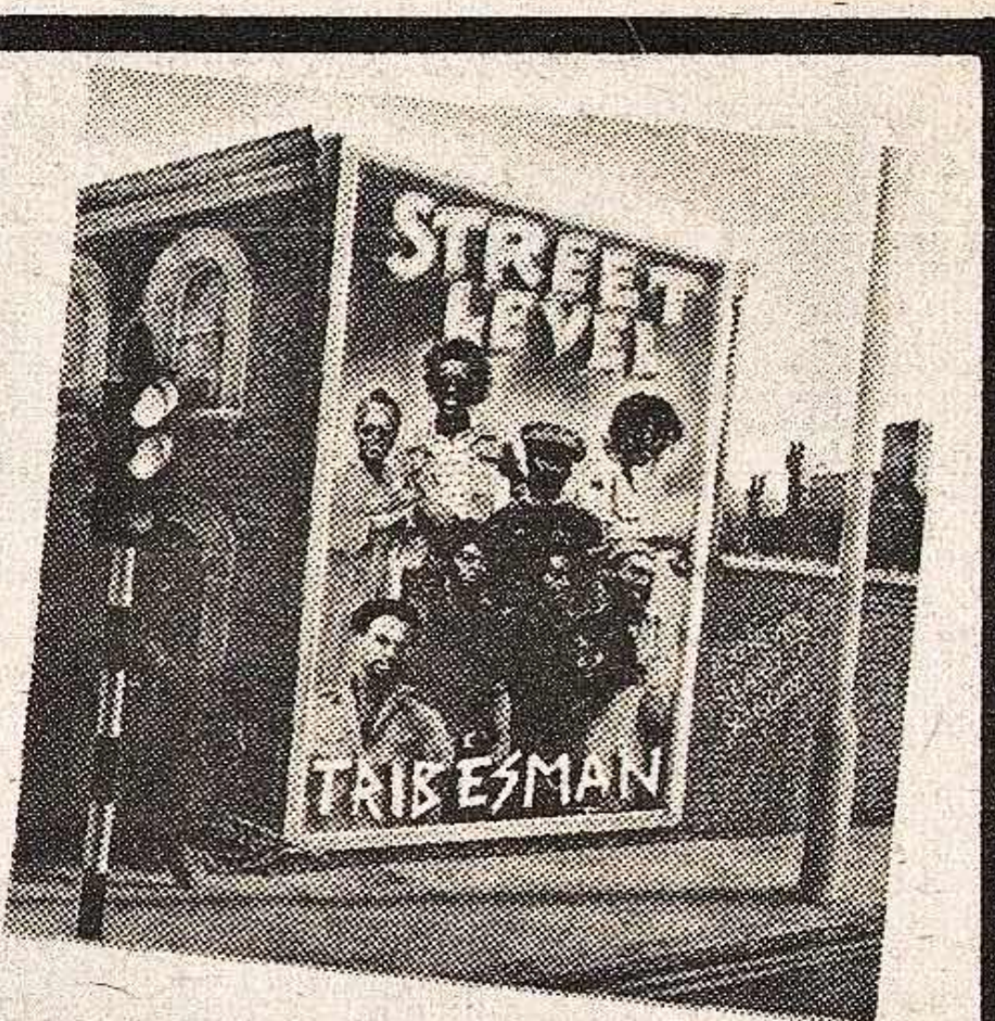
CAMDEN

FRIDAY 7th SEPTEMBER



Albums Extra



CLIFF RICHARD
Rock 'N' Roll Juvenile *(EMI)*
THE SHADOWS
String Of Hits *(EMI)*

If life does not begin at 40, at least it continues. Cliff Richard's name is synonymous with mellifluousness, longevity and reaction (not to mention family entertainment) and — lo! — the old fellow can be found at or near the top of the charts demonstrating that the physique and pipes are still functioning e'en as we speak.

'Rock 'N' Roll Juvenile', released to ride the wave created by 'We Don't Even Talk Any More' (chucked onto the album as an afterthought, according to the liner note) is an attempt to re-establish Cliff Richard's rock and roll credibility. The type of clothes Cliff inhabited at the dusk of the '50s are now hot threads for chic chaps once again, which is why the cover artwork gives us Cliff in creepers, Stratocaster and Johnson & Johnson suit rocking it up like a good 'un (even though his awful haircut mars the effect more than somewhat).

'Rock 'N' Roll Juvenile' is a slick, tuneful assimilation of styles established by people who played music like they meant it. The end result is the right notes and riffs (can you imagine a Cliff Richard track that cops the riff from Lou Reed's 'Sweet Jane'? It's here, fairly near one that borrows from 'Spanish Stroll') played with the wrong feel. Just as the cover is an earnestly self-conscious attempt to recapture the joys of an innocent, unselfconscious youth, the music (expertly supplied by loads of highly musical studio players) is too smooth and comfy to achieve the desired effect.

We'll only mention Christianity once, because the album only mentions Christianity once, significantly enought on the composition by The Artiste which gives the album its title, and also because Bob Dylan has — ahem — ripped off Cliff's whole stance. Cliff's alliance with the forces of repression led him to condemn the punk bands when they were fresh and upsetting and then espouse them when a few of them made it into the mainstream, just as he slagged all the doper weird-out bands of the late '60s until ditto. Here, his natural conservatism bars him forever from that charmed rock and roll never-neverland he's trying so hard to evoke: rock and roll without that sweet and sour scent of illicit pleasures is just cant and mush, which (in its most professional and well-meant incarnation) is what we got here.

This man has a lovely voice, but he's too careful. The album tells white lies even when it thinks it's speaking the truth. His niceness borders on the obsessional.

Meanwhile, Cliff's old comrades return with an album that is literally beneath contempt. Songs like 'Baker Street', 'Heart Of Glass', 'You're The One That I Want' and 'Bright Eyes' are herein rendered with a passion and drive that makes the muzak at Waterloo Station sound like the first Clash album by comparison.

'String Of Hits', contains a lot of carefully placed notes and no music whatsoever. It's the music they play in the cinemas that show the films you don't want to see. If Hank Marvin has some music in him that he actually *wants* to play, then I'd like to hear him play it. On this album, the musicians sound almost as bored as the listeners. If it was ten times better, it'd still be horrid. The Shadows should count themselves lucky that they have an audience who wouldn't want it any other way.

Charles Shaar Murray

A LIVERPOOL ALBUM
Street To Street *(Open Eye)*

As Liverpool finally wakes up and waves a healthy, inviting hello, 'Street To Street' is an appropriate and enterprising representation of a city's music falling into place.

It is an LP of half-formed ideas, smiles, mistakes and comradeship, the sort of diary LP the early days of Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield, etc, missed out on. It's based on a loose spirit of discovery, determination, and good humour. It contains songs from rare survivors, memories, groups of friends, hopefuls, temporaries and even once or twice from bands who hope to be around in a year's time.

'Street To Street' logically commences with the now completely legendary Big In Japan twirling through the sturdy instrumental 'Match Of The Day.'

Big In Japan (I fell in love with them) were Liverpool's infamous punky link with the dauntlessly decadent Deaf School, and one of the few signs that the city was breathing two years ago — if it hadn't have been for Erics, who would have spared Liverpool even a thought?

Echo And The Bunnymen, who are repsented by 'Monkies', have baked David Bowie, Neil Young, Arthur Lee and a blankety-blank drum machine into a ridiculously appetising pie . I still don't know whether to laugh or cry — and are one of Liverpool's current top five; the other are Teardrop Explodes, Levi And The Chameleons, Pink Military and Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark.

Orchestral Manoeuvres are featured from the days when they were The Id with 'Julia's Song', which remains in their repertoire. It is notable for revealing yet again the exquisite OMITD sense of melody and delicacy of detail. If the Id/OMITD and Echo And The Bunnymen represent the new strength of Liverpool Music, its real beginning in fact, The Accelerators are lone survivors from the murkily weak period some two years ago. Big In Japan were the darlings, but The Accelerators were undoubtedly the unloved uglies — a role they eventually relished and tried to exploit. Their 'Radio Blues' is no surprise: decent dance music, duff lyrics, and it doesn't affect the soft spot I have for these enduring, totally committed worthies.

Between the drab days of The Accelerators and Big In Japan (The Yachts took an easy way out!) and the recent boom, the apparent lack of activity was misleading. Nothing appeared to be happening.

The rest of the music on 'Street To Street' is essentially music from these underground times: Liverpool people looking for a way out. Jacqui and Jeanette perform '194 Radio City' and sound attractively like poppy Slapp Happy and are perhaps never to be heard of again.

Modern Eon ('Benched Down/'70s '60s') and Activity Minimal ('Television Game') are two units looking for a sound and are not as developed as either OMITD or the Bunnymen. Dead Trout ('The Arab') are a flexible collection of philosophers captured happily indulging themselves. Tontrix have split, leaving behind, not inconsiderably, the careful 'Screen Love'. Machine, with 'Crisis', and Fun, with 'I Heard You Call My Name', are the least inventive or lighthearted of the contributors, but at least they're not monotonous. The frail 'I Don't Want To Go Bald' from The Moderates could well bring tears to your eyes.

'Street To Street', along with a complete set of Zoo singles, will supply a comprehensive history of modern Liverpool rock. But not for long.

Paul Morley

TRIBESMAN
Street Level *(Boa)*

British and Jamaican reggae keep moving further apart; UK-grown Lovers Rock frequently outsells JA product and is beginning to dent the national pop charts whilst the steady march forward of Brit reggae bands has little counterpart back in the Isle of Springs.

Tribesman are in many ways typical of the many UK reggae bands grown up in the last couple of years — large and inclined to sprawling, hard working, playing often to mixed or white audiences, good for small venues but sometimes found wanting at larger concerts, apparently unlikely to cut a disc that will outstrip the Jamaican 'real thing' either artistically or commercially.

All of which is slightly unfair since the ten-piece London group have begun to find a real identity recently, and certainly their live shows are among the most consistently enjoyable on the UK circuit.

'Street Level', their debut for Dave Goodman's The Label, features much of their live material given a very crisp polished production by keyboardsman Skito; Third World could clearly figure as an influence. The choice of material shows a similar bias, focusing on the downbeat, funk-tinged, soul-vocalled side of their repertoire, closer to The Commodores than Greg Isaacs.

I suppose I'd take it in preference to its Yankee counterpart (and I'm sure many Brit sophisticats will), but I'd rather take a trip to the Gents and get back in time for the rock-outs; 'The Tribe', an anti-Babylonian lyric laced over an appealing keyboard riff, and 'Finsbury Park', a halting paean to the unlikeliest of London meccas. *"Don't come alive till it's after dark"* — take your pick from Irish pubs, The Arsenal, The Rainbow, blues parties. 'When I Father Come' falls somewhere between the two up and downtempo modes, with keyboard hookline again prominent.

A worthy debut LP.

Neil Spencer

IMPORTS

Doncha just love bad records? I mean *really* bad records, slop-rock two and a half chord tricks, tasteless death shots, garageland thumps and psychedelic wonders.

If you do, then the 'Pebbles' series being put out by the Aussie BFD label should have you dribbling fit to bust. For, in the wake of the first two volumes, garageland obscurities glowing appraised by the suitably unstable Paul Rambali some weeks ago, comes Vol 3 'The Acid Gallery', a magnificent monstrosity which foists itself as 'A mind blowing collection of 18 demented classics from the psychedelic '60s'. One glimpse of the track listing and any accredited bad record nut has to be absolutely sold, for it contains 'I'm Allergic To Flowers' by **Jefferson Handkerchief**, 'The Reality of (Air) Fried Borsk' by **The Driving Stupid**, 'Like A Dribbling Fram' by **The Race Marbles**, and a whole host of similar hallucinogenic hall of famers.

'Dribbling Fram' is a grade A classic. A dippy 'Like A Rolling Stone' mickey-take that emanates from Canada, it opens with the line *"I used to have these Argyl socks"* and then, amid gasps of anemic mouth-harp, it disintegrates into a babbling miscellany of totally nonsensical rhymes as the vocalist heads for the padded cell.

Driving Stupid's 'Horror Asparagus Stories' almost lets the side down by commencing in acceptable fashion, with vocalese lines being spun out over a 'I'm A Man' type riff. But this, of course, is just too good to last and the side eventually goes the same way as 'Fram', with the vocalist mumbling *"They're coming to take me away"*. 'Swami', on which one **William Penn V** emotes *"I went to see the Swami and tried to wake him from his trance — but he was stoned instead"*, revives memories of raga-rock, while 'Let's Take A Trip', a monologue penned by **Kim Fowley** (who else?) and performed by LA DJ **Godfrey** is so abysmally pathetic that it qualifies for instant replay and honours. Better than 'Jonathan King's Greatest Hits' (even if I can't locate one of the listed tracks), 'Pebbles Vol. 3' is awesome in its disposability. Now if I could only locate Vol. 4, a surfing compilation which is said to include 'London's A Lonely Town' performed by **Dave Edmunds, Terry Melcher, Curt Becher** and **Bruce Johnstone,** then my joy would be complete.

Morningstar, who have an album called 'Venue' out on Columbia, are just another one of those Stateside outfits that provide overlaid guitars, heap up the harmonies and sing about hard roads to travel. All very professional I suppose, but passe as spats at tiffin.

Finally, a mention of **Elizabeth Barraclough,** whom I once remember seeing on an *OGWT* devoted to the wonders of the Bearsville label. But though Liz is still on the label, she'd seem to be ruing the fact, for her latest offering is called 'Hi', which is not meant so much as a greeting but serves rather as an indication as to the type of sound emanating from the record's grooves. For the disc was produced and engineered by Willie Mitchell at the Hi Studio, and all Memphis plus Paul Butterfield would appear to have been involved on the sessions.

Next week, in a reciprocal mood, maybe we'll see Al Green wax the Todd Rundgren joke-book. But only if he's desperate.

Fred Dellar

LIVE!

Morrison shelters from the critical storm.

It didn't rain on Van, but he pissed all over Edinburgh

Van Morrison ■ Talking Heads ■ Chieftains ■ Squeeze The Undertones ■ Steel Pulse ■ Valves ■ Cheetahs

Words: Paul Morley **Pix: Jill Furmanovsky**

The close of the outdoor pop festival season was an under-attended, poorly located and insignificant collection of modern contradictions. The soul of the party was Irish; the light,heart was from East London; there was a dash of anguish from America; and the joke of the day was Irish too.

On paper the festival was a good assortment of individualists, and the event deserved to succeed. But in a ramshackle, miserable show jumping/go-kart venue, with the stage set awkwardly in a corner and the weather relentlessly grey, only occasionally did the day transcend the dreary.

The organisers needed a good 20,000 to break even. I'll be generous and estimate the gathering at about 8,000. The organisation was faultless, facilities excellent — and that the day fell a long way short of being memorable yet again emphasises the redundancy of such uncomfortable gatherings.

I'm saying bye bye to open air rock'n'roll, and I'm not going back.

The specific 'failure' of Talking Heads is symbolic of one of the major drawbacks of such occasions: enjoyment at festivals has to be one dimensional and superficial.

Talking Heads' troubled, troubling demands dissolved into the early evening dusk, leaving appealing impressions of a bent and worrying rock music that has interpretive integrity, but the brusque David Byrne probably jolted the cheerful audience as little as Squeeze's unashamedly frivolous pop muzak.

There is very little chance of any 'art' at a pop festival.

In the open air, where concentration and sympathy are problematical, Squeeze's self-conscious goodtime bravado and Talking Heads' self-conscious suppositional provocation are both ultimately nothing more than a jumble of bland, stable, if aggressively projected, noises. One jumble just happens to be a little more conventional than the other.

It's almost impossible to criticise, more pertinently analyse, the tense combination of language, logic, lurch and dry dignity of Talking Heads in an environment where any cutting edges are inevitably eroded. It's an insult all round really, but a few assumptions can be made.

Talking Heads are a classic synergic pop group. If the exacting effect of frontman Byrne's sombre silhouettes and fragments of interior monolgue are lost in the winds (as they obviously were), the Heads are nowhere near a whole group. They're resourceful musical strategists, but because of the inmate action of the music and the lyrics, if the words are lost then everything becomes trivial and we're left to trip with the astringent shade and desolation of empty musical gestures.

The fastidious Heads' performance verged on the comic; which is tragic.

If on record Talking Heads are a vacant or vital puzzle (and I'm sitting on the fence about that) which needs to be put together, then in these circumstances a majority of the puzzle is missing. What's left is a discriminating, disorientating dance band putting it all together with pointless menace.

The insecurity and vulnerability of Bryne's safety-valve observations can be vaguely sensed through the music's development and his performance. But Talking Heads under grey clouds is *not* about mischievous provocation and precarious admonishment, but moderately venturesome entertainment.

So they played well, and probably didn't do their callow enigma image too much of a disservice.

They practically rose to a 'Love Building Goes To Fire', 'Pyscho Killer' climax; were cheered back to titillate some more; and ended with a truly devastating 'Take Me To The River'. They came, they poised, they refreshed. This is not really enough, but all they could hope for. No chill, no confusion.

Birthday boy Van Morrison stubbornly (*tactically*, if you're being nice) stipulated that he would not be preceded by a rock group. The homeless failed weirdo waif considers Talking Heads to be a rock group, and would not have his ventilated fusion music stained by the close proximity of a 'dirtier' ventilated fusion music.

This man is uncompromising to the bitter end. And this fussiness was the cause of the mystery guest farce. Morrison wanted a solo troubadour to *calm* the audience before his arrival. The choice was Loudon Wainwright, but he pulled out a long time ago. Wild guesses included Nils Lofgren and even The Clash, but there was no replacement.

On the day, with manipulation and an 'explanation' about The Chieftains being delayed on their flight from Dublin, the Irish folk semi-circle ended up setting the scene for Morrison.

It was the endearing eccentricity and precious expertise of the Irish traditionalists that won them their warm appreciation.

The mood was right. Bonfires were lit, haphazard jigs danced and people wandered through the night towards the fairground and food stalls.

The complex but undemanding, instrumentals are perfect unorthodox easy listening for the open air. The vitality and purity of their unaffected, uncompromising music is contagious (at least in small doses). People happily fell for their cosy oddity, their fiddling and twiddling. It proved that the best, the *only* festival music, is full of gusto and freshness; for dancing to, smiling at and feeling warm with. That means it must be either totally familiar or luxuriously melodic and consistent. Of course, darkness always helps.

Twenty minute opening spots by local boys The Cheetahs and The Valve were swallowed up by the early afternoon daylight and not helped by the drabness of the venue and the dribbling arrival of spectators.

The Cheetahs were gruff and hardworking riffmen; The Valves huffed and puffed through a farewell performance that had been forced on them by unsavoury anonymity, alas doing nothing that indicated they'd be missed.

Steel Pulse brought colour to the mid-afternoon haze and achieved easy rapport with the steadily growing audience.

In a way, their rigorous, dogmatic music was an equally accessible delicacy as The Chieftains': unorthodox for many, and unquestionably sweet in small doses. Anyway, it noticeably and expectedly went chukka chukka, up and down, up and down, on and on, on and on. This was the kind of fluid familiarity that people needed. Pulse encored . . . up and down, on and on.

Vocalist of the day was undoubtedly The Undertones' Fergal Sharkey. He sang not with the axiomatic dependability of Van Morrison, but with a massive and indisputable soulfulness. Sharkey is one of the great white blues singers, and it's this unacknowledged virtue — one of a multitude of subtle factors — that makes The Undertones one of the most exciting and uplifting groups of all time.

Irish Van's guard of honour protects him from terrorist photographers.

Analysis of The Undertones' evasive genius is always a fumble through contentious claims about their intuitive sensitivity and of their inspiration that is given voracious thrust because of their root motivation. Lovers of the group do tend to get inarticulately irrational about what they feel is The Greatness. It's so hard to explain; The Undertones are a true engima.

Ramones droolers, if forced, can quite rationally point to that group's comic, implicitly, critical quality. With The Undertones any humour isn't as obvious or clumsily logic-chopping.

There is a lot of melancholy and barely disguised disenchantment. The overriding sense of optimism comes from the lads' irrepressible surprise and delight to be doing what they're doing. And it's this joyous urgency which blends so magically with the sadness and the naivity, the intolerance and the humility, the cheek and the love.

The Undertones play sad-eyed, glad-hearted urchin blues music with the passionate drive of demons.

I'm familiar with the group's endlessly inspiring songs; they made me dance and smile, warmed my heart, moistened my eyes. How could they not be my favourite group of the day, the year, all time?

I was not the only one to think so. They could have played all day and all night, and no one would have complained — least of all The Undertones.

Probably Van Morrison would have been a little unsettled, but then he made an unforgivable mistake by not arriving early and experiencing some life.

The Undertones are in some ways unknowing children of The Beatles, who properly explored the theoretical groundwork for all modern rock from avant garde to AOR. The Undertones are improving the awesome, elusive pop vivacity of the early Beatles.

Squeeze are deliberate craftsmen and much more aware of any Beatles inheritance. Their modern setting is not exhilarating; they're buoyant, debonair and confident traditionalist who appreciate the values of wit, economy and insistence.

Hard workers, they rely on the enlivening stimulation of their more skilfully constructed songs to win favour. They do write good songs, but they also write plain ones. They have difficulty sustaining interest and often use the boogie way out.

For The Undertones, it comes so easy but they never sound casual; for Squeeze it's a lot harder and they can suffer for trying too hard and sound contrived. A classic juke box group they lack the individualism and immediacy of the greats.

Being carefree and enterprising chaps, Squeeze won their encores.

Later on in the night, the foreboding Van Morrison gloomily led a basic seven piece show band through restrained motions. His set had a graceful feeling of vulgarity, a sour sense of pointless functioning. It was sullen and obnoxiously smug, and for all this distressing.

I had decided that if Morrison failed to turn up to hear The Undertones I would lose a little bit of faith. But I was not expecting such a haggard, almost remorseful performance, which completely destroyed all my faith anyway.

There is still The Voice — now an isolated instrument. Tolerantly composed, it is not used to emote or enchant but merely to play around with. It sounds good, but closer to pleasant than rapturous. He was patronising more than possessed. God knows what I was expecting.

Looking stern and stoical, stuffed inelegantly into tight waistcoat and trousers, at times it seemed as though he was punishing himself out of some secret puritanical ritual. If he was forced to play for some mysterious reason, it would explain a lot.

Morrison's group were inevitably ultra-capable musicians who operated with strict perfection. The performances of old stand-bys David Hayes (bass), Peter Van Hooke (drums), Herbie Armstrong (guitars), Toni Marcus (violin), John Attman (brass), Pete Wingfield (keyboards) and Katie Kissoon cannot of course be seriously faulted. They did their jobs with unflappable skill and sympathy.

The day's unambitious balance was a light and straight balm of comfortable jazz and fluid folk, flawlessly manicured and maintained, and often monotonously predictable. Even when it bit hard and jumped about it still sounded nonchalant.

All this is perfect for the frigid Morrison, who didn't really want to torture himself but just show off his voice.

He deftly eased through and around the frictionless mood music, singing not from the heart but moving automatically and undramatically to places he knows he can reach. It was a passive exhibition, not a sentimental celebration.

Morrison's dour intimidation and severely chaste presence lacks dignity; and when the voice isn't giving that to him it's a sorry, hollow sight and sound. The audience were ultimately appreciating competent standards of performance which were chipped out for the sake of it and relied on memories to raise everything to emotional heights. Van and band stayed on one level — concisely entertaining.

Morrison came across as a singer full stop — and not the great one he obviously can be.

It was something like Al Green's cynical Venue dates. Songs like 'Tupelo Honey', 'Wavelength', 'Here Comes The Night' and 'Crazy Love', were all numb exercises: immaculately delivered but lacking emotional edge or penetration. They were simply turned over, disposed of. It suggested Morrison's future lies in pub singing; which isn't as absurd as it seems.

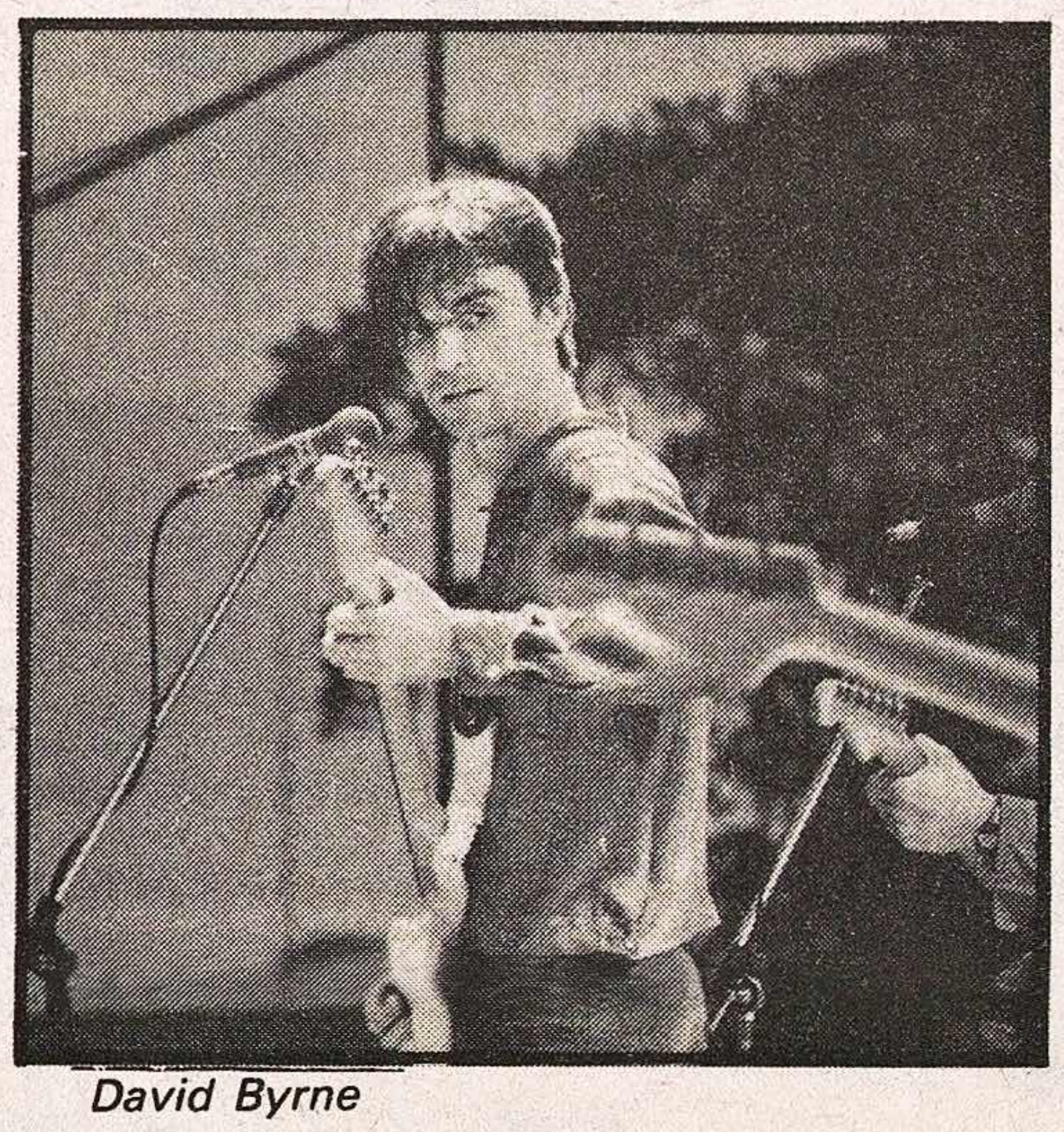
Encores were an unaffectionate 'Brown Eyed Girl' and an undemonstrative 'Gloria'. The band were then joined by The Chieftains for a mawkish hymnal finale.

Morrison then rushed from the stage and into the waiting limousine, with no time to savour what he'd just done or why he'd done it. The audience, soaked to the skin, drifted away.

I wandered into the night wondering what the hell had just happened.

Glen Tillbrook

The promoter


David Byrne

The brilliant Undertones scarper before moody Van arrives.

Babble On . .

'Babble'

Oval House

The events that led to the banning of 'Babble' — Kevin Coyne's song-cycle with dialogue — are both too absurd and too depressing to warrant much comment here.

Deprived of its last venue by an unsavoury alliance of muck-hungry Fleet Street, council and craven theatre management, the production has found another home at Kennington's Oval House, just for four days, and that *is* a reason to be cheerful.

Cheerful because however harrowing or bleak the content of 'Babble' might appear, it's immensely heartening to know that alongside all the flash, panache and bullshit, British music can find a place for a performer like this.

Coyne is a writer of awkward honesty, and a singer of often chilling incision; in a medium grown bloated by selling our cellophane-wrapped fantasies back to us, he works at presenting one uncompromised brand of reality.

It isn't bludgeoning or aggressive, but it is to be taken on its own terms.

'Babble' is a particularly thorough, painstaking exploration of the reality of one relationship, stripped of romance and artifice. The format employed is correspondingly stark. Against a stage-set of light-bulb, table and chairs Coyne and his partner Dagmar Krause stand at either side; the only accompaniment comes from Bob Ward and Brian Godding, playing electric and acoustic guitar in the gloom behind.

Each of 16 songs, taken more or less alternately by the Man and the Woman, deal with a specific mood or emotion — suspicion, elation, apathy, cynicism, optimism — and each relates to one stage or facet of the process of people drawing closer, or trying to.

Linking each number, introducing and expanding on their themes, the two characters improvised an improved dialogue, act out their reminiscences, their confusion and their hopes in simple and understated scenes. The results might be funny, or moving, or occasionally puzzling — though I more often found the obscurity of the Man's mental suffering to be quite chilling — the final effect is bitterly poignant.

It all sounds like the kind of evening you'd expect to squirm through, either bored or embarrassed, or both. After all, 'bleeding hearts' went out with the '60s — and compassion is out of fashion, replaced by escapism born of facile cynicism.

Kevin Coyne's vision can, in the modern context, seem like an anachronism, a grainy re-run of *The Wednesday Play* after you've got used to *Charlie's Angels.*

And yet 'Babble' does work; it's an important work, of relevance and of warmth with uncomfortable authenticity. But it's difficult to imagine two other performers who might succeed inside its suffocating, claustrophobic scope in the way that Krause and Coyne do.

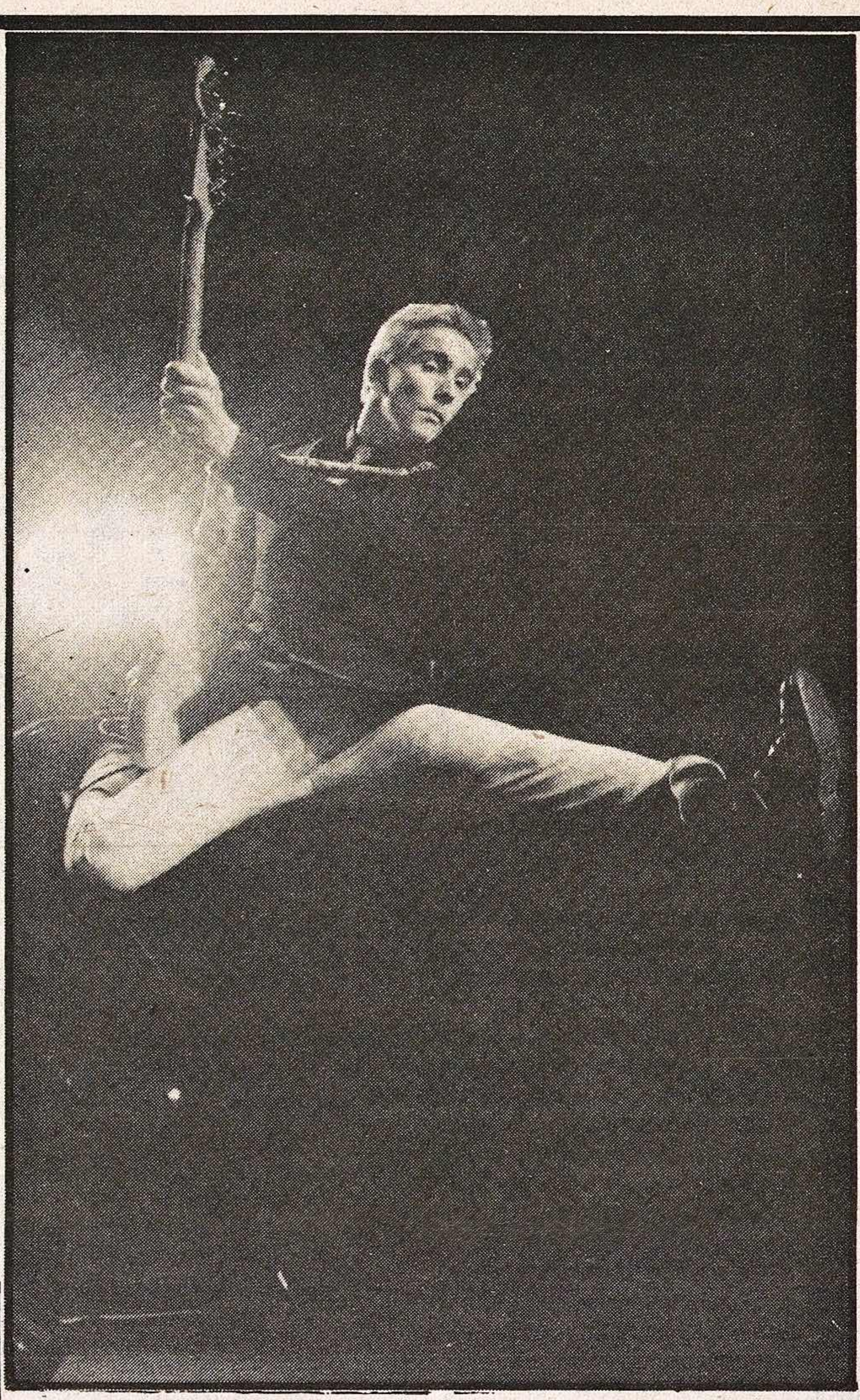
Their acting — he as the troubled and brooding loner, fighting his lapses into self-absorption and hostility, she as the patient, vulnerable lover — is never less than natural, and never more.

Coyne plays the shuffling, crumpled Man whose memory remorselessly pushes up grotesque images, battling with his vague and forlorn "Plans" for the future. The voice should be known to you, but it is otherwise beyond adequate description — and the one definable characteristic is its capacity to shock, to annihilate complacency.

While for her part, Dagmar Krause (of the Slapp Happy and Henry Cow ventures) provides the warmer, more sympathetic foil; her soft mid-European voice gliding across the material to daunting effect.

It's only to be hoped Krause and Coyne can find the time — and place — for future presentations of 'Babble'. For anyone who doubts rock's potential for the maturer types of insight, it's a piece of rare encouragement.

Paul Du Noyer



Leaping with a Purple Heart. Pic Justin Thomas.

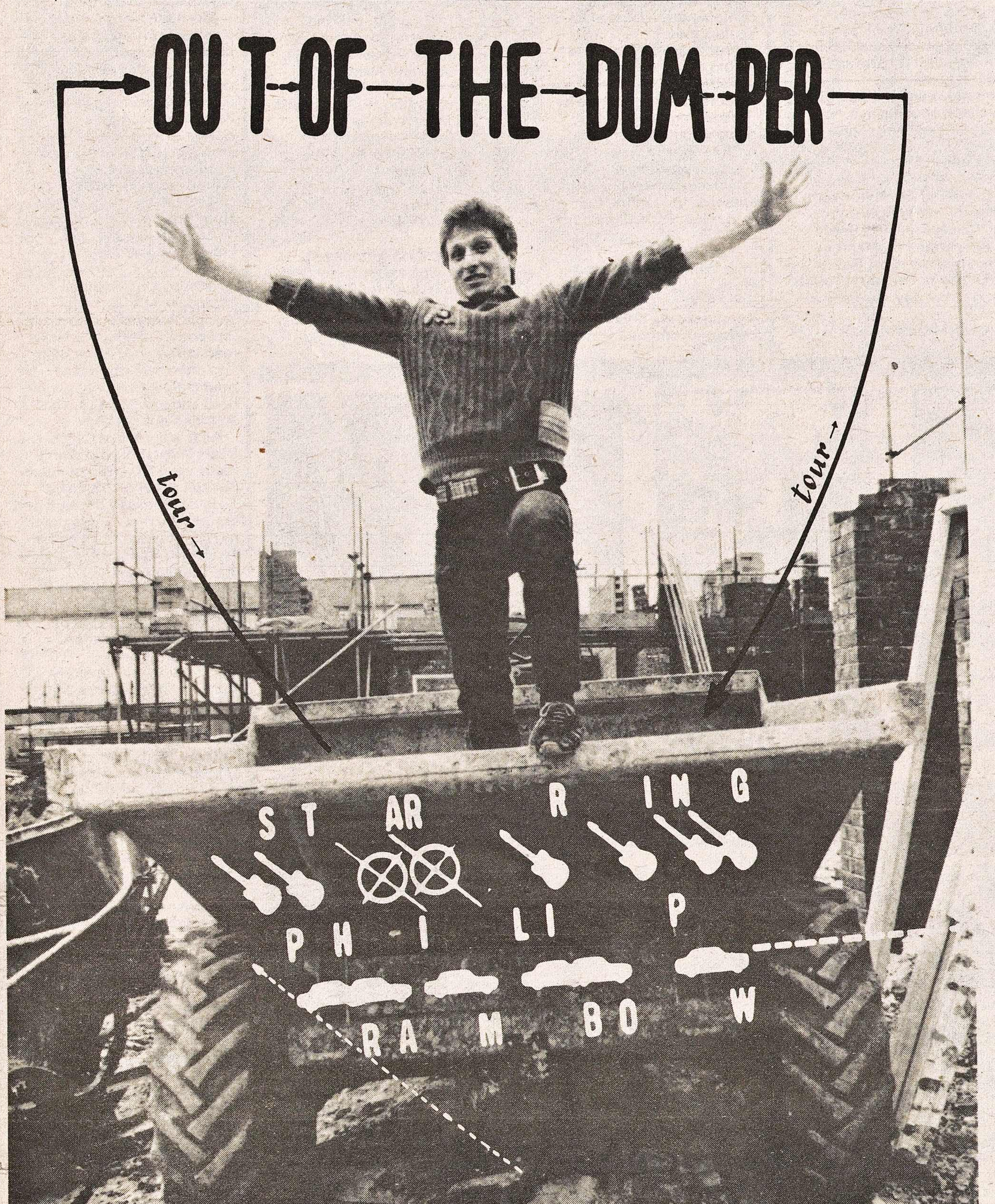
Secret Affair
Purple Hearts
Madness
Back To Zero

Lyceum

"You've done the Monkey, you've done the Jerk and the Mashed Potato too. The Swim and the Fly have all gone by, got a brand new dance for you."

That's right. You've heard the word, you've seen the film, now play the part. If the parka fits, wear it.

It seems to fit uncannily well — tailor made for the new Tory prosperity that Saatchi'n'Saatchi promised us. The past few years saw revolt — punk and rasta — turned into style. This is a revolt into style, pure and simple. Nothing to rebel



SEPT 11: CROMWELLS/NORWICH
12: NAGS HEAD/HIGH WYCOMBE
13: F-CLUB/LEEDS
14: JB'S/DUDLEY
SEPT 17: HOPE & ANCHOR
SEPT 18: HOPE & ANCHOR
20: U-FUSION CLUB/CHESTERFIELD
21: SANDPIPER/NOTTS
SEPT 24: THE NASHVILLE
SEPT 25: THE NASHVILLE
SEPT 26: MARQUEE
27: ERIC'S/LIVERPOOL
28: LIMIT CLUB/SHEFFIELD

Pic Kel Edge

THE SECRET'S OUT

SECRET AFFAIR
THE SINGLE
TIME FOR ACTION
ON
I-SPY
RECORDS

How to get away with half fare on a train.

If you're under 14 years of age, no problem.
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And it'll only set you back £8 a year, valid from 15th September 1979 to 30th September 1980.

So whether it's nipping home to see the folks, visiting friends, or going up to town for a party or disco, it could save you a lot of money over the year.

If you're a first year student and open a current account with Lloyds Bank before 31st October, 1979, you save even more.

Because they'll offer you a £4 voucher towards the cost of your Railcard.

For full details, pick up a leaflet at any British Rail station.

Student Railcard
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Doing The Tory Trot

against, except the unstylish; nothing to aspire to, except the stylish; no need to compromise even, except on grounds of budget.

Mod as a movement totally lacks the ambition, the deceit, the ugliness of its predecessors. It promises nothing more than it can deliver. That's why some people hate it. That's why some people love it.

Mod as a music is as nebulous as the clouds. It has no focus nor definition beyond a vague idolisation of certain aspects of The Who and The Jam; just like Mod as a movement. And reversing the usual scheme of things, it's a movement that was just waiting for a figurehead.

Never a very ruthless fellow, Paul Weller predictably refused the unspoken offer of the crown. Secret Affair seem only too happy to fit the bill and take the glory.

On the Bank Holiday Mod Night Special, they looked the proverbial part; almost *too* tailor made for it.

But let's get one thing straight: Secret Affair (and The Purple Hearts and Back To Zero) are not dance bands. They play too fast, their rhythms are sloppy, there's no natural grace, no understanding of pace.

People dance, yes, but just look at them. They're all over the place, all bopping differently to a beat that isn't even there. Everybody just jerks and lunges with an eagerness that suggests they've heard the word, but with a gangliness that shows they haven't understood it.

So Secret Affair aren't a dance band, but they are a very tight rock band; as tight and flash as their fitted tonic threads. And they're oh-so suss (more likely suspect). Suss enough to write songs that are crisp, smart and cleverly composed of ordinary off-the-peg hooks; songs like 'Get Smart' that set out to anthemise the popular pre-occupations in The Who's tradition of rock rabble-rousing and succeed only because neither The Purple Hearts nor Back To Zero (who attempt the same thing) are as good at it, and there's no-one else around who's any better.

Plus the charisma count of the Hearts and Back To Zero is negligible, while Secret Affair's is overwhelming.

But it's all so much style and no content — no sense of someone who really feels something, *anything* behind the songs; just a ready glorification of whatever's going, backed up by direct commercial rock moves of the old, and no longer so commercial, school.

The Purple Hearts and Back To Zero leave the same sort of mark, but where Secret Affair are slick and contrived, they are rough and earnest. That's not a lot to choose between.

But anyway, the choice reception went to Madness halfway through the night, for their cartoon skank shenanigans. Big fun, hugely disposable, they're probably the only living example of what happens when The Blockheads meet The Rezillos at the crass roots of reggae.

A Secret rabble-rouser. Pic Chris Horler.

People danced easily, naturally, in the thick, infectious groove touched off by these juvenile relations to the superior Specials.

Madness lack that Specials' wit; The Specials aren't as up-front funny. But both bands have seven members and singers whose delivery is a flat — in Madness' case too flat — foil for their crew's frantic antics, specifically the frontline toasters. Although Chas Smash stuck to his Toy Soldier routine on this occasion and left out the best malchick leer this side of Malcolm McDowell.

Best of all, he didn't say "see you at Southend tomorrow." He just said, "Don't do that. Do this!"

And just at this moment, there isn't really anything better to do. Is there?

Paul Rambali

Rickie Lee Jones

Edinburgh

Lights dim to the customary applause for shadows looming incognito on the darkened stage. Some minutes later a muted spotlight reveals a pianist playing subdued, smoky jazz.

Orange sparks bounce as Rickie Lee flicks her cigarette into the gloom, then begins to sing quietly. The song is slow and dramatic; whispered lines ending in a shout.

Between songs she wanders off to light cigarettes or find another drink — highly unprofessional, but charming in the way it complements her Shirley MacLaine as the drunk country girl character. A second-hand rose in her shapeless black dress and seedy, lurexed scarves, swapping beret for battered hat according to whim.

After the opening song, the band materialise, bathed in pastels throughout. Here are their adjectives: tasteful, mellow, restrained, immaculate; occasionally soulful; later long-winded and self-indulgent, aside from some vaguely witty vocals synthesised organically through a saxophone.

Basically it's another American sessionmen band, their functionally funky jazz rippling and swelling quietly as sleek, elegant atmosphere for Rickie Lee's scenarios.

Occasionally the band surges, Rickie Lee's voice soars abruptly — but it's just for a second; no more than a moan from the crowd, lulled near comatose if they caught the mood.

This tempo variation between dirge and funereal works surprisingly well, though this is due mainly to Rickie Lee and the various idiosyncracies of her vocal style. It may occasionally seem to be a wide range of stylish mannerisms: the husky whispers and impassioned wails collaged with meandering spoken fragments. But often it's pure and sensuous enough to transcend any accusations of Californian, laid-black blandness.

Her spoken introductions are usually long and rambling, full of tangents and pauses; the usual American impressions of Britain — this is, after all, her first gig outside America — generally evolve into some evocative tale or childhood memory, finally arriving, quite logically, at the next song.

Here she's loud and sloppy; a fallen woman; the archetypal angelic hooker — "Y'ALL WANNA *DRINK/*"

And this is where the 'female Tom Waits' comparisons arise.

Certainly Wait's and Jones' jazz influences are similar, ditto the cracked-voice, wearied beatnik personas; yet both are separate, distinctive characters. Rickie Lee, though, is considerably less of a shock that Tom Waits.

After the subdued atmosphere — a metamorphosis! Rickie Lee dances, scat sings with the sax, introduces her six-piece band.

The encore is some ancient, stylised, urban blues riff, embellished with cymbals and used in a million movie dance sequences for late-night, back-alley skulking.

Rickie Lee dances again; a temptress, slinky and sexy now in the tight, shiny catsuit previously beneath the dress— the minx!

Between her dance it's a Kerouac/Waits rhythmic monologue, with jive interjections rather poorly performed by her guitarist. These two songs seemed longer than the rest of the show.

There's still some hope she could be a cult figure.

Glenn Gibson

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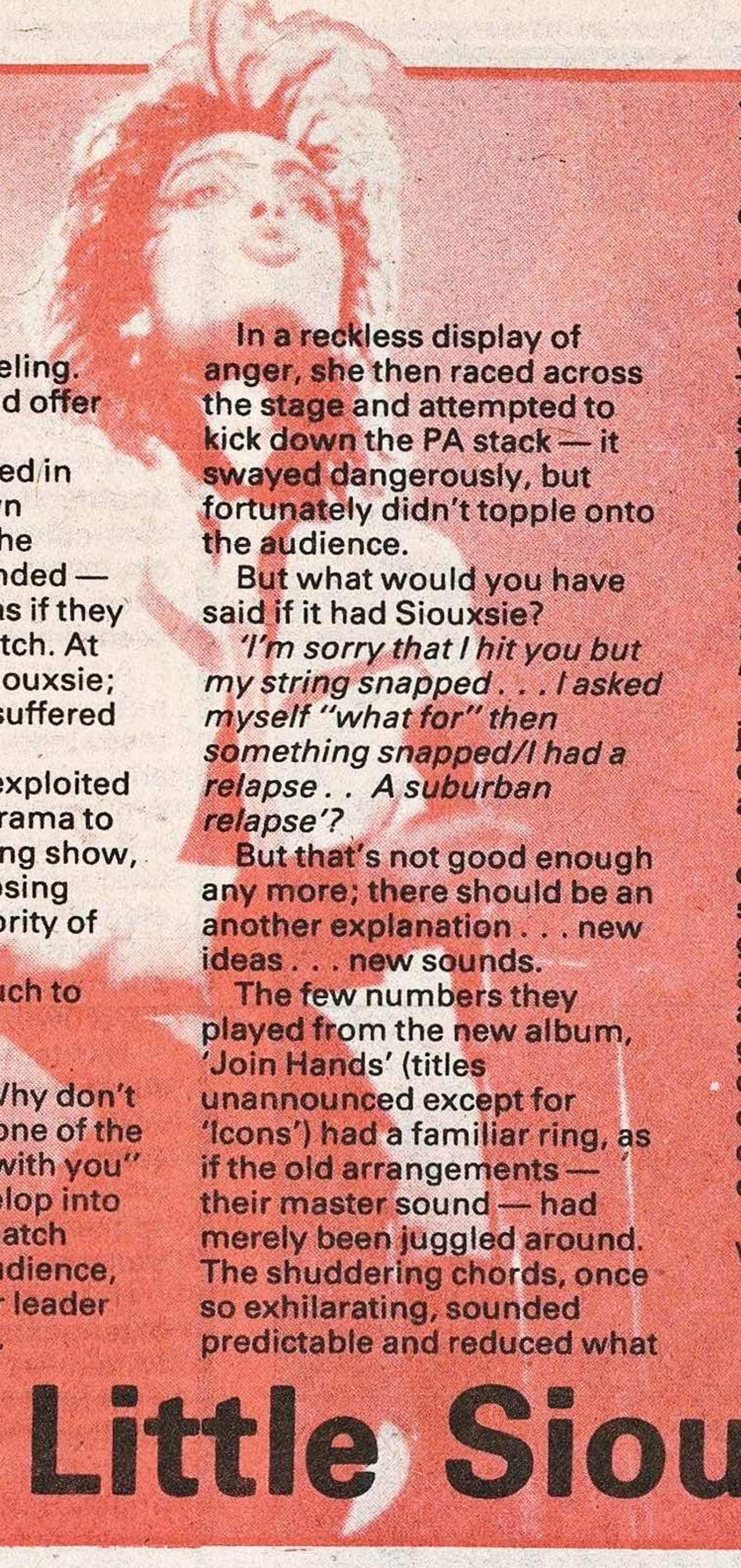

Pic Chris Horler

Wake Up Little Siouxsie

Siouxsie And The Banshees The Cure

Aylesbury

It wasn't until the last number that I remembered what all the fuss was about earlier this year, concerning a new, young band called The Cure who had the professed sound of '79 with one excellent single — 'Killing An Arab'.

It still sounds as good, with its high, piercing guitar hookline and climbing, floating rhythm; but it stood out tonight as a fluke — a momentary flash of brilliance not repeated in anything else The Cure have done.

They came over as a good, heavy rock band with a seriousness and depth to their music that suggests they have the technical know-how but lack imagination.

Their flamboyant drum sound — a hollow thumping softened by a multitude of brushing cymbals blended with a heavy bass line — was used effectively in 'Play For Today'. But theirs is a bare, basic sound, void of excitement or real feeling.

The Banshees could offer little more.

They only succeeded in transmitting their own negative attitude to the audience who responded — as Siouxsie put it — as if they were at a football match. At least they woke up Siouxsie; unfortunately some suffered the consequences.

But Siouxsie only exploited the violence to add drama to The Banshees' flagging show, which was steadily losing ground with the majority of punters.

She didn't have much to say. But her sarcastic warnings to the trouble-makers — "Why don't you dance? I'm *sure* one of the bouncers will dance with you" — threatened to develop into a running slanging match between band and audience, until dragged by their leader into the next number.

In a reckless display of anger, she then raced across the stage and attempted to kick down the PA stack — it swayed dangerously, but fortunately didn't topple onto the audience.

But what would you have said if it had Siouxsie?

'I'm sorry that I hit you but my string snapped . . . I asked myself "what for" then something snapped/I had a relapse . . A suburban relapse'?

But that's not good enough any more; there should be an another explanation . . . new ideas . . . new sounds.

The few numbers they played from the new album, 'Join Hands' (titles unannounced except for 'Icons') had a familiar ring, as if the old arrangements — their master sound — had merely been juggled around. The shuddering chords, once so exhilarating, sounded predictable and reduced what was once a very intense feeling into listless mundanity. The band just didn't seem to be trying.

The only number that did come over with anything like the force I used to associate with this band, was 'Switch'. The spine-chilling guitar sounds, echoing from speaker to speaker, isolated by Kenny Morris's drum breaks, had the desired effect on the audience:

'People walk/And even talk/people listen/then they halt . . .'

It stopped the fighting — just long enough to take in the excellent 'Hong Kong Garden' at the end of the set.

Siouxsie cavorted, as expected, but it really did seem too much effort; and I got the impression that the audience if not being taken for a ride, were being taken for granted. But after all, it was only a warm-up gig and consequently the band were only using half of their equipment.

I was warned beforehand. Were *you?*

Deanne Pearson

Heavy racket on a tennis lawn

Joni Mitchell

New York

A balmy summer night under an open sky at the Forest Hills tennis stadium. It's a genteel location on a night perfectly suited to gentle music and perhaps this pleasantness lulled critical senses because the crowd loved Mitchell in any of her many styles and guises.

Mitchell is lucky to have such loyal fans. But she doesn't need them. She has a palpable star stature; an ability to put over what she is doing, whatever its inherent flaws. She has the confidence of long experience that wins people over.

You could feel her strength as she sang 'Furry Sings The Blues' — just her strumming an electric guitar and guitarist Pat Metheny providing pointed but unobtrusive fills. It was in the way she made the song seem like a story being told to friends; in the way she caught the jive talk and accents of the New Orleans musicians she sang about.

You could feel it as she sang 'Dreamland', unaccompanied except for her drummer rapping out a funky jungle rhythm on congas as her voice etched power into lines about *"burning with knowledge of things to come"*.

You could feel it when she did 'Amelia' (again just with Metheny) singing about driving across deserts of the imagination and again making it sound as real as literal story-telling.

She was at her worst with her old hits, re-worked into soulless structures to support the weight of the instrumental virtuosity she had assembled around her.

Blame it on her band.

The five-piece she is touring with includes three certified jazz-fusion heavies: Metheny (guitar), Jaco Pastorius (bass) and Michael Brecker (horns). These players are extremely technically proficient, and their group sound is understandably high on technique but low on feeling.

Songs like 'Big Yellow Taxi', 'Raised On Robbery' and 'Free Man In Paris' cry out for a little instrumental passion, yet this lot were cold and clinical. Metheny and Pastorius played busy, decorative parts that skitted around the edges of the rhythms but would never launch directly into them.

Worse was when individuals took solos — meaningless displays of chops for their own sake. Once, when a Pastorius bass solo veered off into Hendrix-inspired guitar-hero pyrotechnics, even this incredibly polite audience became audibly upset, crying out for Mitchell's return.

The band's work was most successful with the material from 'Mingus'. They played it close to the album, giving Mitchell a chance to show her ability as a jazz singer, a style she has not yet perfected to the degree she has with her narrative forms of songs, such as 'Amelia'. But at least the band had more of an affinity for the lilting swing of the 'Mingus' material than they did for the rock 'n' roll needed to carry off songs like 'Raised On Robbery'.

But Mitchell triumphed — usually when she dispensed with the group and accompanied herself on guitar.

Taking command of a song is certainly less complicated when solo, but she did more. She picked up on the innate rhythms of her lyrics and ran with them, she brought home the impact of her visions and made her words seem like they were being composed on the spot, a personal and privileged communication.

Her first of three encores was a gem. Mitchell brought on the opening act, the acappella singing group The Persuasions, for a beautiful, gospel rendition of 'Shadows And Light'. Joni's airy soprano and the husky Persuasions' voices seemed made for each other.

The dilemma that now confronts Mitchell in presenting her material live seems formidable: her work scans so many styles that no one band could be expected to handle its full range.

Still, this show was a success. She sang beautifully and showed a mastery that said this was *one* body of work, though diverse, and should be considered as such.

Mitchell has a restive, searching nature. It has kept her from becoming a boring folkie recluse; kept her from resting on her laurels as an LA studio-scene hit-maker; kept her from being just a dilettante dabbling in jazz.

Hopefully, it will keep her in motion, and perhaps the current impasse of a Joni Mitchell performance will resolve itself through the directions she takes.

Richard Grabel

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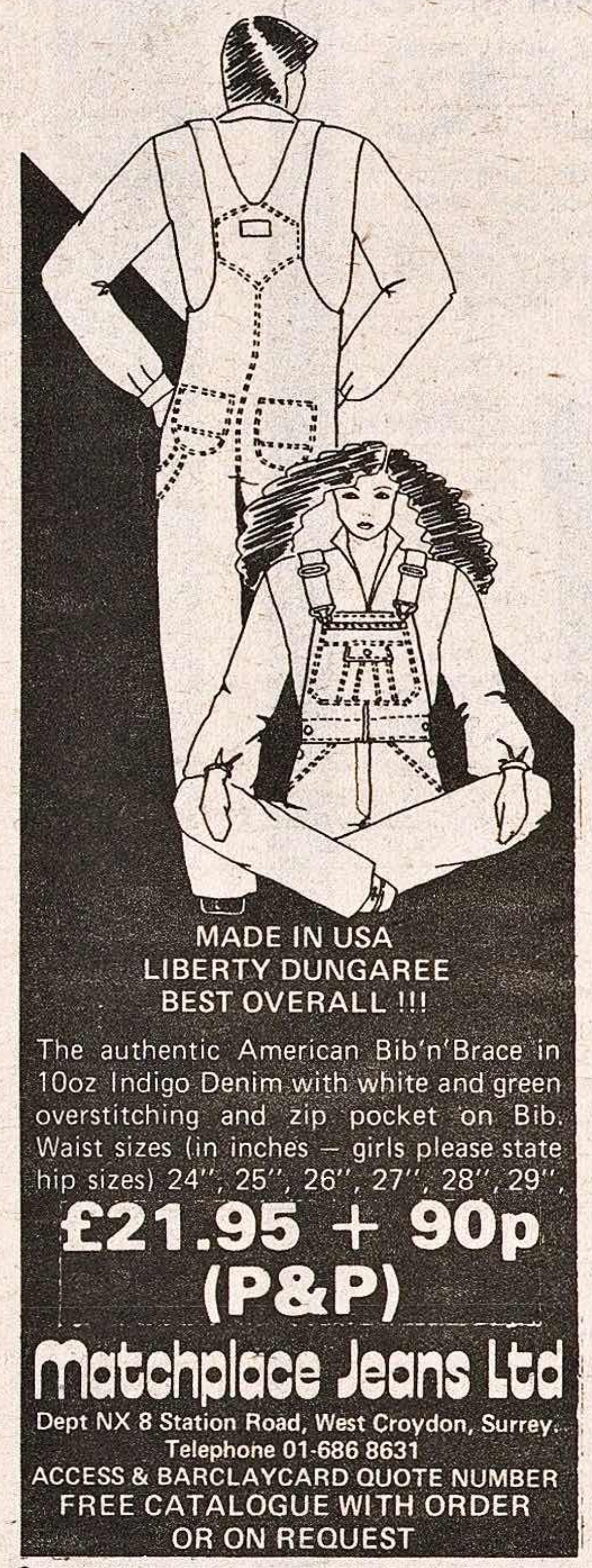

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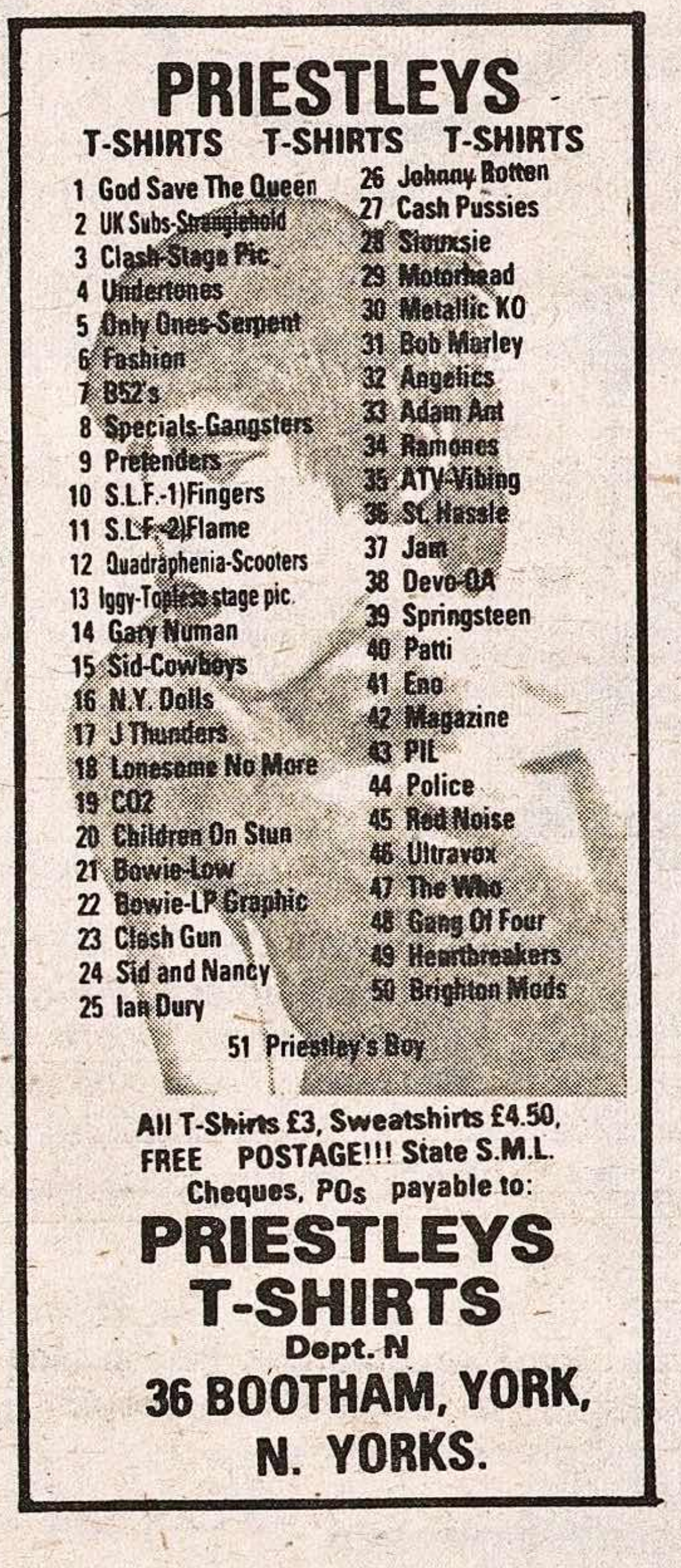

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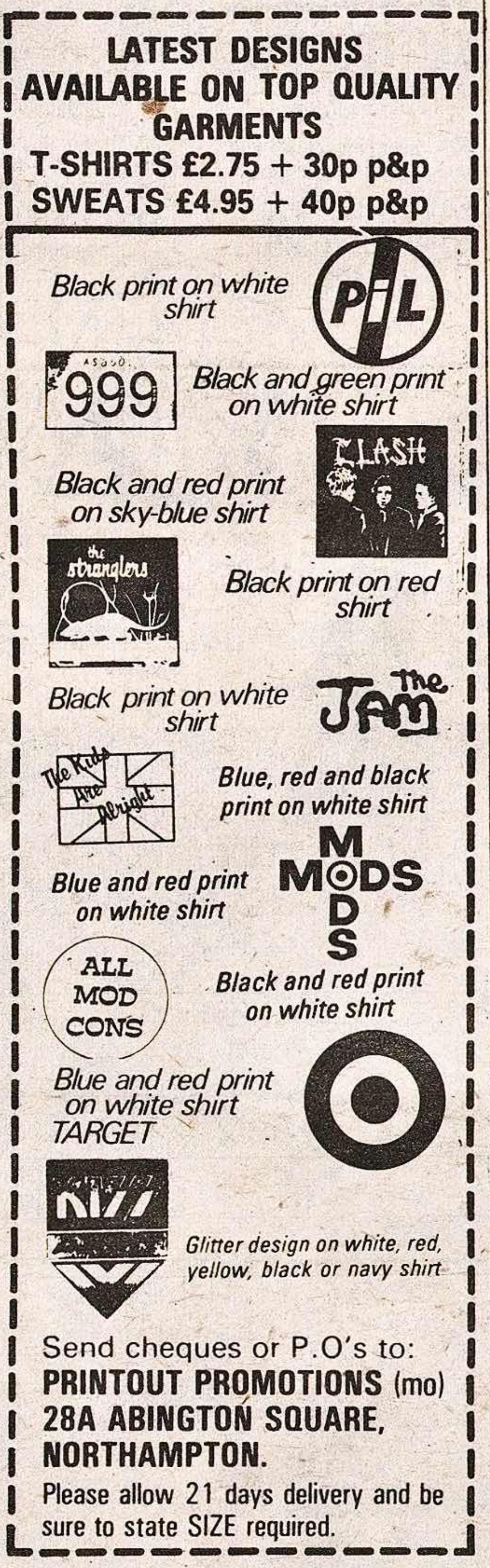

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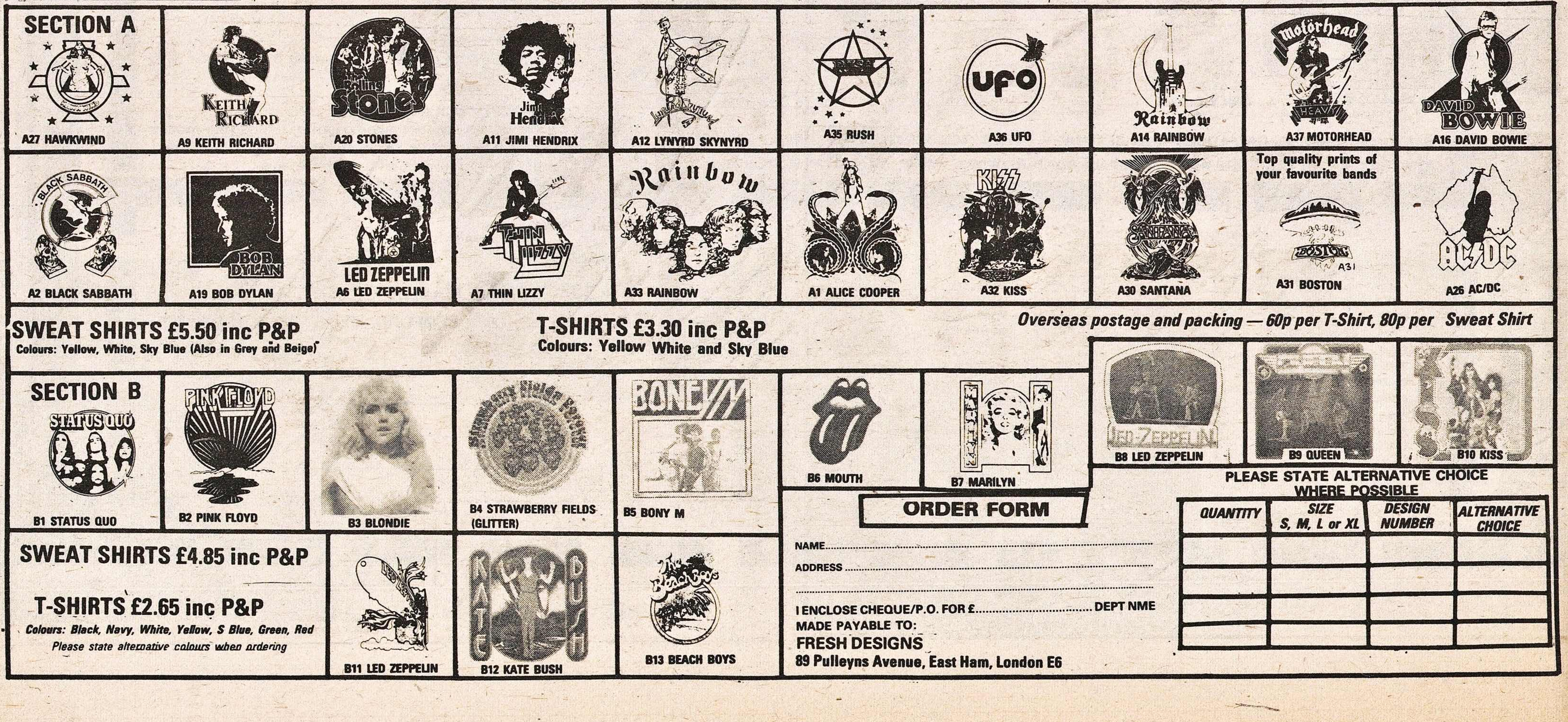

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A11 JIMI HENDRIX
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A35 RUSH
A36 UFO
A14 RAINBOW
A37 MOTORHEAD
A16 DAVID BOWIE
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B3 BLONDIE
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B5 BONY M
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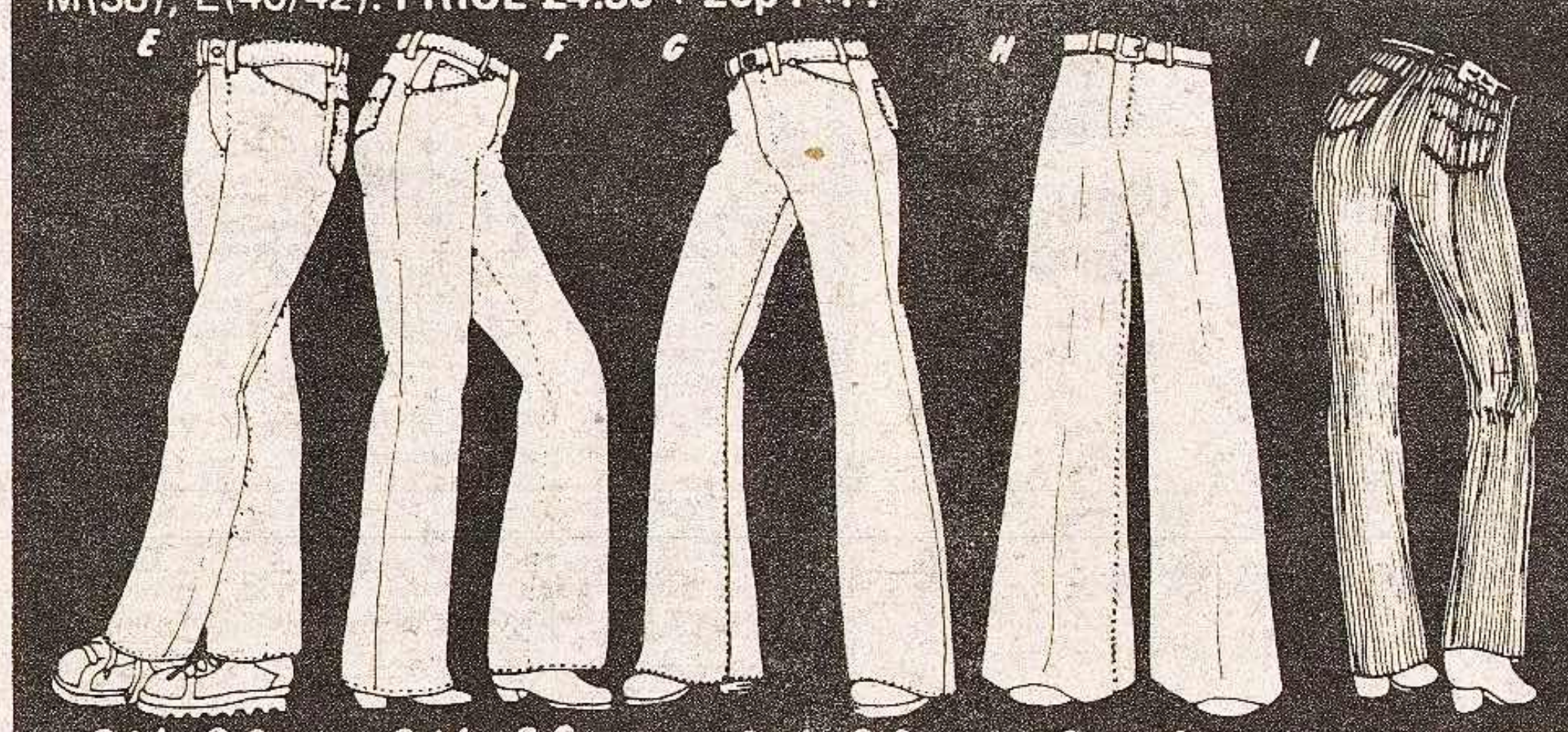
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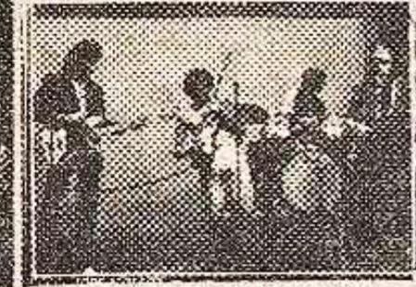
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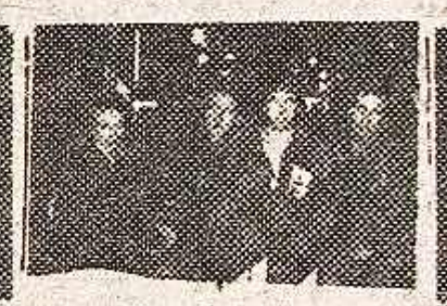
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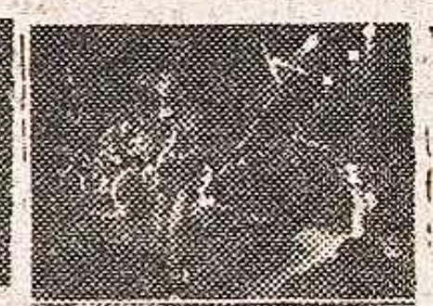
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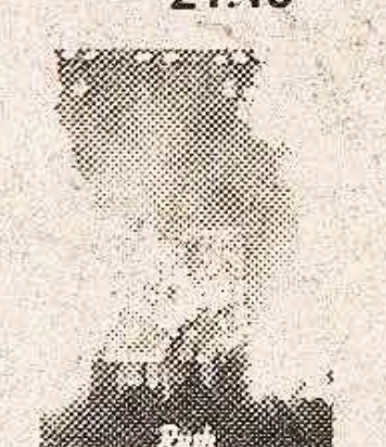
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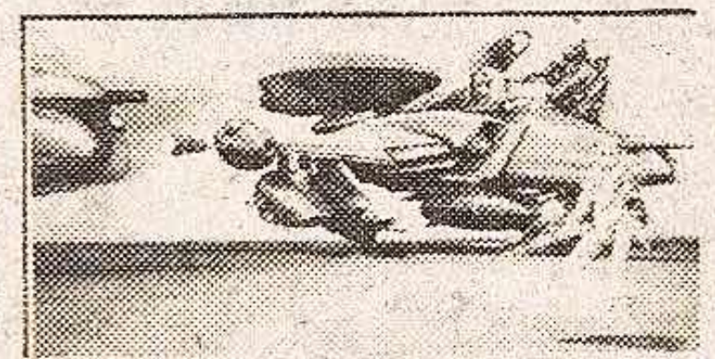
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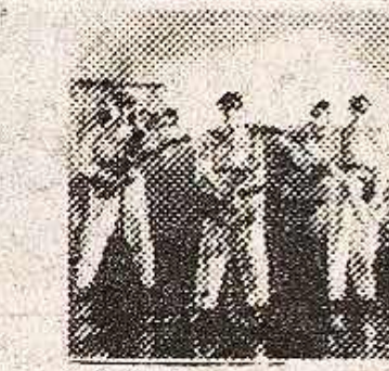

104 Devo

98 Jam

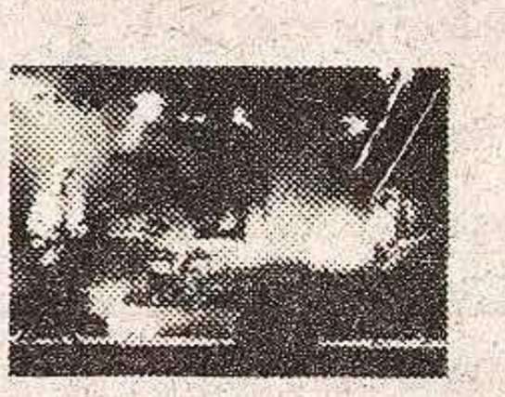
56 Boomtown Rats

105 Sting/Police

107 GENERATION X

109 DAMNED

101 U.F.O.


112 JAM

113 CLASH

31 Johnny Rotten

34 Clash

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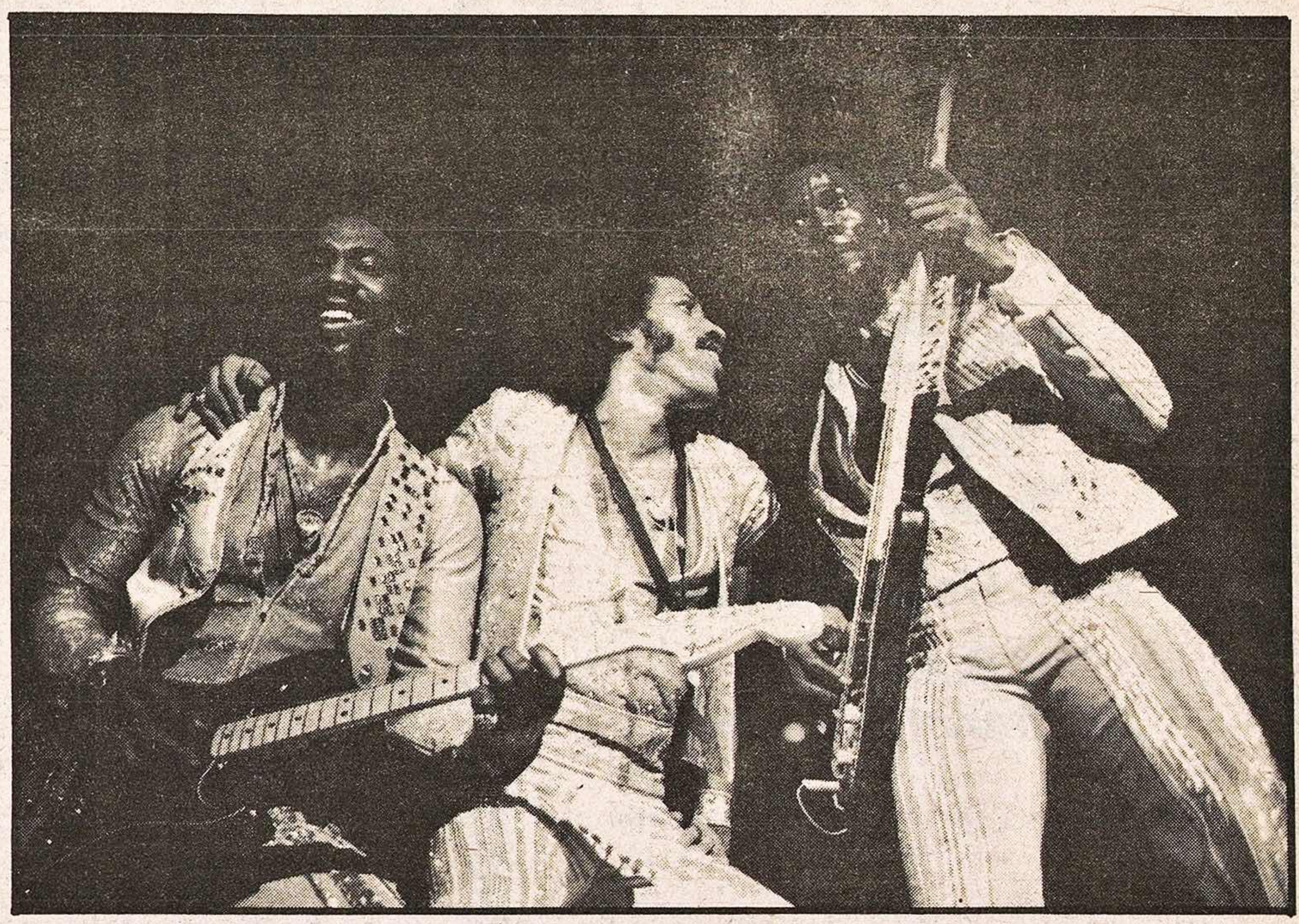


Commie funkies. Pic Valerie Clendening

This ain't soul

Commodores
The Emotions

Wembley Arena

Flash! Bang! Wallop!

Explosions, dry ice, smoke, levitating pianos, rhinestone suits, flashing lights; all the glam'n'glitter of a razzamatazz showbiz shindig. The Commodores had everything but one vital ingredient — *soul*.

Slick, cold and robotic they worked through an energetic set with impressive elan but little feeling, judiciously mixing tracks from their new album with a predictable bunch of greatest hits.

Basically, The Commodores have two songs — the aching romantic ballad and the furious funk flurry. These are trimmed with fancy choreography and a plethora of pyrotechnics. Between songs, the audience is harangued to get on its feet, put its hands together and sing along. It's yer usual compulsory good-time syndrome.

If you want to bop, fine, but I went to listen and was flummoxed by the most atrocious sound I've ever heard at a major indoor concert. The bass was all but inaudible — a *disaster* for a soul gig — while the rest of the instruments merged into an indistinguishable glob of noise.

The Commodores' saving graces were their energy and vocals. Lionel Richie prowled the stage with an ingratiating style of sugary machismo but sang impeccably on 'Three Times A Lady'; and drummer Walter Orange's rootsy vocals were a too-rare treat.

They all danced, leapt about and grinned a lot. Their constant motion was at least diverting; and was subtly abetted by a pulsating light-show.

At the end, I was left dazzled, dazed but distinctly empty.

The Commodores ply a successful formula with oppressive enthusiasm. Somewhere between the dry-ice and the endless boogie they've mislaid that human touch.

Support group The Emotions also suffered from a surfeit of showbiz tack, and their songs were similarly gooey. But they sang them with verve and skill, albeit with a tendency to shrillness.

Their set too was plagued by an abysmal sound plus an excess of feedback. But they overcame all this with the magnificently funky and assured climax of 'Boogie Wonderland'.

It was the only time that night I stopped feeling crabby about the circumstances and really enjoyed the music. The rest was like too much flash 'n' fuss disguising a deficit of feeling.

Graham Lock

The Chords
The Donkeys

Marquee

For a band who have been in the wonderful world of Rockbiz for only a matter of months, The Chords have endured more than their fair share of turmoil.

The initial impetus of the current Mod renewal prematurely thrust them into large venues like the Rainbow and the Lyceum that they simply couldn't handle, while their first recording contract (with the JP set-up) unceremoniously collapsed.

The old story of Too Much Too Soon, it seemed.

But there's light at the end of the tunnel. With a Polydor single due shortly and their live form now more impressive than ever, things are once more looking up for the band.

The Chords attack with an urgency and flash that belies their relative inexperience. And in the sweaty confines of a full-house Marquee, they are at their best. Theirs is a full-blooded, primal assault, given a firm base by the furious drumming of Brett Ascot and Manny Mason's intricate bass fills.

But it's up-front that their full versatility becomes apparent.

The blistering twin guitars of Billy H and Chris Pope give them a sound that is fuller and more streamlined than any of their peers. And, while it is the animated Billy who handles most of the singing, their line-up is flexible enough for the newly-shorn Pope to chip in with impassioned lead vocals on both a cover of Sam And Dave's 'Hold On I'm Coming' and 'Maybe Tomorrow', one of the better of their own songs.

As Mod bands go, The Chords are one of the originals and still one of the best.

The Donkeys are a surly quartet from Wakefield with the misfortune of having one of the worst names going.

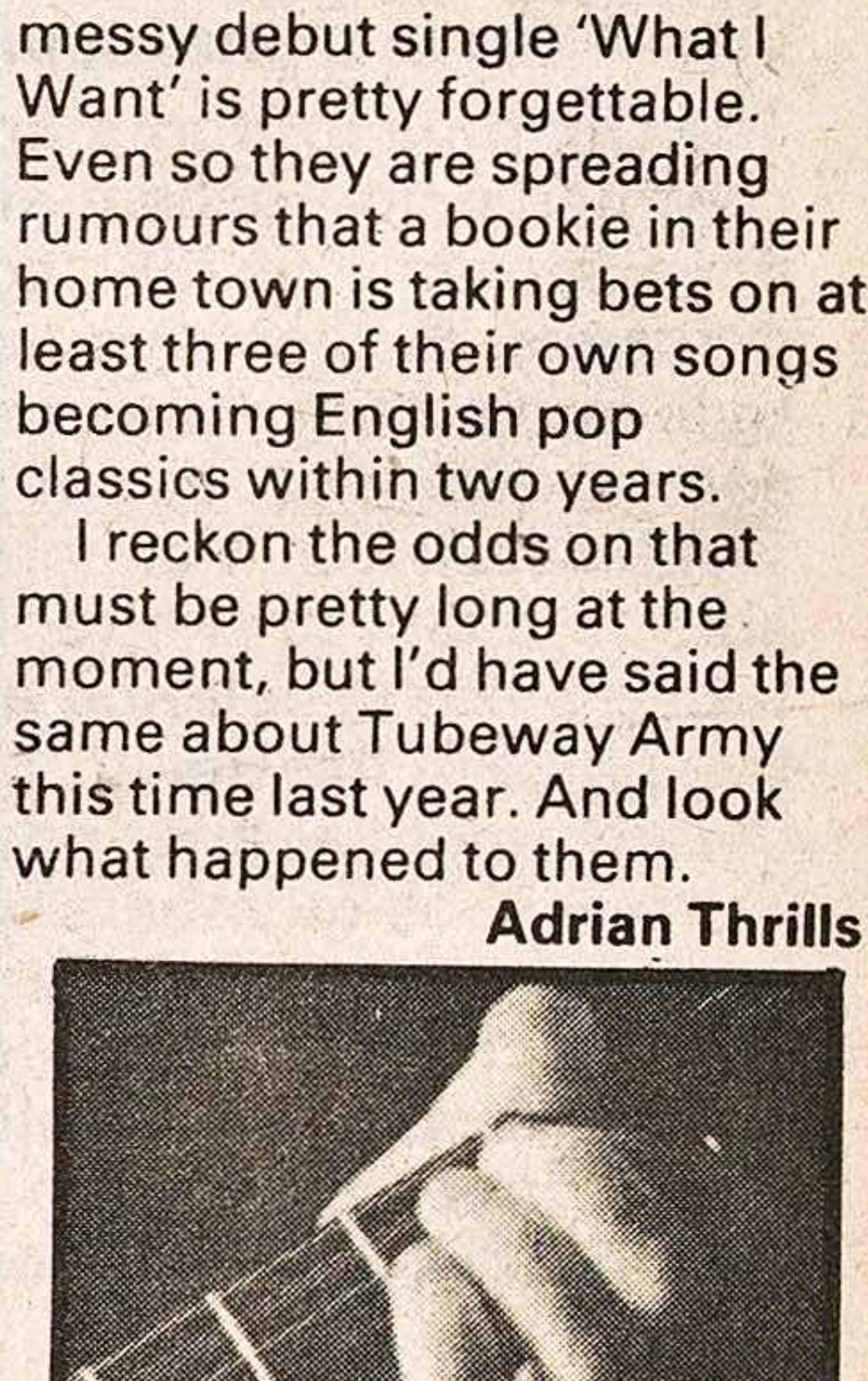
They play a pop as tight and proficient as The Chords, but lack the latter's kinetic spirit and spontaneity. If you can imagine a band someway between The Skids and The Buzzcocks with Beatle-esque vocal harmonies thrown in for good measure, then you've a fair idea of how the Donkeys sound.

They betray their '60s roots via covers of the Fab Four's 'Please Please Me' and The Kinks' 'Till The End Of The Day', but mostly concentrate nervously on originals, all of which are the work of singer/songwriter/lead guitarist/general lynchpin Neil Ferguson.

As yet, they are more promise than actual realisation; for instance their messy debut single 'What I Want' is pretty forgettable. Even so they are spreading rumours that a bookie in their home town is taking bets on at least three of their own songs becoming English pop classics within two years.

I reckon the odds on that must be pretty long at the moment, but I'd have said the same about Tubeway Army this time last year. And look what happened to them.

Adrian Thrills



A chord

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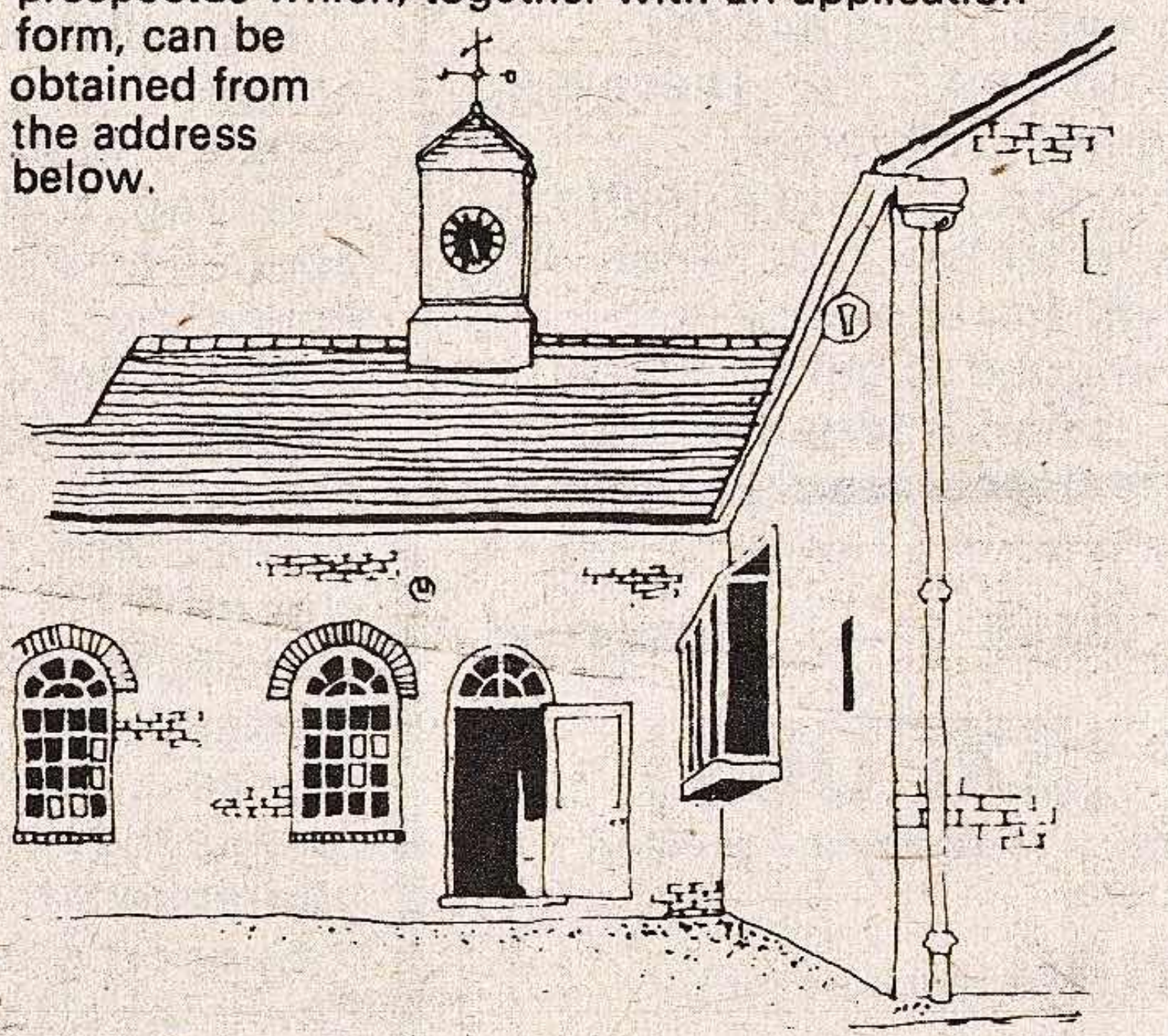

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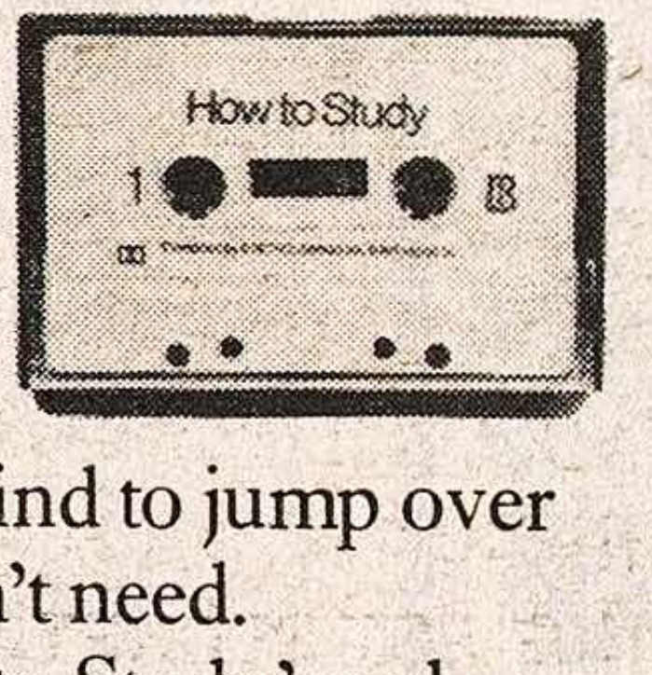

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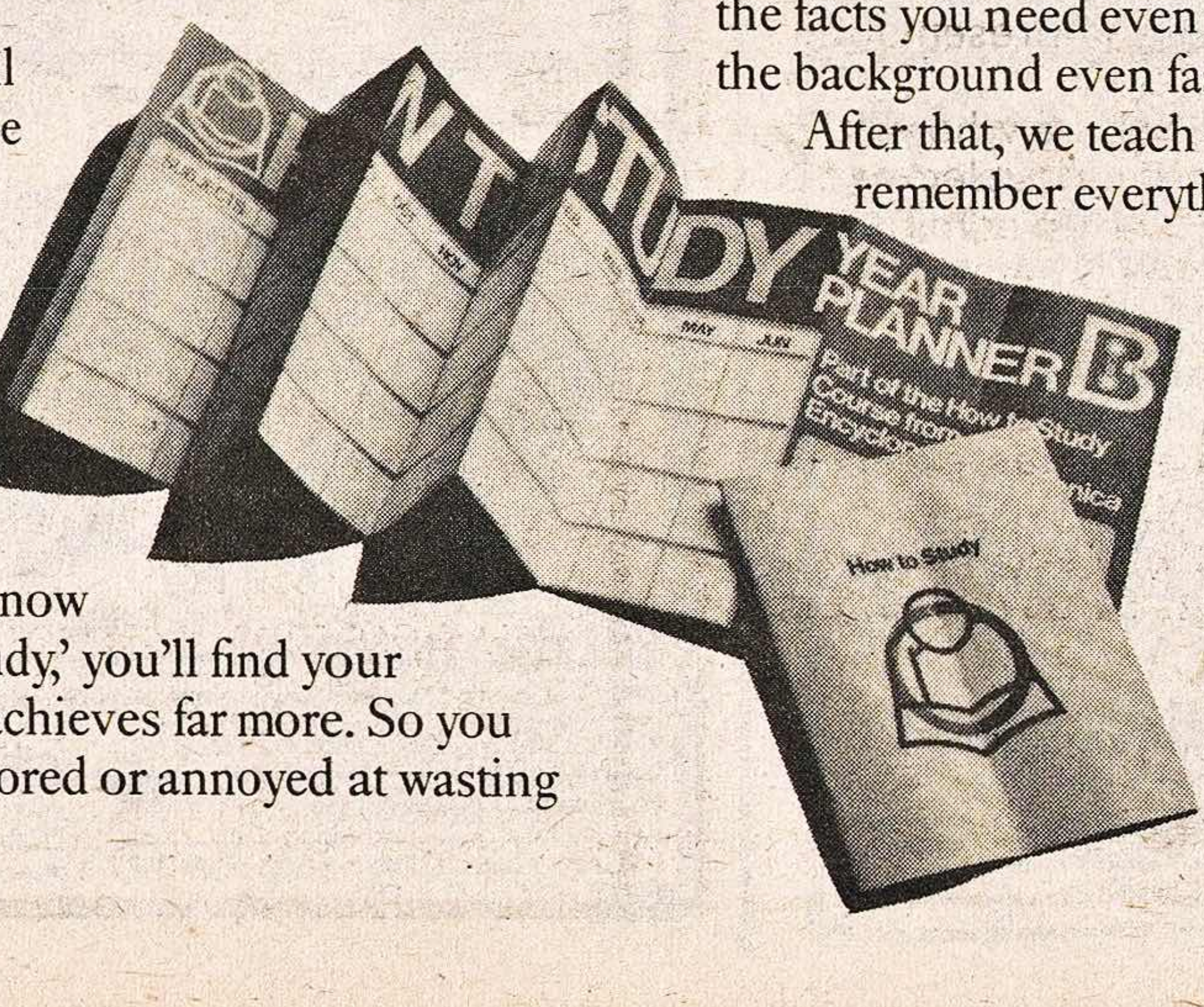
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CHEAP TRICK

■ *From page 18*

fresh from the Sates, is his usual effusive self despite jetlag. Having driven down with Dave Edmunds, Riviera is joyously pinpointing all the omens currently facing the dinosaurs over in the States.

Peter Frampton for example, is apparently having trouble filling the halls he's currently playing. Aerosmith, The Bee Gees, Styx, Kansas, Chicago — all the old school are suffering very real traumatic set-backs. Meanwhile, 'new wave' is the hot ticket. Cheap Trick, The Cars and Blondie are the big three alongside Costello.

The order is rapidly changing and who can blame Riviera and Adamany for the triumphant grin?

ON THE way back to London Nielsen, satisfied with the gig, talks about the change. An 11-month tour will drive both 'Dream Police' and Cheap Trick into the highest echelons. The Cars, Nielsen reckons, don't have real lasting power whilst Blondie, the other hot contender, are apparently experiencing inner strife, with leaders Chris Stein and Debbie Harry more interested in making films than touring.

Nielsen, in his mid-30s, finds the idea of not touring virtually abhorrent.

"I get so angry when I read about these guys in their early 30s who reckon they're too old. I'm going to be doing this when I'm 50 and I'll be doing this when I'm a wizened old man. I love playing live and I'll be damned before I give up because of my fuckin' age."

Nielsen's commitment to his vocation is probably as much to do with a lack of any personal life. He denies being married whilst in a moment of rare candour he informs me that his best friend was a Vietnam vet who went insane and has threatened the band, believing that he wrote all Nielsen's songs. Another good friend died of a drug overdose.

"But, see, I hate talking about that because it's just . . . well it get misconstrued and sensationalised. Y'know, here's this group and there are all their nutty guys around. Which is crap. We're just incredibly normal guys. We don't do drugs. We're boring. Really boring."

Nielsen's main preoccupation at this point was an up-coming festival to be held at Nuremburg featuring Cheap Trick and The Who.

Suddenly, two vital couplets from each group's repertoire make for an intriguing juxtaposition. On 'Surrender', Nielsen opines: *"Surrender, surrender/But don't give yourself away."*

On 'Won't Get Fooled Again' Townshend stated:
"Meet the new boss/Same as the old boss."

In the next 12 months Cheap Trick *will* (most probably) be the new bosses. When that pressure drops on Nielsen and co, then we'll see if they can improve on the complacency of the old brigade. And just how much they can keep and how much they have to give away.

SHEFFIELD

■ *From page 8*

it comes from London, it's not very good. So they'll go and support some shitty London band, whereas they've got some excellent bands in Sheffield they should really be getting behind."

Amen to that.

WHICH BRINGS us back, quite neatly, to **I'm So Hollow,** whose guitarist Rod Leigh echoed those sentiments in this article's introduction. Unlike the other bands covered, I'm So Hollow have not yet released any material on record, despite being both more capable and more inventive than about 80% of the bands to surface in the past two or three years.

Rather than rush into things prematurely, they were prepared to wait.

"We haven't been doing what we wanted to do; it's only just coming to fruition now. Before, there were anomalies in it — suddenly, something from about six months ago sounds totally different."

The seeds of I'm So Hollow were sown in V4, a band which included both Rod and drummer Joe Sawicki. It was not, according to Rod, a very auspicious start.

"This bloke wanted to use some young-looking people for him to make some money and get in on the scene, or something. That lasted three weeks. We played one gig. It was terrible, so we kicked him out of *his* group and tried to get someone else to join us."

An ad in the local paper proclaiming "Are we not pins?" caught the attention of bassist Gary Marsden and vocalist Jane Wilson, who promptly joined, the latter also contributing more recently on Wasp synthesiser. Their name comes from one of their songs, adopted almost by default when they needed to make posters for a gig. Since then, it's survived through sheer contrariness.

"People said we ought to change it 'cos it's a terrible name, so we stuck to it, just to be awkward."

"We kept meaning to change it . . ."

". . . But every name we suggested sounded pretentious. So we thought we'd have A Statement!"

"They're always in little cliques, anyway, group names. Heavy rockers are always called something like 'Rocker', and punks are always '*The* something' . . ."

Their early gigs provoked mixed reactions, one (ironically enough, at a local hospital) being hurriedly cancelled because of the presence of a fight-hungry mob from the local heavy metal slugbrian hangout who'd come to exact retribution for being insulted at said hangout a week or two before.

"Well, they were insulting us, and I'd got a mike and was louder than them . . ."

It's hardly surprising, all things considered, that the local Def Leppard fans should regard I'm So Hollow with such animosity, ISH's music being closer to Siouxsie and The Banshees than to bands with names like Throttler, Manlier and Wanker. Not to mention the length of their hair and the cut of their clothes, trivia which assume monstrously symbolic proportions in an HM-dominated city like Sheffield.

Which is not to say that that particular problem is solely the province of one style of music. When they started playing, ISH admit they played in the punk style — although it was more the ideal than the sound which had a lasting influence. Now, they note sadly, they get a lot of kids stuck in the Pistols/Clash continuum dressing a la '76 and asking them to "Play summat fast", an equally depressing state of affairs which only goes to show that no one tribal group has a corner on bigotry.

"They're gonna look like teddy-boys, aren't they?" grins Gary. "Walking round aged about fifty with spiky hair and safety-pins . . ."

Like many of the more interesting bands that have surfaced over the past few years, ISH were influenced by a mixture of punk and glam. Unlike many, however, they openly admit the influence of the latter.

"It used to scare me, during the punk thing, that people just wouldn't admit to it, that they'd been influenced by glam — they were all going back to the '60s, The Stooges and all that. They'd never heard The Stooges or The Velvet Underground till they heard Bowie mention them!" says Gary sardonically.

"I hadn't heard of The Velvet Underground till I heard that all punks were influenced by them," adds Rod.

On the question of influences, they greet the oft-remarked Banshees similarities with a certain bemusement:

"S'funny, that one, 'cos no one had really listened to the Banshees," says Rod.

"They'd never made a record when we started," points out Gary. "We did sound a bit like them, but we'd sounded like that since we started. I'd never seen or heard them till 'Hong Kong Garden' . . ."

It's the same with any possible Wire connection:

"Again, nobody was aware of them till a few months ago. We didn't get 'Pink Flag' till about two weeks ago."

Indeed, although they're undeniably working in the same general area as the Banshees and early Wire, it's probably true to say that they derive most of their inspiration from what's happening locally, with especial reference to Cabaret Voltaire.

"It's like art, or anything," explains Rod. "Someone springs up, and they inspire a whole cluster of people who've probably not got similar ideas or anything; they just see it can be *done.*"

Which goes some way to explaining why they wouldn't dream of basing themselves anywhere else but Sheffield.

"Sheffield's a dump, but there is quite a lot happening in it.

"Everyone says now that 'It's crap in Sheffield — you go to a gig and everyone in the audience is in a band'. I don't see what's wrong with that — it's just that there should be other people there as well. You can't blame everyone that's in a group — that's silly. *More* people should be in groups, then there'd be more people at gigs!"

Right!

And if the idea of a self-supporting community of bands doesn't give you a kind of warm glow, I feel a bit sorry for you . . .

THE MEATLOAFATHON

■ *From page 23*

stripes. I had to tell him about it. It was terrible. He wanted to finish his speech, but there was no way I was gonna let him. And I didn't. He never got near to finishing it."

What was his speech about?

"He was trying to say what a great guy I was."

Didn't you want to hear that?

"Nah, I didn't *need* to hear that."

IT'S NO surprise, really, that Hollywood has latched onto Meat Loaf. Even without his music, he's a walking variety act.

In addition to the *Neverland* movie, he's being considered for the part of Bluto in Robert Altman's *Popeye,* with Robin Williams as Popeye. Also he'll be the central character in a film called *The Roadie.*

"It's the story of a guy called Travis W. Redfish. I play Travis Redfish, and Jagger and Tatum O'Neal are also in it.

"Travis Redfish is a guy from Texas who doesn't know why anybody bothers to play rock'n'roll since Buddy Holly died. Anyway, he gets a job as a roadie, and he drives this truck full of equipment all the way from Dallas to Austin. Without a clutch.

"It would be an impossible feat for anyone except Travis W. Redfish. Travis W. Redfish is a chubby superman."

Does this description remind Meat Loaf of anyone?

He has no hesitation.

"Me," he says. "Me, of course."

NMEXPRESS WORD

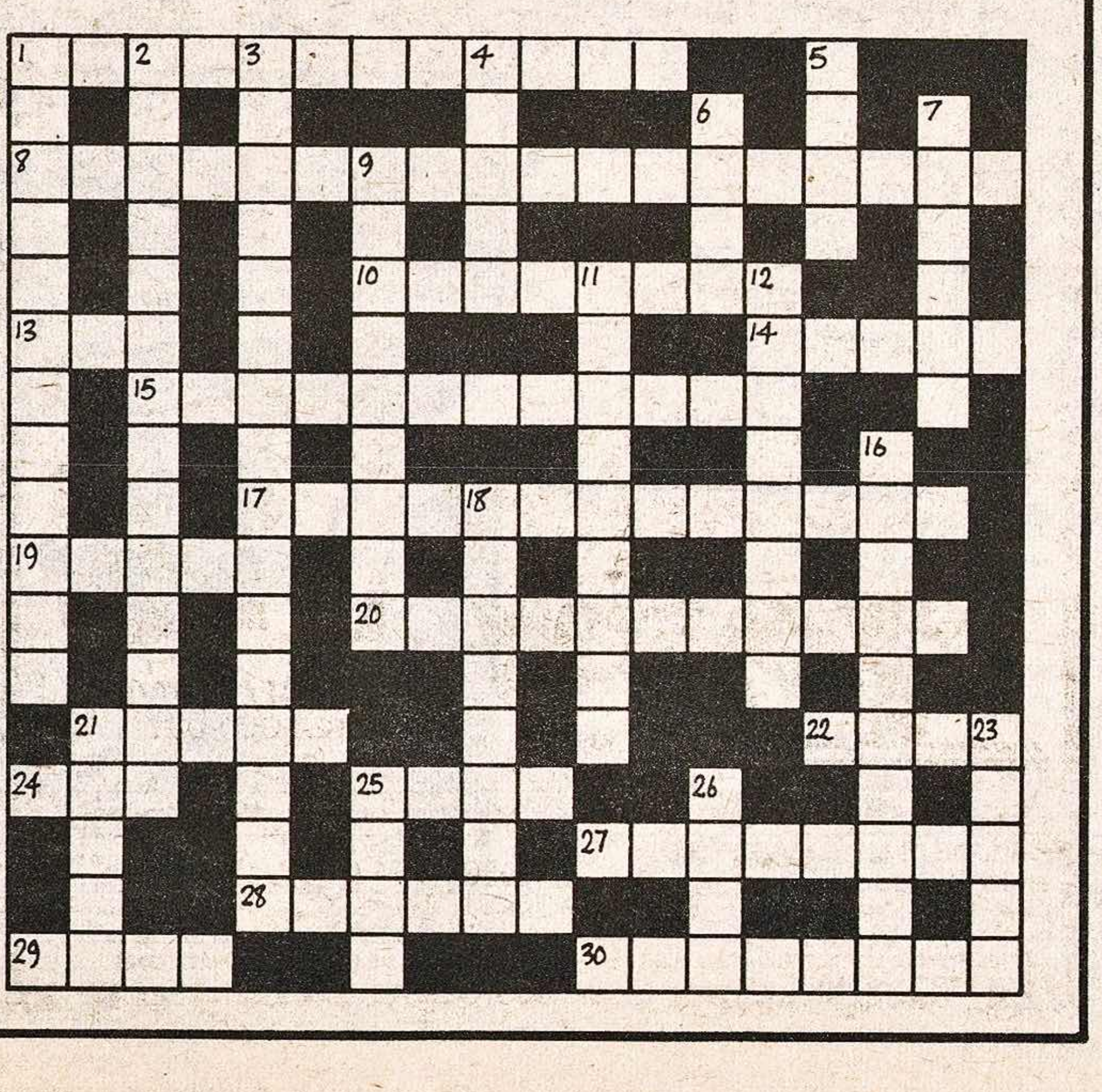
ACROSS
1 Wilko's band (5, 7)
8 You'll be sorry when I'm dead . . . Sting with a bitter ending! (4, 5, 6, 3)
10 The first hit from 'Lodger' (4, 4, 8)
13 & 30 Born to Simon (anag. 2 words)
14 Desmond Dekker's top ten follow-up to 'The Israelites' (2, 3)
15 Clash 'Cost Of Living' track previously only available on a limited edition *NME* freebie (7, 5)
17 Clash 'Cost Of Living' track previously a US hit for the Bobby Fuller Four (1, 6, 3, 3)
19 Hometown of Devo, Chrissie Hynde, Rachel Sweet
20 He's very late (anag. 2 words)
21 & 7 Two and a half of 10cc who left Lol Creme
22 See 6
24 Songwriting brother of 16 down
25 There's disco in the smart part of Chicago!
27 See 10
28 First name of US singer whose hits included 'Walk On By' and 'Do You Know The Way To San Jose'
29 & 26 Bee Gees' baby brother
30 See 13

DOWN
1 Mod group out of powerpoppers New Hearts (6, 6)
2 Act Nine: Calm, dry (anag. 2 words)
3 Elvis Costello recorded here 'I Just Don't Know What To Do With Myself' on the Live Stiffs LP (5, 11)
4 & 25 down. As recorded by Darts and Boney M (i.e. same title, different song)
5 Concert engagements colloquially speaking (i.e. like what Danny Baker speaks)
6 & 22 One for you '60 freaks: Singer who replaced Paul Jones in Manfred Mann
7 See 21 across
9 Peter Green instrumental which gave Fleetwood Mac a top five single in 1968 and again in 1973
11 RAF involvement in electronic Kraut kombo!
12 Mod Aptitude Test: Ska group who had the original hit with 'Long Shot Kick The Bucket'
16 Lesser known of the Kink brothers who had a solo hit in 1967 with 'Death Of A Clown' (4, 6)
18 Beserkley labelmate of J. Richman (4, 4)
21 Ms Young of 'Hot Shot'
23 Instrument
25 See 4
26 See 29

ANSWERS

ACROSS: 7 'Gone Gone Gone'; 9 Trio; 10 Kenny Jones; 11 Lene (Lovich); 12 'Lodger'; 14 (John) Denver; 16 'Strawberry Fields (Forever)'; 17 Grin; 18 'Rescue Me'; 19 (Hope And) Anchor; 23 King; 24 (Andy) Mackay; 25 Spyro (Gyra); 26 Supertramp.

DOWN: 1 'Rock Lobster'; 2 'Teenage Warning'; 3 Roxy (Music); 4 (Howard) Devoto; 5 Hope And (Anchor); 6 'Jet'; 8 'Some Product (Carri On Sex Pistols)'; 11 Lonnie Mack; 13 Steve Jones; 15 Track; 19 Andy (Mackay); 20 (Marvin) Gaye; 21 (Spyro) Gyra; 22 Flip.



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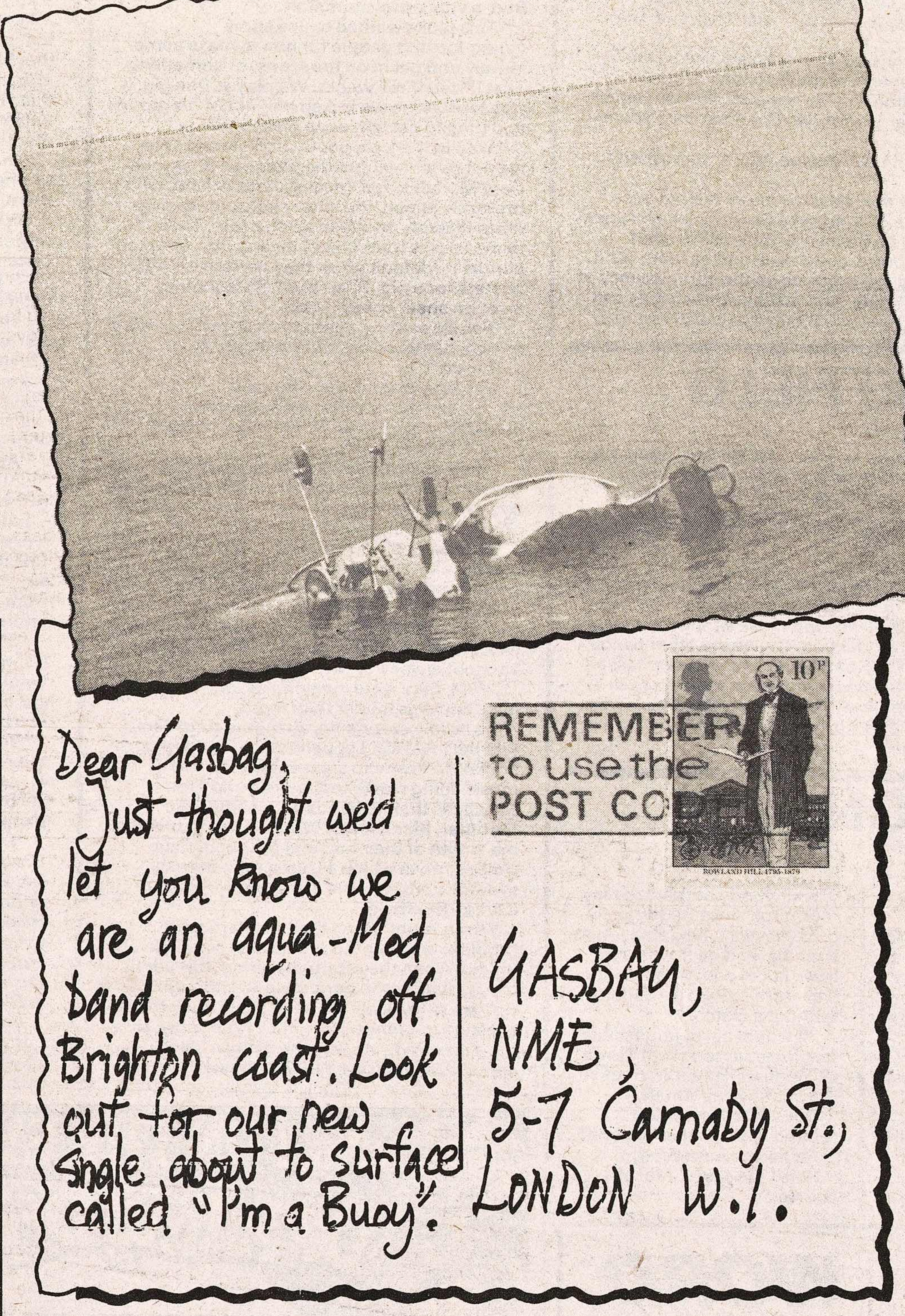
GASBAG

Scribble your dribble to Gasbag, NME, 5-7 Carnaby St., London W1.

Whatever did happen to Scooter Herring?

A postcard from the South Coast



Dear Gasbag,
Just thought we'd let you know we are an aqua-Mod band recording off Brighton coast. Look out for our new single about to surface called "I'm a Buoy".

GASBAG,
NME,
5-7 Carnaby St.,
LONDON W.1.

'Ello, I'm a reject. Does living in Devotown automatically make me a wanker?

I mean, I hope that I won't cause you to suffer a credibility crisis when I, a sunny Southern Californicator roller-skater disco booty-shaker non-person who obviously thinks that The Knack is New Wave and Joe Jackson is Punk, writes you a letter to say that I find *NME* to be the only paper (except for *Slash*) with as much balls, brains, anger, energy, quality, controversy and inspiration as the music it describes.

In other words, there are some of us here in El Lay who stand between the somnambulized sods and the so-called artists living "on the edge"; there are some of us here who don't wear red satin disco shorts and don't have wild pogo-political rallies and yet we still are capable of enjoying, nay, devouring *NME*.

I sure as hell wish that I could have talked to Paul Morley when he was here in El Plasticoland — love the way that he writes — his penchant for exposing the doubts and insecurities of his interviewees is unusual. He is one of the few who reveals the "human" side of our modern music idols. But when I read his uncharacteristically stilted and smug view of L.A., I was surprised and disappointed. That bad, huh? Did you ever read a copy of *Slash* or go to the Hong Kong Cafe? You might have found more of what you were looking for there.

But then, I have to admit, LA is still a city of apathy, homogeneity, and healthy white teeth, and any deviants are hard to find. But we're here, hiding in our abode hovels, reading *NME* and *MM* and *Slash* and saving our pennies to see The Buzzcocks, Magazine, and The Clash, and hopefully Joy Division, The Specials, Ian Dury, and Swell Maps.

So don't be so superior, you limey punters. Not everyone over here went gaga over James Taylor or Rickie Lee Jones, though we aren't as snotty as to deny that Joe Jackson and The Police make good, albeit frothy, pop records, even though I, for one, would rather listen to Mr. Elbow Costello, Ian Blockhead or Swell Maps.

So no more *Americathon*-type cliched views of Slagging Jet-Lagging Lost Angeles, okay? It's so *boring*.

Susan Smog, Pasadena, CA, USA.

You've probably never heard of me, Susan, and I've never heard of you either, but it can't be much fun being a nobody in a nowhere town all your life. I've said goodbye to all that now. — Dino.

I appreciate that your singles reviewers only have a limited space in which to make plain their opinions, but this is all the more reason why their observations should be worth making. Max Bell is an excellent case in point:

"Barracuda's Anglo/Canuck/N. American amalgam of garbage garage wit and sidewalk surf makes them prime contenders for the left field novelty act of the summer."

These few lines represent the full extent of Mr Bell's critical insight. It would be difficult to construct for oneself a more neutral position than Max Bell does here; although that phrase "garbage garage wit", by reason of its being a hopelessly inadequate description of what is actually to be found on The Barracuda's single, destroyed any credibility that neutrality may have

Besides, alliteration-packed and showily-turned sentences are demodees.

Barry Kyuda.

So . . . Max Bell informs me, are letters written on toilet paper. — Dino.

When will all the plebs who have started buying their tonic suits, parkas, loafers and Secret Affair records realise that they are just being manipulated to pour money into the bank accounts of the fashion and record business twerps of this world?

Wear what *you* like to wear, and listen to music that sounds good to *you*. Don't follow trends, lead them.

Kenny V. (An old Mod who learned his lesson).

You said it, buster. — Dino.

Dear Frank, I can't take anymore, when's the revolution?

There I was listening to Patrik Fitzgerald, Tubes, etc., thinking I'd just about got myself sussed out. Returning back to my flat I find a note: "You got three weeks to git."

So they kick us out coz they want to sell the house. So wot's left apart from Music, NME and John Peel?

So any of you Dino's out there, the revolution is *on*. New Year's Day 1980, 12 noon, Gillingham Football Ground.

Gil, Sheffield N.F.A.

Where's Gillingham? — An Angry Young Man.

You leave me to worry about that. — Dino.

Does Stiff think we're a nation of paedophiles? Rachel Sweet was bad enough, but Angie? Aaaaaagh. And to think that uncle John Peel played it as well!

The Fragile Shoe, Liverpool.

Use your head, how could John Peel resist it? — Dino.

Time to straighten things out a bit. There are two types of Anarchy: The Sex Pistols type of chaos anarchy and the anarchy advocated by Crass, real anarchy.

Crass do not look at incorrect dictionary definitions of the word, but have probably read anarchist literature, e.g. Stirmer, Proudhon, Berkman, Bakunin, etc., depending on which type of anarchism they follow (e.g. Individualist, Communistic, Mutualistic, Philosophic, etc).

So you see, Rambali you prat, there is more to Anarchy than chaos and outdated seditionaries T-shirts. I suggest you read some of the works by the above mentioned Anarchist authors before you start making statements about a subject which you are totally biased against and know nothing about.

Marx and Lenin agreed with Anarchy, yet Marxists hate anarchists. As C. Chads said (*NME* 25.8.79): "Everyone needs someone to hate in order to survive", etc.

I'm pissed off with this letter, so I'm going to stop.

Pissed off person.
Cheltenham, Glos.

Boy, you anarchists sure have a great sense of humour. — Dino.

Never mind Gillingham, Western Bloc, 3rd from the sun, Universe, Mind of Jak, etc. — this has gotta be your first letter from Malaysia. I'm stranded in the jungle with the *NME* of July 21 and no camera to get a picture of myself for the Blockhead Competition which I'd obviously win considering the state I'm in. Gotta go now, there's a gorilla coming. Hope no-one turned up at Knebworth.

Alan Tracer, Somewhere in the Malay Jungle.

Never mind Knebworth, I gotta go too, 'cos there's a red Hillman with two aerials coming — Dino, somewhere near the South Coast, sometime in August. Click. Whiiirrr . . .

At least we can't complain that the Purple Hearts sold out, since they haven't started out with any intention other than to do just that. Just a bunch of ordinary geezers who *only* want international fame and piles of cash.

The lessons of the '60s (remember those BOFs?) weren't learnt in '76 — I'm looking at you, Geldof, Idol etc. Just sign here boys. . .the expropriation of youth culture by the record companies begins again.

Tony Parsons and Julie Burchill's warning of the fickleness of R'n'R is more important than ever — so far only the Pop Group seem to have noticed the contradictions. By the way, I'm not hostile overall to the pork pie boys — it's only capitalism and rip-offs I gob at.

Dave Hairdresser,
Shoreham-by-Sea, Sussex.

What does expropriation mean? — Dino.

Who cares so long as it sells? — A Passing Record Business Mogul.

Paul Morley come down to earth! Let's get things in perspective. Your idea that we're in some golden age of popular music *misguides*. You must have tunnel vision!

If John Peel's show is the showcase for all this exciting new music and creative energy then why is it I never want to rush out and buy any of it? Some weeks you almost write the *NME* single handed. That's unhealthy. We might all start to believe you!? Todays up and coming music is all imitation, there is no assimilation. There is nothing *new*. No "new pop!"

Come down off the ceiling and listen with a greater sense of perspective.

Burning Bridges, Redditch, Worcs.

This is one of the two out of every three letters that arrived in the bag this week complaining about Morley. However, it's one of only two out of hundreds that didn't mention either Wembley or Knebworth or both. — Dino.

You should hand Morley his narrow-minded hat instead of paying him to talk through it.

I. Dean Lidenorcan.

That was the other one. — Dino.

No doubt raised on generations of posing white rock dickslingers, Nick Kent (*NME* Aug 25) was phased by Al Green's lack of macho. Kent says Green's movements were "weird, quasi-effeminate." Bullshit. The performance was sensuous and free of machismo. If Kent had been to a few more soul concerts — Smokey Robinson at the Hammersmith Odeon for instance — he'd maybe start questioning his culturebound (white, English) value judgements.

And what's so *weird* about effeminacy, quasi or otherwise?

Kent assumed Green's conversion to Christianity was post 'Full Of Fire'. So how come Green recorded 'My God Is Real', 'Jesus Is Waiting' on pre 'Full Of Fire' albums? And who would have "habitual fears" of religious music being "blissed out tripe"? Only a pathetically ignorant, opinionated rock critic who's never sussed the consistent connection between Black church music and Black popular music. You think Curtis Mayfield, Aretha Franklin, The Swan Silvertones, Sam Cooke etc. are blissed out tripe?

Steve Beresford, London NW1.

Now you know why Al Green gets more girlfriends than Nick Kent. — Dino.

Reading your paper today, it struck me that the kind of criticism offered by such as as Terry Deehan (*Gasbag* 25.8.79), couching as it is in the very type language that represents the worst in trendy journalism — obscuring rather than clarifying thought — inadvertently pin-points, by being itself so clumsy a manifestation of the trait, everything that is bad about your writers.

Calling for reviews which equal "the art they began with" Mr. Deehan writes: "I pondered this necessarily suicidal honesty crashing itself upon the rocks while the biz/system/machine turned and promoted the event trying to turn rebellion into its own currency."

If Mr. Deehan's style is intended for an indication of what he expects from any writer with a claim to be "creative", and if his letter is itself the model of "artistic integrity" he would have us believe it to be, I think the *NME* should consider itself well pleased to be labelled the reverse of "informative, accessible" and "aware" by such a jump-up prat as Terry Deehan clearly is.

Another Jumped-up Prat.

Lucky thing they don't pay any attention to you lot anyway, otherwise they'd be well confused by now. — Dino.

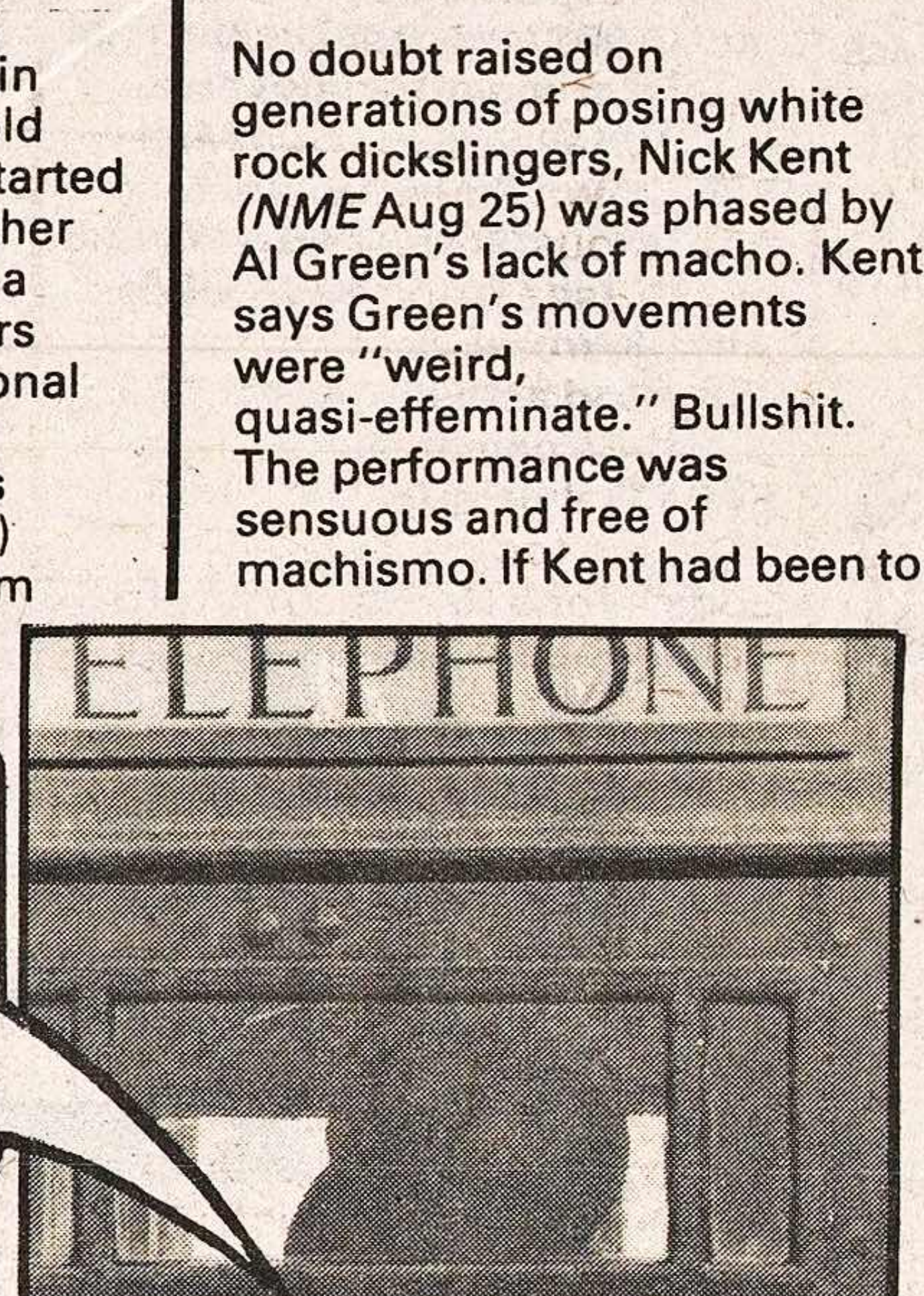
The greatest argument against smoking dope — it makes you become like Chris Salewicz.

The greatest argument against being a speed freak — it makes you become like Lemmy.

No really man, it's all a vast plot by Tesco's to take over the universe, they got highly-trained men (disguised as traffic wardens) armed with death rays, they bugged my phone and I. . . (quick nurse, the screens!)

The real Joe Hutcheon, Greenwich, London SE10.

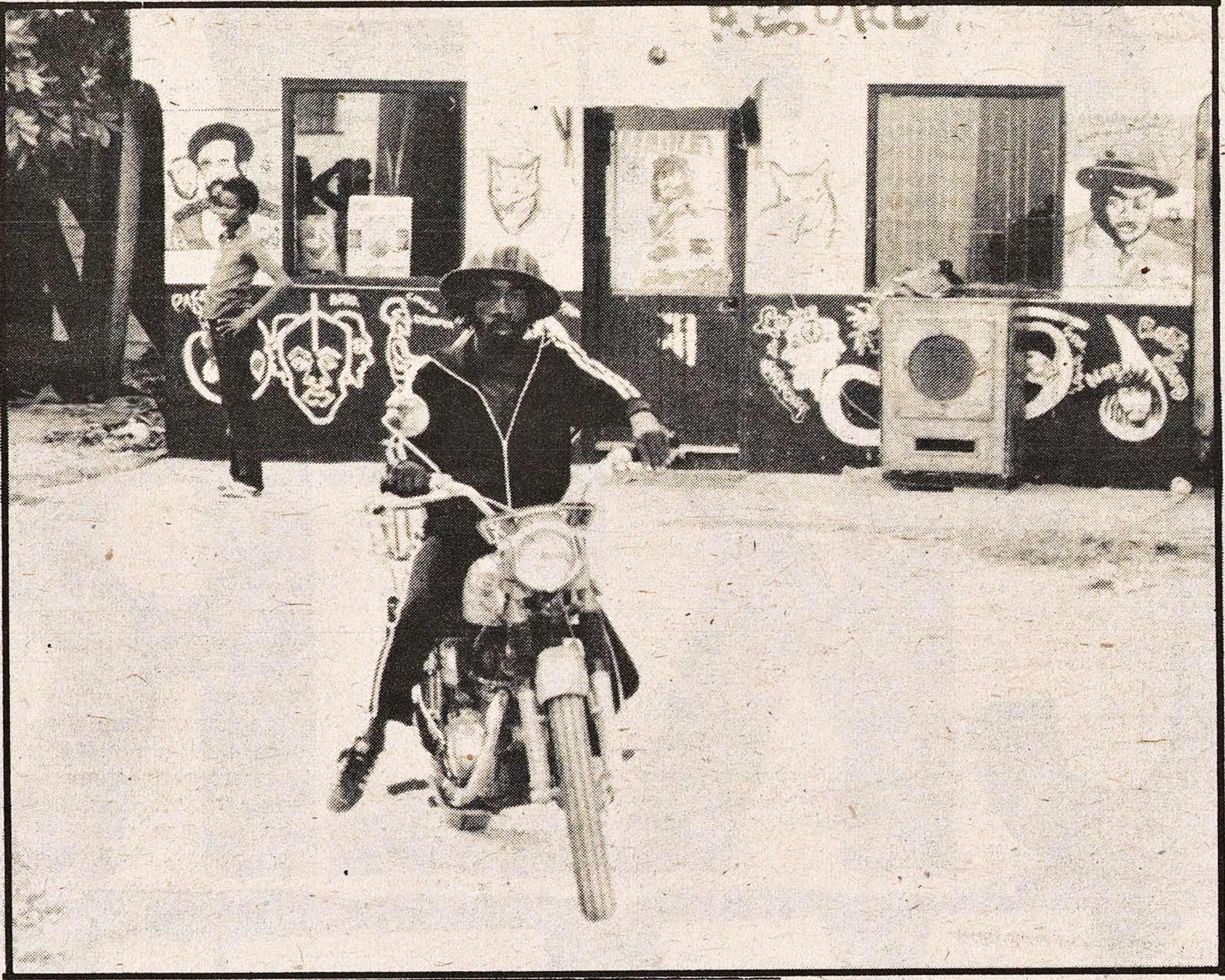
And the greatest argument against not taking drugs? It turns you into a normal human being. — Dino.


ELEPHONE
"Hello, NME? Look, Paul Rambali can't do the bag this week so he asked me to fill in. The name's Dino . . ."

Your letters evaded by Britain's most wanted boy.

Pic: Pennie Smith.

T-ZERS



He man stepping forward for a film contract. On the bike is Leroy Wallace, otherwise known as Horsemouth, star of Theodoros Bafaloukos' new film ***Rockers*** *(reviewed in* ***Silver Screen*** *last week) and he means business.* ***Rockers*** *should be surfacing soon but don't hold your breath till it appears at your local Odeon. Pic: Edgar Lustgarten*

LISTEN, do you think we should be twigging something here? Y'know, being shoved up the backside of the paper week after week. I mean, what's wrong with a double page centre spread on the *T-Zers* once in a while? There's even a letter in the Bag this week saying that this column is neglected. Jeez, if it weren't for the bills, let me tell ya, we'd walk outa this paper right here and leave ya with nothing but the anti-climax ad look at. As it is, we merely breathe deep and impart.

Excuse us while we whip this out. Talkin' 'bout **Public Image** and Virgin Records, and can we believe this crap? Listen, you know how fond the folk down at Vernon Yard are for the odd bit of hue'd vinyl or portrait platter? Well get ready for the new PiL plate. From what *T-Zers* hears the whacky, yakky, tacky folk at the 'Gin aim to release Lydon & Co's next album as a bunch of *singles,* and we mean forty-five's, **Harry.** The package will come in a cute round box and, seeing as how the title is 'The Metal Box', we can expect the product to resemble a movie holder. Anyway, after the initial pressing has been sold to all you young dudes, the thing reverts to the ancient, conventional 12" LP for all the collectors out there. Well, waddya know, waddya say? And don't tell us you'll be just as satisfied with the ordinary one . . .

The very satisfied people in the **Squeeze** pop outfit were all present when their frontperson **Glen Tilbrook** hired the fabulous, smouldering Albany Club in Deptford for his birthday high jinx. Apart from **Danny Baker,** nobody else at all famous was there. At different points during the night, Mr Tilbrook was quoted as being 22, 28, 35, and 16 . . .

Actually, you may cancel that second paragraph. Let's continue to be obsessed with **Public Image.** And why not, eh? **John Lydon** and **Keith Levine** showed up at the Idlers Rest — the local *NME* boozepub — to accept all free drinks proffered. In amongst serious talk as to whether **Liam Brady** is totally fit yet, the pop stars let on that they find the Mod movement "desperate . . . if some geezer with hair down to his arse turned up in a parka people would think he was a mod." Also, we are led to believe that we will be seeing more of the **Beatles** touring here over the next few months than PiL. "Rock bands shouldn't tour," said Lydon "and rock bands shouldn't get too big. If they play a gig in North London it should be for the people in North London and not for thousands of people coming from all over the country." Or even — for that matter — from Chelsea . . .

The totally unsubstantiated rumour which music lovers have been awaiting with bated breath for many years: are **Gary Moore, Ozzy Osbourne** and **Glen Hughes** (not the **Village Person,** hipsters, the ex-**Deep Purp** bassist) really planning an L.A.-based supergroup and if so who will listen to it? . . .

Gosh, Southend was fun over the Bank Holiday! Why, there were Mods and punks and skins trying to kill rockers who were trying to kill them while everybody tried to kill the police. Ideal fodder for mild-mannered holidaymakers, you might say. Famous personalities stalking the seafront in search of inspiration for their next load of teenage anthems included **Brain B** of **Back To Zero, Billy H** of **The Chords,** assorted members of **Guns For Hire** and no doubt hordes of others. **Paul Weller** declined to attend, and it is estimated that nobody present had ever had anything at all to do with **Britt Ekland** . . .

This Violent World: latest experiments in crowd control at football games include the rather odd tactic of printing articles about **Abba** and **Blue Oyster Cult** (now sadly bereft of their laser show; big *ahhhhhhhh,* please) in Millwall and Gillingham programmes . . .

This Violent World: everybody's favourite gang of racist sickoes — The British Movement to you — handing out "literature" to assembled mods at the Wellington in Waterloo and heavying people disinclined to accept their scumsheets. Said British Movement also said to have played a not inconsiderable part in stirring up the Southend violence . . .

Witty exchange of the week (a witty exchange is no robbery, kids): A **Dickie** to an Australian: "You're from Australia, huh? Is that in Europe?" An Australian to a Dickie: "Are you guys friends of **The Ramones?"** . . .

Tradespotting Corner: In the crowd at recent **Local Operator** gig at Dingwalls Dance Hall was **Frankie Miller, Pete Townshend** and the ubiquitous **Steve Hook** (24 last Tuesday) and **Paul Loans.** Also sources reveal that Mr Toinsend actually, gasp swallow, paid to get in. Just like a real person! . . .

A little too much reality comes for a **Dart.** At the much ballyhooed Rye Festival last Saturday, one of the impromptu acts — going under the name of **'Paul Jones' Blues Band** — featured a few members of the afore mentioned Doo-Pop band. Well, during the set a couple of cans got aimed stagewards and one fell squarely on the brow of Darts/Jones' bass man **Thump Thomson.** Mr Thomson, a devout Christian and teetotaller, left the stage in a state of blood. Later he commented, "I just preach peace man, and dig it, look what goes down" . . .

At this point can we just say that you should ignore all that's gone before and just think about the magnificent selection of soul that **Edwin Starr** chose in his capacity as guest DJ on Radio One last Sunday. Thought about it? Good. Next! . . .

Piteous phone call from **Homicide** (a rock band of some sort) thanking the dots for carrying their denial of having played the NF party, but taking issue with our remark about 'white supremacist bands.' Homicide now deny being a racist band of any description whatsoever . . .

A new **Pere Ubu** album (the third thus far from the Cleveland maestri) entitled 'New Picnic Time' reported to be complete, imminent and strangely wonderful, whereas temperamental, preposterous bass virtuoso **Jaco Pastorius** is conspicious by his absence on the studio side of the forthcoming '8.30' live double. Does this mean anything? . . .

Waittasecond! We just turned on the radio (by whispering "Radio, I love you" natch) to help aid concentration among the more easily distracted dots and what do we hear but lengthy live **Rockpile** tapes. What station are we tuned to? Answers on a postcard to 'Radio Dot, 987th floor, Post Office Tower, London' . .

A true gent: on a recent visit to the *NME* office, **Wilko Johnson was seen washing up several coffee cups. Has the old loony found God, and if so, where was He? (Round Dylan's place talking to Cliff on the phone, silly — Ed)** . . .

Quick there's alull. Just time enough for we here at *T-Zers* to let you know that we think that the current **Cliff** smasheroon is a dead ringer for something a Mr **Todd Rundgren** could have penned in the days before **Utopia.** Plus, it is too late to note that the last **Rats** single was a little **Harley**esque? Wa don'like, Wa don'like, Wa don'like *T-Zers* . . .

And before the stars come out again, apologies to **Pennie Smith** for suggestions that her cover for the **Slits** elpee was inspired by a section in **Don Letts** movie of the same. In fact Mr Letts was sitting in with his brownie at the time of Pennie's original sesh, and we might state that it was all her notion . . .

Purely for residents and day trippers: Reggae Superstore **Daddy Kool**'s of London's Soho has now added an oldies basement to his ital wax waredon. Thousands of smouldering oldies are on sale at giveaway prices — like 50p to £1 — and proprietor 'smoothshaven' **Keith** is well on the case. "I love music too much and know what it's like wanting a record badly myself, so the prices aren't silly." No excuse now for the trilby hat and sta-prest not to check on a little more of what they claim to love so dear . . .

"Hi, this is **Tina Weymouth** talking' mah head an y'all." It's all true! Tina spake thus to a Creem person but five minutes ago. "Y'know **Eno** thinks our music is good to hoover to. "Good to hoover to!? Let's hear it for **Byrne,** Bex and Bissell . . .

Here's the good news! Studio 54 (what about the taxed? Did **Jimmy Carter**'s aid snort coke there? Oh, no! Not **Cher** and **Bianca** with their tits out again etc) to close. Here's the bad news! Controversial disco boss **Steve Rubell** will reopen the dreaded gingerbread palace after he's spent another million dollars tarting the sucker up still further. Never mind — the doormen still have standing orders not to admit **Frank Sinatra** unless he's with **Jerry Hall,** and you still can't get a drink after 3 o'clock (2.30 in Romford) . . .

Unspoilt charm dept: **Duncan** 'Kid' **Reid** of **The Boys** went to see **The Undertones** at the Marquee. During the course of their set, the Derry Innocents performed Reid's 'TCP' and when he went backstage after the show, he was besieged with Undertones demanding his autograph . . .

Whatever happened to **Yusef Islam,** we hear you asking daily. Well, he's gone the way of all great men and got himself engaged. Yusef, who in his pre-Moslem days went under the epithet **'Cat' Stevens,** will marry his Turkish sweetheart *(Wot, not delight? — Ed)* in the recently completed mosque skilfully sited in London's Regent's Park. The ceremony may or may not be recorded for a forthcoming 'Live At The Greek' album. This has been a service of 'T-Zers and the Dire Cat' . . .

And while we're talking of religion, a word about the Scots and their homeland. Despite the over-the-years grumbling about lack of great events over the border, the tumbleweed blew round the feet of the patrons of the **Van Morrison/T. Heads** bash. The organisers needed about 20,000 to break even but, as it happens, only about two-fifths of that number showed. (Short pause whilst legions of *NME* readers grapple with Boots 'Work-it-Out' Budget Back-To-School Calculators). Mind you, Meadowbank were at home to Alloa that day . . .

And, a'fore we go and just to say our circulation can stand giving rivals a decent plug, a message to all those East London way — as well as giving a nudge to the rest of you would be publishers nationwide. If you are fortunate enough to live in the aforementioned district, look out for the *London Musical Advisor.* This magazine will be available at music shops about — checks watch — now and is concerned with helping the local music scene to flourish. The LMA will review demo studios, encourage venues etc in the East End and as far as Essex and concentrate on all things "grass roots" *(Ah, interesting — Milk Marketing Board).* Now, get this, the real punch line is that this organ is absolutely *free.* As in nothing. So all the rest of you — get on the ball. Meanwhile *NME* shuffles its feet and blushes right down to its socks . . .

Benyon

"Gee, Hank — so that's what they wear under their kilts . . . bondage trousers!"

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